NATCHEZ

Its Early History

by

JOSEPH DUNBAR SHIELDS

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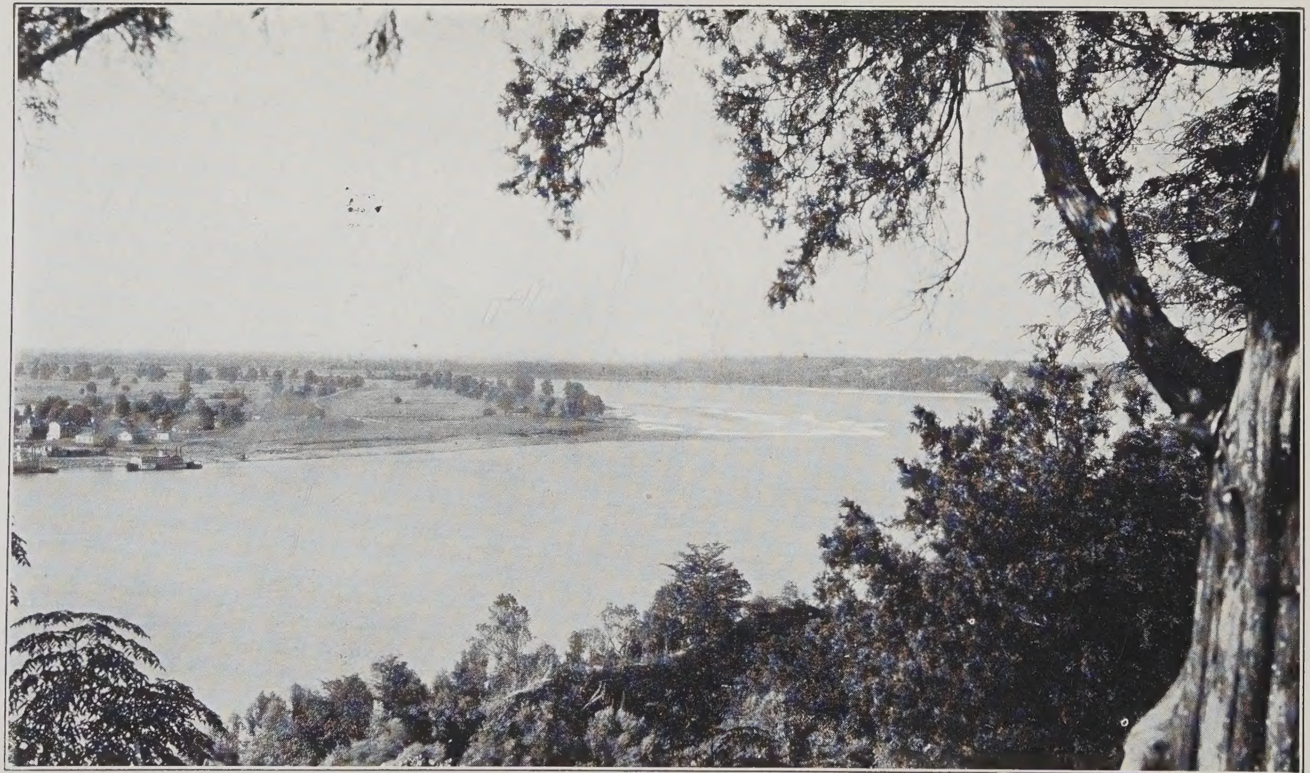

THE MISSISSIPPI FROM THE BLUFFS AT NATCHEZ

Photo by Earl M. Norman, Natchez, Miss.

NATCHEZ
ITS EARLY HISTORY

By
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Author of
The Life and Times of S. S. Prentiss

Edited by his Granddaughter
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"THE BEAUTIFUL MARY SHIELDS"
In loving gratitude for her early guidance in the
field of literature

By her Devoted Daughter

THE GREAT LAND-SLIDE OF 1869
RELATES THE EARLY HISTORY OF NATCHEZ

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INTRODUCTORY NOTE

THE history of Natchez, Mississippi, is a worthy subject of a book of fascinating interest, as well as of permanent value. While the first settlement of Mississippi was at Old Biloxi, all the noteworthy events in its history from 1720 to 1820 took place within a radius of ten miles of Natchez. It was the social, political and educational center of the State for a century.

The volume here presented was prepared by Judge Joseph Dunbar Shields of Natchez. Its contents first appeared in a Natchez newspaper under the title of Tale of the Land-Slide. Judge Shields was a lawyer and scholar of great learning. He was, during his life, the best authority on the thrilling story of Natchez, and his narrative still has literary as well as historical quality.

These chapters of the history of Natchez have been preserved in the family of Judge Shields since his death in 1886. They have been prepared for publication by Mrs. Elizabeth Dunbar Murray, a granddaughter of Judge Shields. The book is presented to the public just as it was written by the author.

The merit of the book deserves the widest recognition on the part of the people of Mississippi. It should be placed in every private, school and public library in the State.

DUNBAR ROWLAND,
State Historian of Mississippi

State Department of Archives and History
The Capitol, Jackson, Mississippi
March 14, 1930

CHAPTER I

Once crowned with the loftiest trees, I now stand with my heart laid bare. So I shall speak of the many changes, vicissitudes, battles, losses, the many flags and peoples whose power and influence have been expended upon this spot called Natchez. Then do you, O children of the present, take up what here you find of inspiration, and carry it on to greater and loftier heights!

Bid bloodshed flee,
And slavery;
Bid peace come down;
And high renown;
And evermore abide.

Natchez, the name of the Indian tribe, who once lived here, is said by some to mean running men or men who run to war. They were the most polished of all the savages on this continent. Other heathens worshipped stocks and stones and fire and reptiles, but these had for their God the Great Spirit, and their sovereign was the Great Sun. In yonder valley stood their temple; eight men were appointed to watch it, day and night and to keep the fire burning on the altar. They had a belief that if the fire were extinguished, the nation would be destroyed. When the Great Sun died, some of his chiefs and his servants and his wives, were immolated on his funeral pyre. Often were held the sacrifices of the victims. It was a sad sight but it was a part of their creed that when the sovereign died he would have to take with him servants to attend on him in the spirit land, and those who were sacrificed considered it a great honor.

Their temples have been erected and fallen to decay. But once there arose a great storm; the hurricane swept the forest, and the lightning struck one of the temples of the Sun and set it on fire. The Indians tried hard to extinguish it, but when they found they could not do it, they believed the Great Spirit was angry with them, and to appease his wrath the mothers threw their little children into the flames where they were burned to death. Often have I seen the war dance and heard the shout of exultation. As a rule the Indians did not like to cultivate the ground, they lived mostly by hunting and fishing, but the Natchez planted some land in corn. They are described as "of light mahogany complexion, with jet black hair and eyes. Their features were extremely regular and their expression was intelligent, open and noble. They were tall in stature, very few of them being under six feet, and the symmetry of their well-proportioned limbs was remarkable." In addition to cultivating corn, they made earthenware and other articles, and dyed skins for coverings and cloaks.

Things were progressing in this unvaried round of savage life until the year 1683, when there occurred a strange sight. Up the river appeared a skiff full of men giving chase to a man in a pirogue. They swept in the great bend and around to the bank just below, where they made a landing. Twenty-three of these men were white. They spoke a language never heard here before, and gesticulated much with their hands. The leader soon brought a crowd of the Natchez warriors around him, and they smoked the Pipe of Peace with the chiefs. They were the first white men who ever trod this soil. They were enchanted with the spot, for it was about the last of March, when this Land of the Perfect Spring, is most beautiful.

The name of the leader was La Salle. He was in an exalted state of enthusiasm, for he was the first explorer who had ever been this far down the Mississippi. He planted a new symbol on the spot; it was the cross. It has been said that La Salle celebrated Mass which the Indians seemed to know by instinct, was a form of worship, so after his departure, they picketed the symbol with rude stakes.

There were no steamboats in those days, when people traveled in large parties they went in keel boats and large barges. It was three months before La Salle returned. He made but a short stay. I have heard that he had a very sad fate. He went back to France, equipped a fleet and sailed for the mouth of the Mississippi;—missed it—landed in Texas—was deserted by his ships—his men grew dissatisfied—he attempted to make his way through by land to the upper Mississippi—was betrayed and murdered. He was a man of commanding genius, great energy and pure heart.

The appearance of these Pale Faces, as the Indians called them, had a singular effect upon the savages. Much was the talk that it caused and many the surmises as to what would come of it. The elder sachems looked grave, and the younger men looked defiant.

It was about 1686 that the splashing of heavy oars was heard and a large barge bearing many white men was seen approaching. When they came on shore the leader was enthusiastic in his praise of the scenery. He took from his pocket a sheet of paper and sketched something. When he had done he said that here he would establish a fort and baptize the spot Rosalie, in honor of the Countess of Pontchartrain. Thus it was that the two brothers, Ibberville and Bienville, came first to this land. Anxious to extend the domain of the French King, they brought an armed force to garrison Fort Rosalie in the year 1716.

At this time there were two Suns, who were brothers; the Little Sun had the very ugly name of Stung Serpent; he died about 1725, and his elder brother, the Great Sun, immediately put out the fire on his own hearth, which was a signal that he was to immolate himself and the head chiefs of the tribe were also to sacrifice. A Frenchman, by the name of Le Page du Pratz, persuaded the Great Sun that it was his duty to live and await the summons of the Great Spirit. The Great Sun, after much deliberation, finally agreed to refrain from self-destruction, but just as they were turning to leave him he seized a musket and would have killed himself but for the timely interference of his nephew, who saved him. This nephew afterwards became the Great Sun and it was during his time that the massacre of Fort Rosalie took place.

For awhile all things moved in harmony. The Natchez traded and smoked and hunted and drank fire water which made them drunk. But one day an Indian and Frenchman got into a fight in which the Indian was killed. This seemed to arouse a desire for revenge among the savages. Immediately discontent began to mutter; plots began to thicken; chiefs began to meet in council; and at last a terrible resolve was made, to sweep the Pale Face from off the earth.

Chopart, the commander of Fort Rosalie, was a cruel, tyrannical man; he did not try to conciliate the Indians. He gave orders that all the dwellers of the White Apple village should move away, as he wanted to establish a plantation there. In vain they appealed to his generosity; in vain they represented that this had been their home before the white man had ever trod the spot; but he remained inexorable. The Indians, finding that they could not get him to relent, at last compromised with him by obtaining a respite, they agreed to give him barrels of corn and other products if he would allow them to remain until fall. The Natchez were lofty and brave but terrible when aroused. The Great Sun secretly summoned a council. They sent runners to the Chickasas and the Choctaws to join them in a conspiracy to drive the Pale Faces from the valley of the Mississippi. As the Indians could not write or name a day in the future, they resorted to the following expedient: each of the confederated tribes had a bundle of sticks and from this bundle one stick was to be drawn each day and when the last was drawn the assault was to be made simultaneously, on all the white settlements. They were most insidious in their actions. They sent a deputation to the fort and told Chopart that they were going on a big hunt and wanted ammunition.

There is a strange romance connected with this affair. The chiefs had kept the conspiracy a profound secret; but Bras Piquet, the mother of the Great Sun, loved a Frenchman, and she began to suspect that mischief was brewing. At last, by entreaty and ingenuity, she discovered the plot. She did all in her power to warn Chopart of his danger. She went so far as to tell a French soldier to warn Chopart that her tribe had lost their minds, and he had better strengthen his fortifications. Chopart put the man in stocks. Bras Piquet sent anonymous messages to Chopart and finally told a French officer. Finding that her warnings made no impression, she believed the French were doomed to destruction by the Great Spirit. She had been told by her son that the bundle of sticks was in the temple of the principal village. Bras Piquet extracted some of them so as to minimize the danger as much as she could. The consequence was that the day of the massacre came in Natchez before it arrived in the other settlements. Chopart was so blinded that on the very eve of the massacre he spent the night in carousing with the Indians and told the Great Sun about the conspiracy. Though young the Great Sun acted with dissimulation, and said that he would prove his friendship for the French by bringing more than the amount of tribute on the morrow.

On the night of the 29th of November, 1729, a report was heard, and in a moment flames burst forth in the fort; the war-whoop rang out on the midnight air; shrieks and shouts mingled in horrid confusion. Every one in Fort Rosalie fell on that fatal night; nor was that all, seven hundred white people who were scattered throughout the country were swept away; only two men, who happened to be absent from the fort, escaped.

On the following day the Great Sun of the tribe was seated upon his throne. He quietly smoked his pipe, while his warriors brought the heads of Frenchmen and laid them at his feet. The great chief, no doubt, felt as he looked upon that pyramid of human skulls that he had swept the white man from his path forever.

CHAPTER II

There were two Forts Rosalie. The first was laid off by Bienville, in 1716, and was garrisoned by eighteen men only, who were commanded by M. Pailloux, which shows that the French had little fear of the Indians at that time. It was in this fort that Chopart and his men were massacred.

Great was the consternation in New Orleans, then a little town, when they learned of the tragedy. Bienville had gone to France and Le Perrier was the Governor. He immediately began preparations to send an expedition against the Natchez to punish them for their wickedness and to recover from them the prisoners. He organized a force in New Orleans and dispatched his lieutenant, Le Sueur, to the Choctaws to get them to help the French. Le Sueur was to approach by land, in the rear of the tribe. The force from New Orleans was placed under the command of M. Loubois who was to ascend the river and attack the Natchez simultaneously with Le Sueur. Le Sueur with his force and the Choctaws reached the point of destination in January before the arrival of Loubois. He sent out runners who found the Natchez totally unprepared. Le Sueur could not restrain his Indian warriors who fell upon the village and destroyed it; killing about fifty warriors and taking many prisoners. After this partial success many of the Choctaws left Le Sueur and returned to their homes. This attack aroused the Natchez to their danger and they at once began to fortify themselves. When they learned that Loubois was coming up the river they sent envoys to meet him, who put on bold faces and made large demands as a condition of peace. Loubois indignantly rejected them, and in his turn demanded the surrender of the prisoners and of the nation.

There is a story that Loubois sent five white men to reconnoitre and to propose terms. They approached very near but were discovered. The Indians fired upon them and after a desperate fight, Navarre a Frenchman famous in Indian warfare, was killed, the others were captured and taken into the fortifications. The great chiefs proposed to deliver the prisoners if the French would agree to their terms, but not receiving an answer they put the noblest one of them, Mesplais, to the torture. For three days and nights, in the midst of the tears and entreaties of the other prisoners, the Indians tortured him until he died, heroically, his only request being for water.

Loubois came up the river about the middle of February and attacked the Indians. The Natchez found that they had aroused the vengeance of a nation too powerful for them. Besides this, the neighboring tribes turned against them. This lack of unity was one of the contributing factors to the final destruction of the power of the Indian, for no people can prosper when divided into factions. The Indians were swift to avenge cruelty, but when their revenge was slaked, they would carouse over their victory for awhile and then disperse to their hunting grounds or their homes, without making any preparations to again meet the enemy they had aroused.

The French commander demanded a surrender of the prisoners and of the fortifications. Anxiously the days and nights passed; the Indians threatening destruction to the prisoners they had captured at the time of the massacre; and the French threatening destruction to the Indians if they harmed the prisoners. There were meetings in council and at last the Natchez agreed to surrender the prisoners. The story is, that M. Loubois intended to take summary vengeance on the Natchez after they had delivered up their fortifications, and that the Natchez suspected it. In that war between the civilized and the savage there had been so much cruelty, and such bad faith on both sides that neither believed the other. The Natchez felt that they were doomed, and they determined if they could not conquer, they would at least out-wit their foe. After many talks they agreed to deliver their prisoners on February 26, 1730, in front of the fortifications. At sundown on the 24th, all was quiet in the Indian fortifications but scarcely had the twilight subsided into darkness before there was a great but noiseless commotion; dusky forms were seen moving toward the river; quietly, silently, secretly, warriors, women and children glided away; they passed over the Father of Waters and bade adieu to their homes forever. When morning dawned the Natchez nation was far beyond present pursuit. The Indian was too much of a stoic to weep, but as he stood upon the bank of the river and looked his last upon his native bluffs, there was the subdued convulsion of the strong man in agony and in the light of his gleaming eye shone the spirit of revenge.

The French were surprised on the next morning, to find that the Natchez had escaped them, but there was a floating rumor that some of them connived at it and the exhibition of silver plate afterwards, by some of the French officers gave force to the story. The Indians were true to their treaty in one respect at least. The French, on going into the deserted fortifications, found the prisoners who rejoiced greatly at their deliverance from their long captivity.

Where now is located the town of Trinity, Louisiana, just below the place where the three rivers mingle into one, there stand several lofty mounds. Thither the Natchez fled. Here they joined another tribe and immediately began to fortify the post. It took some time for Le Perrier to gather sufficient forces to attack them. Navigable rivers afford great advantages for a powerful invading force, when the nation weak in resources, is attacked. Thus it was with the doomed Natchez. The Governor loaded his vessels with men, arms, ammunition and provisions, and forced his way up the Black River to the Indian fortifications. Alas! what could they do against the power of the white race?

There are two stories about the way the fort was captured. One is that the Great Sun and about sixty of his chiefs surrendered. But this hardly seems possible. The other story if it be true, is disgraceful to the Governor of the French. It was said that after Le Perrier had been besieging the fort for several days, he invited the Great Sun and his chiefs outside the fortifications that they might have a conference and agree upon terms of peace. Relying upon their honor, the Great Sun and his chiefs came out. While they were talking, it came on to rain, and the French Governor proposed that they should go to a log cabin close by for shelter. The Indians went in and immediately, armed men, who were concealed hard by, rushed upon them and took them prisoners. If this was the true story, the Great Sun was captured by treachery and perfidy. The consternation of the tribe must have been terrible. The storm rose to a hurricane. Amidst the darkness of the night, lit up by the lurid flashes of lightning, in the roar of thunder and pelting of rain, this devoted race, expecting no mercy from the white man, burst through their intrenchments and fought their way back into the wilderness. There they divided, a part tracked their way up the Ouachita and part skirted the lowlands to the Catahoula Lake. Here they were captured and carried to New Orleans. And in keeping with the second story it is said that the Great Sun and his mother, Bras Piquet, were among the number.

Bras Piquet, who had extracted the secret of the contemplated Chopart massacre; who had warned her son that he would be struck down by a powerful nation; who had vainly tried to warn the French of their danger; stood the last princess of her race, of the blood royal, a verification of her own prophecy; her nation had fallen and she with it. She had neither youth nor beauty, like Pocahontas, but she tried to save the white man, and her name and history are forgotten. The saddest part of their sad fate remains to be told. The Great Sun, his mother and his chiefs were shipped to the Island of St. Domingo and sold as slaves. The scattered remnants of this once powerful people were blended with the surrounding tribes. The largest fragment joined the Chickasas. In after years the French demanded them to be delivered up, but the Chickasas made the noble reply: "The Natchez have become a part of us and we will defend them."

Many a time and oft they struck the French in retaliation for their national destruction. At one time they almost blocked communication between Lousiana and the Canadas. But they and their allies have passed away; their dominion on these bluffs has ceased; the fire on the altar has gone out; their temples are no more; their race is extinct; only a mound, here and there, and their name, is left to tell the world that such a people as the Natchez ever existed.

CHAPTER III

In 1730-1, a small settlement stood on the present site of Natchitoches, Louisiana, protected by a fort under the command of a gallant Frenchman named St. Dennis. The Natchez who joined the Ouachita tribes, stirred up their allies to strike at this weak settlement. St. Denis heard of the contemplated assault and made immediate preparation to resist. The Indians appeared before the fort and demanded its surrender, and at the same time threatened that if it were not given up, they would burn in their sight, a French prisoner. The story is that when St. Denis refused to surrender, the Indians brought an unfortunate French woman in full view of the fort, tied her to a stake and burned her to death. The Indians then made a desperate attack upon the fort, but were bravely repulsed. Finding themselves defeated, they turned upon the village of the Natchitoches Indians who had thrown themselves under French protection. As soon as they had destroyed the villages they set about at once to fortify themselves, but before they had time to complete their fortifications, St. Denis was upon them. It was a desperate battle but the French were completely victorious. The Indians were overpowered and the survivors fled. The Natchez lost in this battle ninety warriors. From that hour their power on the west side of the river was utterly broken. Those of the Natchez who had taken refuge with the Chickasas continued to harrass the French.

In those days the people from the settlements of the west brought their products and sold them to the settlers of the south. France then owned the whole of Canada and all the valley of the Ohio and the Mississippi. The trade between the west and south was carried on in barges.

The name Mississippi is generally accepted to mean "Father of Waters," but there is another interpretation. In the language of the Choctaws, Missah, literally translated meant "Old Big" and Sippah, "Strong," "Old Big Strong," a name eminently appropriate to this mighty stream.

The Chickasas owned the bluffs where Memphis now stands. It was said that the English, who were jealous of the French, helped the Natchez to stir up the Chickasas to make war upon the French traders on the river. No matter who caused it trading became so dangerous it was almost stopped. Such was the condition of affairs when the old Governor, Bienville, was sent back to this country, in 1733, to take the governorship of this great province· Bienville had been very successful in bygone times in subduing the Indians, and his return was hailed with delight by the struggling colonists. His attention was first directed to the reopening of the obstructed trade with the Canadas, and he could do this only by overcoming the Chickasas. He demanded that they surrender the Natchez and this they refused to do. As soon as was possible, in those early days, he organized a military force to crush the enemy. His plan of campaign was to raise and transport an army composed of French and Indian allies up the Tombigby River, to rendezvous at its headquarters. Bienville ordered D'Artaguette, a distinguished French officer from the west country to join him on March 31, 1736, at the Chickasas villages.

D'Artaguette, an officer who had distinguished himself in the Natchez War, and had been promoted to be Governor of Fort Chartres, was prompt in the execution of the order. Such was his energy that by March 4, he reached Ecores Prudhomme, on the Mississippi, with thirty soldiers, one hundred volunteers, and nearly all the Indians of the Kaskaskia village. De Vincennes, the same for whom the town of Vincennes, Indiana, is named, there joined him with forty Iroquois, and all the Indians of the Wabash tribe. De Montcherval, with the Cohohians and Mitcheganias, did not arrive in time. De Grandpre, who commanded at Arkansas, sent twenty-eight warriors to Ecores Prudhomme, with instructions to return and let him know as soon as D'Artaguette arrived, but strange to say, they did not let Grandpre know, and so he waited for their return. D'Artaguette determined to advance slowly and let Grandpre and Montcherval overtake him. When he arrived in the Chickasas territory he sent scouts to find out about Bienville's army. The scouts returned with the information that there were no signs of Bienville, but on the day following a courier brought D'Artaguette a dispatch from Bienville advising that the latter could not get to the rendezvous in time and that he must act accordingly. Here was a bad situation; a small force in an enemy's country, and not overburdened with provisions. D'Artaguette called a council of war. The Indians were for immediate attack, as were also most of the officers. The force stood, one hundred and thirty Frenchmen and three hundred and sixty-six Indians. They were to attack first, the isolated village on the extreme limits. This was the village of the Natchez tribe.

On Palm Sunday, 1736, D'Artaguette and his forces approached within a mile of the village as they thought, undiscovered. Here depositing his baggage under guard, D'Artaguette moved on to the attack. They had covered only a short distance when four or five hundred Indians, led by thirty Englishmen, sprung upon them. The Miamis and the Illinois took to flight, and only sixty-six Indians stood by them; thirty-eight Iroquois and twenty-eight Arkansas sent by Grandpre. They fought bravely, but at last D'Artaguette fell, badly wounded; this caused a panic, and the French had to retreat. The Chickasas captured their baggage, ammunition and horses, and this very ammunition was used a few weeks after, in the fight against Bienville. A boy sixteen years of age, named Voisin conducted the retreat. The fugitives would have been totally destroyed but for a terrible storm which prevented their being pursued. For two days they toiled on when they met Montcherval with fourteen French and one hundred and sixteen Indians. He sent word to Grandpre that all was lost. If D'Artaguette had sent for Grandpre and waited for De Montcherval, he might have been in a position to wait for Bienville, and all combined could have wiped out the Chickasas and Natchez. D'Artaguette, Vincennes and others were wounded and fell into the hands of the enemy, and horrible to relate they were burned. This battle has no name. It ought to be called The Last Battle of the Heroes, D'Artaguette and Vincennes. This disaster caused as much grief throughout the colony as did the Massacre of Fort Rosalie.

Where was Bienville while his countrymen were thus falling in the midst of battle? As you may well conceive it was most difficult in those days, to march an army and to transport troops. Bienville, with his allies the Choctaws, went up the Tombigby. From here runners were sent to locate D'Artaguette but nothing could be seen or heard of him. Bienville then approached the Chickasas villages. This was in May. His plan was to attack the remotest village, the very one that had been attacked by D'Artaguette but the Choctaws insisted upon attacking the nearest called the village of Ackia, situated on the Strawberry Plains. The Choctaws thought to surprise them, and attacked before daylight, but the Chickasas were prepared to meet them. The Choctaws were repulsed and towards noon, Bienville moved up the French to renew the attack. They saw the British flag, floating over the Chickasas fort. Bienville charged the works gallantly, shouting, "Vive le Roi!" but was driven back with the loss of many officers. The French withdrew from the battlefield, and when they returned the next day they found that the dead bodies of their comrades were impaled on the fortifications. Having no cannon and realizing that it was impossible to take the fort without them, Bienville abandoned the attack and returned to Fort Tembecbee. The most inexplicable mystery about this affair is that he didn't hear of D'Artaguette's and Vincennes' fate before the attack. He did not learn of it until his return to New Orleans, when he inwardly resolved to avenge their deaths.

In 1739, Bienville organized a grand expedition. He raised about fifteen hundred men, French and Indians. The former were ordered to come down the river to the mouth of the St. Francis. Bienville was to meet them there and proceed across the river and attack the Chickasas by the same route the unfortunate D'Artaguette had taken. When Bienville's barges passed these bluffs everybody expected an easy victory. It was in September. Bienville had given us a name in 1700; he was then just entering manhood. Forty years of hardship and trouble had wrought a sad change in him. But he was still high in command and elated with hope. In spite of his failure at Strawberry Plains and his first attack on the Chickasas, the people had confidence in his military skill. When Bienville reached the rendezvous, his combined force comprised upwards of three thousand men. They crossed to the east bank of the river and began to erect a fort which they called, Assumption, because it was begun on the day of that name in the church calendar.

This being the unwholesome time of the year, disease and sickness appeared among the troops, and prevented an attack; time rolled on and many died; months passed and famine came to add its horrors, for it was found impossible to get food for so many troops. In the following spring in mustering the able-bodied men the number had dwindled to a few hundred. The expedition could not be further prosecuted so Bienville ordered the officers from Canada to return and Fort Assumption dismantled. The officer, whose name was Celerion, marched toward one of the Chickasas villages, with only one hundred white men and four hundred Indians, but they, believing it was the vanguard of the French army, sued for peace, which was readily granted. The Chickasas then agreed to deliver up the Natchez to Bienville.

As he passed down the river, Bienville betokened care and disappointment. He had spent the prime of his manhood in planting and cultivating here the seeds of a great empire; he had gone back to France; things here had gone wrong, so he had returned in the decline of his life, to right them. As a military chieftain, he in this epoch, had utterly failed. How true their motto, "L', homme propose, et Dieu dispose." Bienville remained a year longer as Governor, and then was succeeded by a nobleman named Vaudrueil.

The Chickasas promised by their treaty not only to surrender the Natchez but also to be fast friends of the French and not to trade with the English. History says that they did not keep faith with the French and there was trouble with them afterwards. So closed the Chickasas War.

CHAPTER IV

It was about the year 1713, that the Black Man was first seen in this country. They were brought here as slaves and during the Indian Wars many remained loyal to their masters, though some did turn against them. Indian corn was found on this continent by the white men but when they began to settle they brought rice and the things they raised for sale were chiefly tobacco and indigo. They brought cuttings of fig trees and other fruit trees, especially oranges in lower Louisiana; and so, year by year, these continued to grow and multiply.

It was in the year 1750, a shiny looking black seed was planted at the base of yonder hill. It grew to be a beautiful plant. It had one peculiar beauty; its bloom was a cream color in the morning, it blushed in the evening and on the next day it became a deep pink; thus it was like the lily when it was born and the rose when it died. The fruit was white as snow and the foliage, the bloom and the fruit could be seen all at the same time. None then knew what a tremendous power that little plant was to wield over the world. At that time it was planted in little patches and when the family were seated around the hearth at night, they would pick the lint from the seed for yarn to make stockings. The first cotton gin was invented by M. Dubrueil and the little plant gradually usurped the place of all others.

In 1731, the river did not flow close to the foot of the bluffs as it does now. The Natchez of that day was in the bottom which extended more than halfway across where the river now runs. On the hill were patches of corn. It was a very hilly hill. Later on, all the streets had to be cut through and the hills leveled, although there are yet a number to be seen in various parts of the city.

In 1734, M. Lubois moved the fort from the back of the village and made a regular terraced fort on the bluff. He raised upon its battlements the Fleur-de-Lis, the lily flag of France, and as he looked upon its folds floating in the air, he felt proud, as all conquerors do, when flushed in the hour of victory.

During the peace that followed the close of the Chickasas War, many families landed on the bank of the river. Here they unloaded their furniture and effects, which were carried on pack horses first to the banks of St. Catherine Creek and later to the Homochitto.

Then again was heard the rumbling of two mighty nations at war. Wolf had defeated Montcalm on the Heights of Abraham, near Quebec, Canada. The victorious English were not only sweeping through Canada but were lapping over the Alleghenies and pouring into Louisiana in the north.

One night during the year 1763-4, the flag of France, the Fleur-de-Lis, was taken down from Fort Rosalie and the Cross of St. George of England floated in its place. This meant that England had whipped Louis XV and taken from him Fort Rosalie and all Louisiana from Manchac up the east side of the Mississippi River. The name of this section was then changed to Florida West and Fort Rosalie to Fort Panmure in compliment to a member of the British cabinet.

The treaty read thus: France cedes to Great Britain all that portion of Louisiana lying on the east side of the Mississippi River from its source to the Bayou Iberville or Manchac. The irrevocable boundary between the British and French provinces to be an imaginary line along the middle of the Mississippi from its source to the Bayou Manchac thence along Manchac and Amite River through the middle of Lakes Maurepas, Pontchartrain and Borgne, to the sea. By a decree of the King of England, in council October 7, 1763, Florida West was to extend from the Mississippi River at Bayou Manchac or Iberville, eastward to the Chatahoochy River and bounded north by the 31st parallel of latitude. This left Natchez belonging to nobody in particular. When this fact was pointed out to the English Governor, Johnston, he had a second decree made on June 10, 1764, extending the northern limits of Florida West up to the Yazoo River. Thus was Natchez like a gay widow who had often changed her name. When first introduced to the civilized world she was the bride of the Natchez; then Lousiana and now Florida West. On November 3, 1762, Louis XV, had by his minister, Choisuel, made a secret treaty with the King of Spain and gave to him all the residue of Louisiana. When the people of Louisiana found out what had been done, they grew very indignant. Meetings were held in New Orleans and a committee of citizens appointed to visit France and implore the French King not to forsake them.

Bienville was still living. He had reached four score years and six. He accompanied Milhet, the Louisiana commissioner, who presented the protest; both made powerful speeches in its support; both tried to persuade the King not to part so readily with such a magnificent dowry. It was said the old man wept, while he plead for this, as it were, his darling child of the west. Choisuel was deeply moved but said it was impossible to revoke the gift. Bienville had outlived the empire he had founded, and was soon after gathered to his fathers.

"Ah, mon Dieu! I cannot stand these English," said many of the French families when they saw the British flag floating over Fort Panmure. Numbers of them, with their household goods crossed the river and followed the flag of their country but their place was soon filled by immigrants from other countries. "Och, Teddy, hould on to ye," "Och, these children will be the death of me yit." "Be done wid yer racket, ye smalpeens!" "Don't sigh too much for auld Reekie, my darling; muckle is the trouble in a new land, but 'twill be better for the wee bit bairns." "Ave you got hall the luggage ashore?" "Ow many days 'ave we been on the river?" "Mind how you handle that rifle, or by zounds she'll bore a hole through you." These and such like expressions were heard as the immigrants from Ireland, Scotland, and England unloaded their baggage to make this spot their home.

From the year 1764, this was a military province with the capital at Pensacola. English magistrates held their courts here and in order to induce people to settle here the government made presents of large tracts of land to all who would come. The early architecture was very different from the beautiful style that developed here in later years. The French had a way of building in what was called cat and clay; they set up posts two feet apart, joined like a ladder, with stakes between, and they would work up moss and mud in rolls about as big as your leg and two feet long; these they would throw over the stakes and smooth all down making a solid wall. But the English and other immigrants from the States built log cabins. Shuck mattresses were a great luxury, and silver spoons were never heard of.

All through the years from 1764, to 1776, English, Irish Scotch, North Carolinians, Virginians, and New Englanders continued to pour into this happy valley; some through East Tennessee, some by the Ohio, and some by Bayou Manchac and up the river. England brought negroes from Africa to work the land, and Spain, who owned Louisiana, protested against it.

This was so far out of the world when the war for American independence broke out, this section did not take sides with either party, but remained quiet. The consequence was that some people who did not want to separate from the mother country moved down here. For at this time England owned all the country north of Manchac and Lakes Maurepas and Pontchartrain, east of the Mississippi River to its source. Spain owned south of Manchac, Maurepas, Pontchartrain and the west bank of the Mississippi River. When the thirteen Colonies declared their independence, Georgia was among the number and she claimed that I belonged to her. When the fighting first began the Colonies went in to it alone. France did not lend a hand until 1778. Spain was neutral until 1779. The consequence was that this, as a part of West Florida, with the capital at Pensacola, remained under the British flag. The American War, however, extended from the Atlantic slope across the mountains to the head waters of the Ohio. Spain, as I have said, remained neutral although she had a mortal hatred for England. The government of the Colonies, called the Federal Government, soon saw that if they could get Spain to wink at it, they might get ammunition and supplies up the river to their troops in the upper Ohio section. So the Federal Government sent a commercial agent, named Pollock, whose business it was, as far as possible, without compromising Spain's neutrality, to ship supplies up to the West.

About the year 1778, there arose a great commotion in the little town of Natchez. News was spread that two big barges were in sight, and they were believed to be hostile. It was the first alarm of this nature, in several years. When it became known that this was the representative of a new power some were angry, some were uneasy, and some were glad for there were rebels among us at the time.

Just prior to the American War, a man by the name of Willing, lived here but he had since become a captain in the Federal Army and was now in command of the barges. Willing had a meeting of the Town Council and citizens called, and made them overtures to the effect that if the people would remain quiet and not molest him on his return, he would not disturb them. To secure fidelity in this behalf, he took a citizen as hostage because he knew that this man was intensely loyal to the British flag. The Captain, went on to New Orleans with his hostage, and gave him his parole not to leave the city. But he, denying Willing's right to detain him, quietly left the city and returned home. He quickly gathered a posse of friends and upon the return of one of the Captain's boats, commanded by Reuben Harrison, hailed the boat ashore and fired into it. In the melee some of the men were killed and others taken prisoners. This fracas took place just below Ellis' Cliffs, near the mouth of St. Catherine's Creek.

Great Britain grew indignant with Spain for violating her neutrality and withdrew her minister. In 1779, Spain joined the Americans. The Governor of Louisiana, Galvez was the most brilliant man of his day. He had looked with wistful eyes on West Florida and the moment he heard of the declaration of war he attacked Fort Bute at Manchac, then successively Baton Rouge, Fort Cande at Mobile and last of all the capital at Pensacola. He captured the British Fort Baton Rouge commanded by Dickinson, on September 20, 1779, and one of the articles of capitulation was that Fort Panmure, with its garrison should be surrendered.

One day about dusk, near the end of September 1779, several barges with the gorgeous flag of Castile floating at the mast head, appeared on the river. The forces landed and marched up to Fort Panmure. The orders and capitulation of Colonel Dickinson were handed to the commandant. The cross of St. George of England was hauled down and on the following morning the gorgeous ensign of Spain floated over Fort Rosalie.

CHAPTER V

It was natural that these political changes of the country should bring distress upon the inhabitants. Men cannot strip off their national attachments as they do their coats. The French of Louisiana rebelled against the Spanish, and were severely punished for it and so after the Spanish took Fort Panmure, there was a British rebellion here.

Although Galvez had easily captured Fort Baton Rouge, and Candi, it took him a long time to capture Pensacola, which was a regular fortress and ably defended by General Campbell. While this siege was pending, one restless spirit, here, General Lyman,formed a conspiracy to recapture Fort Panmure. He organized a force of a hundred men. The fort itself was weakly manned. By some unaccountable mistake, Lyman heard that the British fleet had appeared off Pensacola, and the siege would soon be raised. Acting upon this information he invested Fort Panmure and demanded its surrender. The commandant held out for sometime, but it was reported that the fort was undermined from a deep ravine and would be blown up. He was deceived by having seen men working at night near where the mine was supposed to be, and as he was scarce of provisions he ingloriously surrendered and the Flag of Britain was hoisted once more over our battlements. This was on April 29, 1781. Great was the consternation of Lyman and his adherents, when they heard that Galvez had been successful and Pensacola had fallen. Here was a terrible blunder; the insurgents knew that the penalty of rebellion by the Spanish law, was death. O'Reily, the Spanish Governor of Louisiana, had executed without mercy the French insurgents a few years before in New Orleans. The alternative was death or flight, and they determined to fly. Men, women and children were to brave the wilderness and the savage. I have witnessed much suffering in my day. I have seen the Natchez writhe in agony at his last farewell to this spot. I have seen the Frenchman, self-exiled, shed bitter tears because he was forced away. I have seen the British scowl indignantly as he was compelled to do the same, but one of the saddest of all sights was the starting of this pilgrim band.

When the Spanish authority was restored after the brief interval, and Don Carlos de Grandpre became commandant of the post of Natchez, the little property left by the insurgents was seized and confiscated.

While these minor events were occuring here, great events were taking place over the mountains, which materially affected the destiny of Natchez. The great American War was closed. While the Castilian Flag floated over Panmure, three treaties were made in rapid succession with reference to this section.

First: The provisional treaty of November 20, 1782, between Great Britain and the United States, which established the boundary down to the 31st parallel of latitude, on the east side of the Mississippi River, and along that latitude to the St. Mary's River in Florida.

Second: Two months after this, the preliminary Articles of Peace were signed by Great Britain on one side, and France and Spain on the other, and the war ceased.

Third: In the September following the tri-partite treaty, Great Britain on the one part, France and Spain on the second part, and the United States on the third part. By this treaty, Great Britain confirmed to Spain the whole of the Floridas, south of the 31st parallel of latitude, to the St. Mary's River. I say confirmed because Galvez had already captured it, but it did not state the boundary of Florida very clearly; it designated it as "south of the southern limits of the United States."

After the treaty was signed, Spain claimed Florida by its old boundaries, up to the mouth of the Yazoo River. Scarcely had the ink of the treaty dried, before there was a new claimant for this old hill. Georgia claimed its possession, being above the 31st parrallel. But Spain continued a military hold. Georgia, seeing this, passed an act in 1786, electing me into the county of Bourbon, and sent a commissioner to the Acting Governor of Louisiana, notifying him of the fact. It is probable, had Georgia been left alone, there would have been more trouble with Spain. Fortunately the United States bought out the Georgia claim and Georgia repealed the Bourbon Act, in 1787. If the United States hàd been strong she would have marched down with flying banners and told the Spanish to "vamoose the ranch," that is Spanish for "pack up and leave the premises," but the United States was too weak for dictation then so she had to negotiate and temporize. She had the law on Spain. Spain argued thus, she had won West Florida by the sword, and held it when Great Britain ceded it; she was out of possession and had no title, therefore could not give or grant the territory. But the United States replied that whatever had been the rights of Spain before, she was bound by the Tri-partite Treaty of 1783. She told Spain that the only thing to be done in the matter was to employ a surveyor. Spain to choose one and the United States to choose another, the finger of the sun would point out the line of the 31st parallel. But this was not the only vexing question to be settled. Spain owned both sides of the mouth of the Mississippi, for three hundred miles, and she claimed the right to close the mouth of the Mississippi against whomsoever she chose. The United States dissented. As Spain had agreed to free navigation with England in 1763, the United States, as England's successor would also claim the right of free navigation. The closing of the mouth of the river would have stifled the life of the valley.

After the close of the American War and the ratification of the tri-partite treaty, the roar of the tide of immigration as it tumbled over the Alleghenies and flowed in to the Mississippi valley increased. The people here and in the valley began to grow clamorous about the mouth of the great river. The attention of the Secretary of Foreign Affairs of the United States, Mr. Jay, was called to the matter as early as 1785. He broached the subject to the Spanish Minister, Guardquai, and was emphatically told that Spain would not yield the free navigation of the Mississippi and that there was no use discussing the matter. The subject, however was kept before the Spanish court by the American ministers, Mr. Carmicaleal and Mr. Short, but they did not make much progress.

At length, Spain became involved in another European war and fearful of having the United States enlisted against her, she intimated that propositions for a settlement of the points in dispute between the two powers, would be favorably entertained. General Washington who was then President, sent Thomas Pinckney, and on October 20, 1795, the Treaty of Madrid was made between the United States and Spain. The main points of this great treaty, so far as concerned Natchez, were

First: That the boundary between the United States and Spain would be the 31st parallel north latitude from the Mississippi eastward to the Chattahooche River.

Second: That each party should appoint one commissioner and one surveyor, with suitable military guard of equal number, with assistants and instruments to meet at Natchez within six months after the ratification and proceed thence to run and mark the line.

Third: The middle of the Mississippi River should be the boundary from its source to the 31st parallel.

Fourth: That the entire middle of the river from its source to the sea should be free to the people of the United States.

Fifth: That the people of the United States might use New Orleans as a place of deposit of produce for three years, and export the same free of duty, except incidental expenses and the time might be extended by subsequent negotiation. One might think that after this explicit treaty, the political state of Natchez was at last established beyond all controversy. The claim of title in brief, was from the Natchez to the French, from the French to the British, from the British to the Spanish and now from the Spanish to the United States.

At this time Baron Carondelet was Governor of Louisiana and Don Manuel Gayosa de Lemos was Commandant at Fort Panmure. The President of the United States appointed a gentleman by the name of Andrew Ellicott, as surveyor on the part of the United States. He started in September 1796 from Philadelphia. At Pittsburg he employed thirty woodmen, armed. This military escort commanded by Lewis McLeary, was to follow. The Ohio River was too low to float his boats and he didn't reach the mouth until December 22. Here he was again detained by ice. On January 31, 1797, with his supplies and military escort, Ellicott began his descent of the Mississippi River, arriving here on February 24. It was said the Spanish authorities tried to retard their progress. By the request of Gayosa, Ellicott left his escort at Bayou Pierre. February 27, 1797, was a memorable day for Natchez, for on that day Ellicott pitched his tent on or near Myrtle Bank and unfurled the flag of the United States in full view of Fort Panmure. The flag beneath whose folds the destiny of Natchez was soon to be controlled.

CHAPTER VI

When Ellicott had pitched his camp on Myrtle Bank, he called upon Gayosa and requested him to appoint a day to begin the survey. March 19, was chosen. Ellicott had made his observations and found the latitude to be thirty-one degrees, thirty-three minutes, forty-six seconds north, that is thirty-nine miles above the thirty-first parallel of latitude.

Gayosa had begun to move the artillery and stores from the Fort and to make preparations to move the troops. But suddenly he changed his mind and moved them back again. The Governor had tried to induce Ellicott to go on to New Orleans, but Ellicott declined. His military escort, under McLeary, reached here on March 13. He encamped near Ellicott and soon after appeared at the head of his men and demanded the surrender of the post to the United States forces. Gayosa, instead of surrendering, began to strengthen the Fort, not only here, but at Walnut Hills, where Vicksburg now stands.

Gayosa alleged as an excuse that the Indians were about to rise, and that Louisiana was about to be invaded by the British, by way of Canada. But the real reason was that Spain did not want to give up Natchez. The fact was, that Baron Carondelet had for a series of years carried on a desperate negotiation with some citizens of Kentucky to detach her from the United States. He had dispatched Colonel Powers with $100,000 to be distributed among the people and authorized him further to guarantee $100,000 more in the way of ammunition to protect them from the United States, and still further to guarantee the people the free navigation of the Mississippi River, and that they should be allies of Spain. The only consideration that Carondelet exacted in return for these splendid concessions was that the Western Republic should acknowledge the Florida line up to the mouth of the Yazoo River. The people were told that the United States was neglecting them and that Spain would be a powerful ally.

Great was the indignation of Ellicott at this delay, and the military preparations. An angry correspondence ensued. McLeary began to fortify his camp. People grew uneasy. Ellicott longed for the approach of the advance guard of the army who were on their way from Fort Massac. About the last of March Lieutenant Percy Smith Pope was ordered to descend the Mississippi and support Ellicott. He arrived on April 24, and was escorted from the upper landing by McLeary's company. This looked like war and it seemed that we might, once again, hear the boom of hostile cannon.

Gayosa remonstrated against the flaunting of the United States flag in his face, but it was of no avail. He then requested Ellicott to remove to a place called Clarksville nearer to the boundary line, and as this was declined he offered him Villa Gayosa, a spot on the bluffs, above the neighborhood of Church Hill. But Ellicott prepared to remain here. Pope proceeded to complete his entrenchments and called for volunteers, and what gave especial umbrage to Gayosa, to pick up deserters from the American army who were found here.

On the last of May, Carondelet issued his proclamation that the posts were not delivered up, because of the threatened invasion by the British from Canada by way of Illinois. This was intended to lay the popular excitement, but it had the contrary effect. It required great prudence to keep the people quiet while awaiting the movement of the Spanish evacuation.

This was the condition that prevailed when a tremendous excitement arose on June 19. On that day a Babtist preacher, named Hannah, was seized for some cause, and confined in the Fort, with his feet in the stocks. This so incensed the people, they flew to arms and began organizing military companies. Gayosa took refuge in the Fort and Pope called upon his fellow citizens of the District of Natchez to assert their rights and he would give them his hearty cooperation. The Lieutenant Governor issued his proclamation exorting the people to be quiet, to repent of their misdeeds, and he would pardon them; this angered the people more than ever.

The first American political assembly, in this district was held about eight miles from Natchez, on the Nashville road, at the house of Benjamin Bealk. It was a rude legislative hall but they were determined men who met there. A Committee of Public Safety was appointed, consisting of the following named men: Anthony Hutchins, Bernard Lintot, Isaac Galliard, Cato West, William Ratliff, Gabriel Benoist, and Joseph Bernard. Ellicott and Pope were afterwards added. This committee was in its nature a supervisory legislature, for no act was to have any validity unless it was submitted to and approved by them. They called upon the Governor, in their official capacity and he recognized them as the representatives of the people and promised them, that no umbrage should be taken by Spain at their conduct. Their organization was afterwards modified and made permanent, and acknowledged by the existing authorities. The permanent committee consisted of nine members as follows: Joseph Bernard, Judge Peter B. Bruin, Daniel Clarke, Gabriel Benoist, Philander Smith, Isaac Gillem, Roger Dixon, William Ratliff and Frederick Kimball. The president was Joseph Bernard, an able and good man, but he died on September, 20th. He was succeeded by Gabriel Benoist, who was courteous, brave and faithful, of irreproachable integrity and assiduous in the discharge of his duties.

These brave men of an earlier day have long since passed on and even the names of most of them are heard no more but their descendants still live to honor their memory and emulate their example.

On July 29, Gayosa was promoted to be Governor of Louisiana and departed from the Natchez post. He was a genial man but in endeavoring to uphold a tumbling power with an impatient population surging against it, he had a hard task to perform. He was never known to take bribes nor presents during his official career. A good master, an affectionate father and a tender husband. Such a chaplet placed by history upon a man's character, is worth more than an emperor's crown. He was raised by his country, to high renown but death claimed him while yet in the meridian of life. On his departure from the Natchez post he placed Stephen Minor as temporary commander of the Fort. Later Grandpre was ordered to fill the vacancy occasioned by Gayosa's promotion, but the Committee of Public Safety intimated that Grandpre would not be acceptable to the people, and so he never assumed command of the post.

Quiet being restored by the joint efforts of the committee and the acting Governor, Ellicott retired to the country, six miles back, and while there surveyed the town of Washington. A spring near the college which is now located there, still bears his name.

Pope had reported to Wilkinson the failure to deliver up the posts and he sent down Captain Isaac Guion, a soldier of the Revolution, with reenforcements and orders to take command of the district. Guion, with his force, landed the last of December. He ignored the Committee of Public Safety and at one time grew so angry with them that he threatened to disperse them by military force. He also curbed the people in their exhibition of anger against the Spanish in hopes that by these means the Spaniards would sooner leave. But it was not long before he found out his mistake, for they still maintained their hold upon the post, and the Captain himself, began to grow impatient.

Another New Year's dawn, 1798, found the Castilian flag still floating over Fort Panmure. On January 10th, the people were seen gathering in little squads, discussing something, they were eagerly reading a document and looked delighted. "Well, it has come at last!" One was heard to exclaim, "Colonel Ellicott has a letter from the Governor General of New Orleans; the posts are to be delivered up, and the line run right away according to the Madrid Treaty." This was pleasant news indeed; but days weeks and months passed by and still nothing was done. Guion grew impatient. On March 23rd, a company of Spanish Infantry landed and entered the Fort. They were the garrison from Fort Nogales, on their way down the river. Guion had announced that April 1st, should not find the Spanish flag waving over Fort Panmure.

On the night of March 20th, the town was aroused from its slumbers by the startling beat of the Spanish drums. The order in Spanish, for the troops to fall in was heard. The gates of the Fort were thrown open and the troops marched out silently and sadly. Nothing was heard but their farewell tramp. One individual entered the Fort and gazed wistfully down the river; it was Ellicott. Sadly the stars had looked down upon the devoted Natchez as he left his native hills, sixty-seven years before; serenely had they gazed upon the French in their exodus thirty-five years before; silently had they watched the proud British as he left a prisoner, seventeen years before and now the same stars gently looked down upon the haughty Castilian as he heaved his last sigh upon the midnight air and bade adieu to these hills forever.

CHAPTER VII

During the years that these developments were taking place there were many Indians who came here to trade with the whites. They had scrubby little Indian ponies, loaded down with their plunder. This they carried in two big baskets thrown across the backs of the ponies like saddle-bags. The women carried immense baskets on their backs, suspended by straps, which they could slip over their foreheads or across their chests; this necessitated bending their bodies very much, as they walked. In these baskets they carried their little babies, called papooses. The women did the work and the men did the hunting. The men carried their game and buckskins strapped on their backs, and while some had flintlock rifles, others had bows and arrows and blow guns. Their bows were straight and the strings hung slack, but when they shot them, they would bend to an arch and shoot very strong. The bows were made of sassafras and black locust, and the strings were of deer sinews. The arrows were heavy and headed with flint rock, sharpened to a point. In any Indian mound in this section to-day, these arrow heads may be found. These bows and arrows were used in warfare and in the hunting of game. The most attractive of their weapons was the blowgun. Some of these were twelve feet long as smooth as glass on the inside and slightly tapering. They were made of cane and were so finely polished as to look like cherry or mahogany. The blowgun arrows were made out of a tough weed and feathered with thistledown. The Indian boys could shoot these over one hundred and fifty yards, and could easily kill squirrels and large birds with them. Note:(Audubon, the famous naturalist, while in this section, used these blowguns to stun without injury, birds that he desired to study and paint).

The baskets were of all sizes, they were made of the outer rind of cane, and were variegated in color; deep purple and yellow and white were often woven together. The color material was gotten from the pokeberry and paint rocks found on the creek banks. Besides baskets, they made sifters which the white people would buy to sift their meal and fanners to fan their hominy.

When they had sold their peltry and other things, the men would almost always buy fire water or whiskey, and get on a big drunk. But they always had the wisdom to first give up their knives and other arms to their squaws, so that they could not hurt one another. When their trading in town was over, they would camp in the woods. The camps were constructed of oak branches laid upon poles set in two forked stakes driven into the ground. The ponies were then turned loose to graze. These ponies did not require to be fed or groomed and although they looked puny and shabby, they were very strong for their size and capable of great endurance. The little white boys of that time loved these little ponies as pets.

The tribe that visited this section, most frequently was the Choctaw. Among them a few Indians were noted to be unlike them in appearance. These were tall, erect, and splendidly proportioned. They were a shade lighter in color, with piercing black eyes, and foreheads, high and retreating. They were a fragment of the once powerful tribe of the Natchez. Their sires had passed away and they came to look upon the graves of their nation.

Note: (The Natchez practiced head flattening, the mother lays the entirely naked infant on a board covered with the skin of an animal. She then pushes its head back into a hole in the board and applies to the forehead and under the head a mass of clay which she binds with all her strength between two little boards. The infant cries, turns completely black and the suffering is so great a white slimy fluid issues from its nose and ears. It sleeps thus every night until the head assumes the desired shape. Luxemburg Memoir.)

Just after the Spaniards evacuated the Fort, Ellicott moved down to the neighborhood of Loftus Heights, now Fort Adams, with his surveyor Thomas Freeman. Here he was joined by Sir William Dunbar and Don Stephen Minor. They commenced the survey and were visited during its progress by Gayosa. Sir William Dunbar did not run the entire route with them but returned home, leaving Don Stephen Minor in charge of the work, on behalf of the King of Spain. In consequence of Indian disturbance the line could not be completed until the next year. After its completion Minor also returned home, and he and Sir William lived here a long while, esteemed and respected by their countrymen.

But let us pass on to 1794. About this time there happened to be in South Carolina, a northern school teacher in the home of Mrs. Nathaniel Green, the widow of the great American general. This young man had come to the South to get a school but had been disappointed, and Mrs. Green, who was a benevolent lady, invited him to her home. One day a company of gentlemen, who had met there were discussing the productions of the country. They agreed that cotton would prove to be the great product of wealth, if a machine could be invented to separate the lint from the seed. Mrs. Green, after listening to the conversation remarked: "Well, gentlemen, if you will only refer the matter to my young friend, Mr. Whitney, he will make one for you for I believe he can make almost anything." Acting upon the suggestion, they went into Whitney's workshop, where they found him deeply engaged. They made known to him the object of their visit, but he replied that he had never seen a cotton gin and knew nothing about it. Being a wonderful mechanical genius, however, he set to work and in a short time had made the saw gin. It was tested and proved successful, but while he was securing a patent, some wicked person broke into the house where the little gin stand was, took the model, and in a few years it had spread through many states.

This invention had a marked influence upon the destiny of this section of the country, even at that early date. Dubriel's gin was defective, Whitney's was a great improvment. The people had found the cultivation of indigo to be unwholesome and tobacco unprofitable for the King of Spain, who had agreed to buy it in large quantities countermanded his order and took but little. Because of these hindrances, the people turned their attention to cotton; but changing from one staple to another always causes a set back which often puts a planter in debt. Seeing this, Governor Carondelet advised the passage of a stay law; that was that creditors should not be allowed to press their debtors until the year 1800.

A few words now about the manners and customs of the people of those times. The men wore ques and the women wore bonnets that protected them from the southern sun and winter's rain. I do not know whether the manner of arranging the ladies' hair was called the volcanic style but it resembled a volcano; a pyramid of hair with curls flowing from the crater over the sides like lava.

One night, when all was very quiet and peaceful there was heard the sweetest music that had ever vibrated from these hills. Up to this time there had been heard only the clang of the bell, the blast of the horn, the shrill note of the fife, and the dread beat of the drum; perhaps occasionally the scraping of some rude performer on the fiddle; but this was new music; it passed from the deep-toned thunder to the most liquid melody, it was the piano. It stood on spindle legs and had a cherry frame. It was the source of much pride and consolation to its owners who would often wake from its tones the memory of other days and the fatherland.

There was a scarcity of roads in those early days. Gentlemen when they visited, had to carry their families on horseback. By-and-by they got up to carts, and then to carryalls; so called because they would carry all the family and luggage in one. When the first carriage arrived it created a great sensation. It was a very gorgeous affair. It was painted yellow and had flaming red curtains. The body did not set on steel eliptical springs as the carriages of a later time, but was on coach springs. As it rolled up the streets of the village, the people gathered around it and gazed at it with as much curiosity as though it had been a comet.

CHAPTER VIII

I have read that it came to pass for a long time the Lord gave rest to Israel from all their enemies round about. Thus it was here, on April 7, 1798, Natchez was re-baptized by Congress and a new name given her, the name of Mississippi Territory. The boundaries embraced what is now comprised in the areas of the states of Mississippi and Alabama, but the act reserved to Georgia the right of the soil.

The old Confederation had passed an ordinance for the government of the territory west of the Ohio River. This great ordinance provided for a governor, secretary, and three judges, who were to be the legislators, executors and expounders, of the law. When the population reached five thousand male inhabitants of full age in the district, they were to receive authority to elect representatives to the General Assembly. The General Assembly was to consist of a Governor, Legislative Council, and a House of Representatives. The Council was to consist of five members, who were to be nominated and approved as follows: as soon as the Legislature met, they were to elect ten persons resident in the district; each possessed of a free hold of five hundred acres of land, and Congress was to choose five out of the ten and commission them to be the Council.

This body, composed of the Governor and Council and Legislature, was to be the law making power. And by way of compact between the inhabitants of the Territory and the States, Congress ordained six articles that were forever to remain unalterable, unless by common consent. The first guaranteed freedom in religious worship. The second guaranteed the writ of *habeas corpus* and right of trial by jury, and proceeding according to the course of common law. The third that schools were to be encouraged. And good faith and kind treatment were to be extended to the Indian. The fourth, that the Territory was to be considered a part of the Confederacy, and subject to its laws. And that the navigable waters leading into the Mississippi and St. Lawrence and the carrying places between the same should be common highways and forever free, as well to the inhabitants of said Territory as to the citizens of the United States and those of any other states that might be admitted into the Confederacy, without any tax, impost or duty therefor. The fifth, that there should be formed out of said Territory, at a future time, not less than three nor more than five states, that is when the states sought to be admitted, had acquired 60,000 inhabitants. The sixth and last that there should be neither slavery nor involuntary servitude in said Territory, otherwise than in punishment of crimes, whereof the party shall have been duly convicted; providing always that any person escaping into the same from whom labor or service is lawfully claimed in any one of the original states, such fugitive may be lawfully reclaimed and conveyed to the person claiming his or her service as aforesaid.

By the act of Congress of April 7, 1798, all that tract of country bounded on the west by the Mississippi River, on the north by a line drawn due east from the mouth of the Yasous to the Chattahooche River, on the east by the Chattahooche River and on the south by the thirty-first degree of north latitude, shall be and is hereby constituted one district to be called the Mississippi Territory. And the President of the United States is hereby authorized to establish therein a government, in all respects, similar to that now exercised in the Territory northwest of the river, Ohio, excepting and excluding the last article of the ordinance. This was the one excluding slavery. The same act of Congress that flung this vast ordinance like a mantle upon this district also forbid the importation of slaves from abroad.

At this time slaves were held over all the United States. The Northern people found by experience that a cold climate did not suit the Negro. Their consciences became very tender when they found this out. They left this domain open for slavery, but excluded it from getting them from Africa. They sold their slaves to the more genial people of the South, pocketed the proceeds and then having abolished slavery raised their eyes to Heaven and thanked God that they were free from the sin of it.

There is a story of a very old man, who used to live about here named Daddy Baron. His conscience got tender on the same subject. He sold out his negroes and when he went to the land of saints north of the Ohio, he too raised his eyes and uttered the praise worthy ejaculation; "Thank God my hands are washed from the sin of slavery!" However he came back to get his money and his faithful old darkies had heard of his speech. Somehow they couldn't see it in the same light that he did and when they met him they asked him about it. "How's dis, ole Massa? You say you's free from de sin ob slabery, yit we's got ter wuk hard as eber; we don't un'erstan' dat." The descendants of those same immaculate saints, later deluged this land with the blood of war to free the descendants of slaves that their sires sold to your sires.

You will see from the above legislature that this was a pent up reservoir for the black and white races. This country couldn't avoid its destiny. This negative sanction of slavery by Congress was considered a great boon, and your forefathers would have rebelled if it had not been conceded, and yet it has been said that it proved to be the greatest curse that ever befell this once happy land.

On August 6, 1798, a large and brilliant party landed here in a barge. The leader was evidently a man of importance, for he was surrounded by many who gave token of obeisance. The people of the village flocked down to greet him. It was Winthrop Sargent, the first Governor of Mississippi Territory. He was accompanied by three judges with their families and friends who had come to settle here. The Secretary of State was John Steele. The Territorial Judges were Thomas Rodney of Delaware and Daniel Tilton of New Hampshire. These were the Government of the Territory. They were the lawmakers, expounders and judges, all combined in one small body of men. There must be five thousand male inhabitants, over twenty-one years old before they could vote for or hold a legislature.

Governor Sargent had been Secretary in the Territory northwest of Ohio. He was appointed by the elder John Adams, President of the United States, who was what was called in those days a Federalist. Governor Sargent immediately set to work to organize his government. At that time there were not as many people, excluding Indians, in the Mississippi Territory and Alabama, as there are now in the City of Natchez (1869). Governor Sargent, did not have as many people to look after as the Mayor has now, but the people were then more widely settled; some on the Tombigbee or as the real name was, Tombecbee; some on Bayou Pierre, some on Thompson Creek, and some on the Homochitto.

The first duty of Governor Sargent was to divide the country into proper districts. He accordingly issued his proclamation, April 4, 1799, that two counties should be laid out, one called Adams, for the President and the other Pickering, in honor of the Secretary of State. It would be difficult to locate the dividing line between the two counties for the line was to commence at the mouth of Fairchild's Creek and thence to run to the most southern part of Ellicott'sville. This latter place is no more. On June 4, he proclaimed another county into existence, being all the territory east of Pearl River and what is now a part of Alabama, and called it by the high sounding name of Washington County. Scarcely had the adjoining county to this been named Pickering before there was a political change in the sentiments of the people; Adams was defeated for President by Jefferson. The people being strong Jeffersonians and Pickering being a Federalist, they changed the name to Jefferson County. Human fame, especially political fame, is as fleeting as a summer's cloud.

A few days after the coming of Governor Sargent, August 20, 1798, the town was enlivened by the arrival of the army of the United States under the command of Colonel Wilkinson. The sight of the blue coats was far more pleasant now that they came as protectors than when they came as conquerors. This town was too small to hold them and they were cantoned out at the village of Washington and near Windy Hill. They had a gay time for awhile but were subsequently moved to Loftus Heights where Colonel Wilkinson established Fort Adams, so called in honor of the President. There were balls and parties then, in a primitive way, and the soldiers and officers, no doubt enjoyed themselves as much as they had done in splendid salons, for rustic hospitality is often pleasanter to the heart than formal politeness.

CHAPTER IX

The concentration of political power into the hands of only four men, made the people a little restless, and Congress being more kindly disposed passed an act on August 10, 1800, dispensing with the five thousand male inhabitant clause, and allowed the Territory to elect its own Assembly provided there should be only nine delegates apportioned as follows: the county of Adams should have four, the county of Pickering four; and the settlement of Tensas and Tombigbee one. They were to meet on the fourth Monday in September in the town of Natchez. A feeling of great pride pervaded the ordinary frame building wherein the nine representatives met to legislate. It is a great privilege to vote for your own lawmakers even though people do sometimes make awful blunders.

All this time Georgia held a claim upon this district. The states, in those days had a way of defying Congress and whenever any acts of Congress were read, bearing upon the fate of this section, they always said in effect, if Georgia is willing for it. It may be better to anticipate and state here what became of the Georgia claim.

On April 25, 1802, Georgia sold out her claim to the United States for $1,250,000, the money to be raised by establishing a land office and selling off the land. The conditions of the cession were that actual settlers on the land, prior to 1795, who held grants under British, Spanish or under Bourbon Act, should have their titles confirmed; that the rest of the public land should be sold and constitute a public fund for all the states, Georgia included. Not exceeding five million acres were reserved to the United States for the purpose of satisfying other claimants besides those above named. That the United States should extinguish for Georgia the title of the Indians to the Tallasser Country. But the closing condition was the most important for this section, and that was that it was to become a state as soon as it had acquired a population of 60,000 free inhabitants, or sooner if Congress deemed it expedient. Subsequently Georgia, was asked to allow this section to be divided into two states. This constituted a double right to be admitted to the Union as a state. For both parties who had held this section, to wit Spain and Georgia, had told the United States, "I give you my child but mark you, it is upon the express condition that when she is grown she is to be admitted into your sisterhood of states."

Governor Sargent and his new Assembly set to work right manfully to make such laws as the people needed, but he had scarcely got well seated before there was a change in our President, Adams was defeated and Jefferson elected. Jefferson being of different politics from Sargent, turned him out of office and appointed a new Governor, William C. Claiborne. Ex-Governor Sargent retired to private life and lived for many years at his home Gloucester. His remains were buried in the private cemetry there.

Right here I must indulge in a personal sketch. The events of this life are often mysterious and tragical. Sixty-four years after he had laid aside the insignia of office as the first Governor of Mississippi, his son, a man whose heart was overflowing with benevolence; who was loved and respected by his friends and idolized by his family; this honored son of the old patriot, was cruelly murdered in the homestead by a band of robbers; United States soldiers who disgraced the uniform they wore. Retributive justice overtook some of the assassins and they were executed, but alas, this could not bring back the patriarch to his home. The father and son now sleep quietly side by side in the consecrated graveyard at Gloucester. In this same spot lies also the body of the immortal S. S. Prentiss.

Governor Claiborne, the second Governor of Mississippi Territory, was a Virginia gentleman who had held the position of Delegate from Tennessee, in Congress. Courteous and polite in his manners, he aimed to make the office he held respected, by always surrounding it with decorum and dignity. In this he was right, for that man who does not impress the people with the idea of majesty that should always attend official position, deserves and will receive contempt. His administration was marked by many important events in the history of this land. It was during his term that the great land routes—a wagon road—through the Chickasas country, by the Nashville Trace and through the Choctaw country, from Fort Adams to the Yazoo River, by treaty made by General Wilkinson, were opened and the right obtained of carrying through them the United States mails. Roads are to a people what the veins and arteries are to the human system.

There were some queer laws passed in those times, among them one authorizing jails to have three compartments, one of which was for debtors. If such a compartment were now made, the majority would be on the inside, so it is a blessed thing that in the progress of civilization imprisonment for debt has been abolished.

The little territory began to grow, in a way some small houses have been enlarged, by running partitions. By the year 1802 the number of counties had increased to five; that is Claiborne was cut off from Jefferson County and had her county seat at Wakefield, a place that has long since passed away. Wilkinson was sliced off from Adams and Washington County was left as it was, with the boundaries prescribed by Sargent. This was the earliest Washington County.

CHAPTER X

It was about this time that a new institution appeared; people were seen with newspapers. As early as 1798, there had been printed a sheet at Walnut Hills, so that Vicksburg has the honor of being the first place in the Territory where the devil, (I mean the printer's devil of course) first made a lodgment. This sheet was published by a young lieutenant in Mayne's army. He subsequently moved to Natchez and Washington and here began to publish The Mississippi Herald. Even at that early day they couldn't get along with one newspaper and one was started in opposition, called The Mississippi Messenger. Newspapers are very much like beet seed; plant one in a place and two or more are likely to spring up. This pioneer of the press, in Mississippi, was named Andrew Marschalk. He lived and died in printer's harness. Unfortunately for Natchez the file of his paper is lost. The paper and especially the village paper, is the picture of life as it passes; each day or week has its cloud or sunshine, and is there faithfully portrayed. From that day to this Natchez has never been without

> "A chiel amang ye takin' notes
> An 'faith, he'll print them."

Under the Spanish rule freedom of religious worship was forbidden but it was permitted by the ordinance of 1789. People in a new country don't bother much about religion; because, in the first place, there are no churches, and in the second, a rude border life does not give one much of a sabbath rest at any time. There have been some very good men, in times past, who would work all day, make shoes at night, and sell them on Sunday. As soon, however, as the door of religious toleration was thrown open, missionaries came. How devoted and self-sacrificing such men are. They know that they will hardly be welcome; they know that they must endure all the hardships of pioneer life, without its pleasing excitements; they know that their reward will certainly not be reaped in this world, and yet they voluntarily sacrifice themselves in imitation of the sublime example of the Savior of mankind. Bearing all things, suffering all things, that they may win men to God, they often pass through life unheralded by fame, and sink into some obscure grave. When the day of final reckoning shall come, many whose names have been blazoned forth as the great of the earth may be cast out, and these humble, self devoted followers of the cross, will be welcomed with the simple sentence that will send a thrill of unspeakable joy to their souls, "Well done, good and faithful servants, enter into the joy prepared for you from the foundation of the world."

One of the first pioneers here of the Protestant faith was Tobias Gibson, from the Methodist Conference of Tennessee. His first services of public worship were held in private halls, in 1799. He was followed, in 1803 by the Reverend Mr. Bowman. In 1802, came the first Presbyterian ministers, Mr. Hall and Mr. Montgomery; the latter lived to a great old age and died while still active in his profession. His silvery, trembling voice in his last days was often more potent to melt his hearers, than it had been in mature manhood. About the same time Dr. Cooper came as a Babtist missionery, and also the Reverend Dr. Cloud of the Episcopal Church.

There now began to shine upon this spot, that had witnessed so much of bloodshed and cruelity the meaning of that blessed symbol, the cross, "peace and goodwill among men," for beneath this sunny sky, within the compass of one village, were now blended the chants and services, in the old Latin tongue, of the venerable Catholic Church of Rome; the solemn and sublime ritual of The Protestant Episcopal Church; the more impassioned services of their offshoot, the Methodists; the subdued and precise form of the Presbyterian and the Baptist; and the Israelite worship of God according to the law and the prophets in the Old Testament. These were all held, if not in harmony, at least in a spirit of forbearance and fraternal kindness. So may it ever be so long as divisions exists. While it may be a matter of regret that there is a want of unity in faith, doctrine, discipline and worship, yet if men cannot agree, it is better that they should not quarrel and fight about it. There may be concord when they are divided but never when there is coerced unity.

On February 1, 1802, the little town of Natchez was shorn of a great deal of consequence. She ceased to be the capital. It must have been that the people around Washington were more influential and in the majority, and so the Assembly passed an act ordering that both houses of the General Assembly should be convened at the next session at the town of Washington, and that the officers of Secretary of the Council and of the Clerk of the House of Representatives be removed there. So they packed up their books and papers and furniture and left poor Natchez in the lurch. I think there was a great deal of indignation at this. But you must remember that the Washington of that day was a gay little burg. It was not then like a flourishing hollow tree, all of the town on the outside. It was a compact thriving inland town, beautifully situated. Next to Natchez it is the most classical spot in all the state, for there have been enacted important dramas in history and the greatest men who have ever lived in the United States have there trod the stage.

You will remember that there was a great conflict in the titles to real estate here because there were Spanish grants and British grants and Georgia grants. So Congress passed a law ordering the Surveyor General to open two district land offices and appointed a Board of Commissioners to examine and to adjudicate these various land claims that should be presented. Judge Thomas Rodney and Robert Williams were the Commissioners and a young man named Edward Turner was the Registrar. This young man afterwards became State Senator, Chancellor and Judge of the Supreme Court. As simple as a child in his manners, as affectionate as a woman in his heart, he rose to eminence without exciting envy, and passed through life to a green old age crowned by a halo of goodness such as falls to the lot of but few mortal men. Fortunately for him he passed away before the State he had helped to build had crumbled to ruins; before its star had passed into that great eclipse of despotism from which she was so long in emerging. The Board of Land Commissioners was in session until 1807. It passed upon more than two thousand claims and finally adjourned sine die. Important questions were often before it, and the Supreme Court of the United States had to pass upon its decisions.

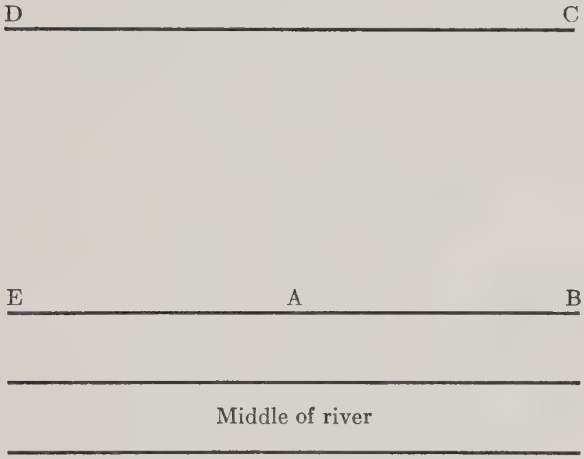
The first Court House was located in Natchez. Afterwards it was moved to the country, near Second Creek, on the road to Liberty. It strikes me that on the "road to Liberty" was a good location for a Court House. A road, by the way very little travelled by white people in those days of intense negrophilism. Judge Rodney once presided in this sylvan Court House. He and his friends tried the tavern for a day or two, but finding the hard fare could not not be digested like the law, fled to a neighbor's house for comfort. He met the lady of the house and begged her for heaven's sake to let them have lodging and food. "For", said he, "I'm a Hungarian refugee; the corn bread is so coarse that I feel right husky. If you don't give relief I'll die of starvation." The young people, who had not long been married, gave the Judge and his friends a hearty welcome and did their best to entertain them handsomely, but when I tell you they lived in a log cabin with two rooms and two back shed rooms, you may well know that it was no easy matter. It is a proverbial expression to say a thing is as scarce as hen's teeth so it was with chickens in those days, and judges do so love chicken, although their chief business is to correct "four play" between man and man. I say the young couple entertained the judicial company handsomely, by this I mean the lady of the household did so for after all the talk of hospitality, the men generally hoist their feet upon the banister rail and smoke and chat, while the housewife has to do the drudgery. She it is who does the scolding, sees to the meals, sets the table, sees to the beds, has the towels placed, does the cleaning up, washes the dishes, is the last to bed and the first to rise, and often has to rack her tired brain for something to eat for the morrow, while her lord and master is snoring at her side.

While, therefore, it was fun for the Judge and his friends to be so comfortably entertained, it was hard work for the young matron and the truth was, she got heartily sick of Courts and Court Houses; her courting days, she thought were over. Well for all the judiciary, the court session passed off pleasantly and adjourned. A few weeks later the young couple went to see the old father patriarch of the family. When they came in sight of the Court House all the drudgery it had caused seemed to come back to the memory of the young wife. "Husband", said she, rather pettishly, "I feel to that Court House somewhat like the school boy does to the old school. I just wish the thing would catch on fire and burn down, it's a nuisance!" Sure enough, shortly after the building was consumed. "There now, " said her husband, "I'm going to tell Judge Rodney and have you indicted for arson!" Many were the jokes about it and the Judge never met the lady afterwards without threatening a criminal prosecution. "Nothing saves you, madam," said he, "but the remembrance of your having saved the life of the judge from starvation. You need not tell on me, but I'm not sorry the cussed old hull is burnt down myself, and if I had been here I wouldn't have toted a drop of water to save it. A Court House must be out of the woods to be of any use to the people." We may still hear of the old Court House road but the most skillful antiquarian could hardly find the spot where once stood this temple of justice.

If I were to tell you how Natchez looked in 1800, you would hardly recognize it. There is a tradition that Governor Gayosa had laid out the town after a fashion and that when some of the settlers applied for lots down about Canal and Broadway, he told them that part of the town was reserved for the Spanish Grandees whom he expected to build palaces there. Until March 10, 1803, the town had never been legally baptized; it had no corporation but on that date the Legislature gave it a body. Right on the spot where stands Newcomb's new building (1869) there then stood a small Catholic Chapel; I think, built of wood. The door of this chapel was taken as the initial point in laying out the city. Assuming the door of the church within the said city, as a central or regulating point, and from thence running in the direction of the street immediately in front of said church, which was laid off in the direction of north 30 degrees east and south 30 degrees west—one mile each direction; at the extremity of which said two lines, two points will be given, which being connected by a right line, will form the rear boundary of said city; from thence returning to the two first points found in the upper and lower boundaries and continuing said lines or boundaries parallel to the streets of the city, which were laid off north 60 degrees west to the middle of the river, Mississippi, or national boundary between the Territories of the United States and those of Spain, and thence along said national boundary."

The above description of the city limits is taken from the book and looks as clear as mud. Possibly it means that the shape of the city was to be like the annexed diagram.

Diagram of the City of Natchez



Let A be the center of the church door; from A to B one mile; from B to C one mile; from C to D, the rear line, two miles; from D to E one mile; from E to the middle of of the river and up the middle of the river to a point opposite the line of B and along said line to B. You will see by the above that Spain still held the State of Louisiana.

CHAPTER XI

In these early times the western men brought their produce down the river in flatboats and when they had sold out their cargoes, they would return in large companies together by land. I once noticed three men who made their appearance here, one of whom was quite remarkable for the ferocity of his countenance. He had the scar of a deep sabre cut across his brow. The men were dressed like backwoods farmers and mingled freely with the boatmen. They chaffered a good deal about the price of a great number of articles, but nothing seemed to satisfy them. Once as they were walking up the hill I heard something like the following conversation, though it was in a suppressed whisper. "I say, Captain," said the smallest of the three, "there's geese worth picking, down there." "Hold your jaw, Little Harp," replied the other, "you're everlastingly blabbing; I'll have to mash your mouth for you yet, before I get you broken in, you internal villain!" Having made themselves acquainted with all the boatmen and having caroused with them freely, they at last, disappeared.

About two months later the whole country was startled by the news that a large company of Kentuckians had been robbed by a band of highwaymen upon the Nashville Trace. Shortly after this, three gentlemen, a father and his two sons, started to Kentucky and when they had gotten well into the wilderness they too, were held up and robbed of everything. This excited the community to the highest pitch of indignation. They besought Governor Claiborne to bring the power of the government to bear and arrest the robbers. He accordingly offered a large reward for the outlaws dead or alive.

Great was the merriment of Mason—this Robin Hood of America—and his men when they read the Governor's proclamation. They laughed and treated it with the greatest ridicule. How long he could have defied the authorities no one knows, had there not been treachery in his band. The old adage that there is honor among thieves did not hold good in this case. One night Mason and his bandits were sitting around their blazing camp fire. They had just returned from a successful raid on the settlements and Mason was distributing the booty. Little Harp crept up behind him and buried a tomahawk in his head. Mason fell dead and his guilty soul was ushered into the presence of its Maker. The conspirators then chopped off their leader's head and brought it to Washington, the seat of government, and claimed the reward. When it was noised abroad that the great robber, Mason, was killed and that his head was in Washington for indentification all the people in the settlement, from far and near, came to see it; there was no mistaking those ghastly grim features, with the terrible scar. The men who had done the deed were hailed at first as public benefactors, for they had rid the world of a monster.

The Governor had offered a large reward, yet unfortunately, when he called for the money it was found that the treasury was empty. Of course this caused a delay in the captors getting their pay, and this delay led to the detection of the conspirators. It so happened that the old gentleman and his two sons who had been robbed were among the number who had come to look at Mason's head. The moment they laid eyes upon Little Harp they exchanged glances; the father slipped from the crowd and in a little while returned with an officer. Raising his voice and pointing his finger at Little Harp he said, "I charge you, sir, as being one of Mason's band of robbers." Little Harp was seized and his accomplice also. This was almost as startling to the crowd as the sight of Mason's head.

At this time there was a little town in Jefferson County near Chubley's Fork of Coles' Creek, named Greenville, in honor of General Nathaniel Green. The original site was bought from the estate of Odom; afterwards there were additions from the estates of Abijah Hunt and Ferdinand Claiborne, and the following named men were subsequently its trustees: D. W. Brazeale, H. Downs, A. Ellis, R. McRay, and Robert Cox. This little town that has since passed into the "things that were," was then the county seat; thither Little Harp was conveyed and was regularly tried and convicted. He was hung and the band of Mason being deprived of its leader and its most skillful lieutenant, dispersed and was never heard of afterwards.

All are familiar with the story of Robin Hood of Sherwood Forest but I doubt if many have heard of this Knight of the Cave in the Rock. This bold, bad man had once held high carnival in a hollow cave that lies in the bank of the Ohio River. The only approach to it was by boats. In this cave Mason and his men, in that sparsely settled region, could hold at bay any officer of the law that might be sent against them. As the population increased around them their position became more and more precarious, and eventually Mason fled with his men to the South. Here he hovered on the borders of the Indian nation and would attack wherever booty was to be had. Powerful in frame, always on the alert, he swept from one end of our Territory to the other, with amazing rapidity. If his companions had not proved treacherous, in all probability he could have bid haughty defiance to our governors, for a long time, but by a law of Providence the wicked are often turned to destruction by the vipers they have nourished.

The story of Little Harp has already been written in a book called Hall's Legends of the West. It seems that there were two brothers of that name who were the most daring robbers that ever infested Kentucky. They were called by way of distinction Big Harp and Little Harp. The people of Kentucky had become exasperated at their outrages and determined to hunt them to the death. The pursuit was carried on with the patience of the hound, until at last, they were overtaken. Big Harp was chased by a gigantic Kentuckian; they had a running fight on horseback for hours, until at last Harp's horse stumbled; then came a hand-to-hand fight. It was a tremendous struggle between these two western giants, but Harp fell at last, mortally wounded. His head was severed from the body and stuck on a pole set up at the crossroads in Kentucky. The spot was called for a long time, The Harp's Head. While the bigger brother was being thus hotly pursued, Little Harp escaped and made his way down to where he joined Mason and his men.

The judge, the jury, the criminal, the very town itself, has passed away and nothing is left but the classic soil. The robbers, Mason and Harp, were unlike Byron's Corsair.

"He left a corsair's name to other times
Linked to one virtue and a thousand crimes."

These bad men had not one redeeming trait to soften the desperate lineaments of their characters. When these events have been a little more mellowed by time they will be woven into romance like the story of the Knight of Sherwood Forest as told by Sir Walter Scott in the tale of Ivanhoe. I tell about the bloody outrages here because it is a part of the history of the olden times.

At this date, the town of Natchez was a wee bit of a village with frame houses stuck about on the hills. The streets were hilly and in winter very muddy. There were no brick houses. But the greatest change of all has taken place Under-the Hill. It is hardly believable that at that time there was more than a quarter of a mile of land from the foot of the bluff to the bank of the river where there was a race course. The dare-devil white men would run horse races from the bluff to the river, but the Indians had more discretion; they didn't fancy the idea of being ducked in the river, by their hard mouthed, unruly mustangs, so when they ran races, they would start from the bank and run to the bluff. All of the bluff at this time was a cornfield.

A story is told of a Kentuckian floating down the Ohio River in a flatboat at night. He passed a house brilliantly illuminated; he heard the sound of music and saw the people dancing; in about a half hour he passed another house where they were doing the same thing; another half hour passed and again he witnessed the same scene, and so the live-long night; every half hour he would pass a house of festivity. "Well," thought the Kentuckian, "this is the beatenest country for frolicking I ever seed. The whole river is in one universal jubilee." When the morning dawned, the poor fellow found that though he had been travelling, he hadn't been progressing; he had got into an eddy where he went round and round, every half hour seeing the same house.

In the municipal affairs of Natchez, at that time, they were much in the same fix for after sixty-six years they were just where they had started. In the beginning the President appointed the governor and the governor appointed the mayor. If President Jefferson had been told that the *habeas corpus* would be suspended upon the *ipse dixit* of an obscure military commander away down in the wild woods of Mississippi, he would have taken off his red vest, then the badge of French Republicanism, folded it up, laid it aside and put on the Imperial Purple at once. The mayor, recorder, alderman, clerk and marshal were appointed and commissioned by the governor and as magistrates composed the mayor's Court of the City of Natchez. The people had the privilege of voting for six assistants, a treasurer, an assessor, and a collector.

The mayor, the recorder, aldermen and assistants, had power to make laws not inconsistent with the laws of the territory and the United States constitution; appointed a clerk of the market and imposed fines up to $50.00 for violation of ordinances. They had jurisdiction of all crimes and trespasses committed within said city, where the punishment did not exceed a fine of $50.00; imprisonment for one month; whipping on the bare back, not exceeding thirty-nine lashes; sitting in the stocks for six hours or standing in the pillory for three hours.

The six Assistants constituted a Chamber of Representatives and had authority to raise money by taxation on the property of the free-holders, land-holders, and householders of said city; but the tax was not to exceed for any one year twenty-five cents on every one hundred dollars upon the amount of property in said city, liable to assessment. If this amount was not sufficient, a public meeting had to be called and the people had to vote upon it. In 1805, a supplemental act was passed that greatly enlarged the powers of the corporation. The mayor's court had jurisdiction in civil cases up to $500.00 between the residents of the city, or between one resident and a transient party, or between two transient parties, or a plaintiff non-resident of the Territory and the defendant a resident of the city, or was a transient person. By this is seen that the mayor of these times was a person of great power. The reason assigned was the lawlessness of this new country.

CHAPTER XII

There had lived about this time, in the city, a gentleman named George Cochran. This good man had witnessed the sickness and destitution of a great number of boatmen who had navigated the Mississippi and had seen the suffering incident to a pioneer life of poverty. In a spirit of charity, he bequeathed one thousand dollars for the purpose of establishing a hospital. His benevolence was soon imitated by others and a fund was added to Cochran's bequest. The matter was brought before the government, but money was not the only thing needed. A hospital needs a physician and how was one to be had? History reads as follows: After mentioning that subscriptions had been raised to a considerable amount and the sum of one thousand dollars had been bequeathed by the late George Cochran for the purpose of establishing a hospital in the city the preamble to the Act of Incorporation proceeds: And whereas David Lattimore, Garrett C. Pendergrast, William Lyon, Joseph McCreary, James Speed, Andrew McCreary and Frederick Seip, physicians of the city, have humanely offered their professional services gratis, for the benefit of such an institution. The Legislative Council and House of Representatives proceeded to incorporate the hospital.

Many of the names of the first trustees are familiar and I mention them to keep them alive in the memory of our people: John Steele, Adam Bingaman, William Brook, William G. Forman, Abijah Hunt, John Girault, Ferdinand L. Claiborne, Samuel Postlethwaite Jr., John Henderson and Job Ruth. The present building was not the one built at that time. This institution was grounded and rooted in charity. Look at the result. The founders have long passed away; the generous benefactor, who laid as it were, the corner stone, is dead; the noble band of physicians who gave what was more valuable than gold and silver, their hearts and brains, have succumbed to that conqueror from whose grasp they had so often saved their fellowmen; and yet their work still lives. The sick and weary of earth have found a shelter beneath the roof they raised, a friend in those who follow in their stead.

All this time my eyes looked with longing affection toward my dear old mother, Louisiana. We had been separated ever since 1788. If you had to go through another man's premises to carry your goods to market and if beside this you had to deposit them on his portico and pay him a tax for the privilege, you would be very likely to grow tired of it and quarrel with him about it. That was just about the condition of this part of the country, in the valley of the Mississippi and the Port of New Orleans. The exactions of the Spanish Government grew intolerable and there was grumbling among the people here about the matter.

Just at this epoch there was a wonderful man in Europe who had risen from a young lieutenant to be the Consul of the French Republic. So great was his power that monarchs trembled at his frown. The French people had always regretted and condemned the cession of Louisiana to Spain. They had considered it a base act of a pusillanimous king. Napoleon who knew the popular feeling, determined to regain for his country this great western jewel which had been so foolishly flung away. Accordingly about the close of the century, he proposed to the King of Spain that he would give to his son-in-law The Duchy of Parma, the Kingdom of Tuscany, with the title King Etruria, if he, the King of Spain, would retrocede to France the Territory of Louisiana. On the whole that was not a bad offer, for the Kingdom of Tuscany, was worth, with its revenues, one hundred millions of francs; that is about twenty millions of dollars. The bargain was struck on October 1, 1795, in the treaty called by the most euphonious name, St. Ildefonso, which was subsequently confirmed and ratified by the Treaty of Madrid, October 25, 1795.

Great was the rejoicing of the French who heard of it, but the French Republic was at war and it would not do to let it be known. Napoleon concentrated his fleet in Holland and organized a large force at Brest. Marshal Victor was placed in command and he was to be a sort of Viceroy of the Western Kingdom. But England, Napoleon's inveterate enemy, suspected something wrong was going on and she blockaded the Louisiana army. Days, months, and years passed and the great conqueror found himself foiled. He was in something of a predicament, for he had solemnly pledged himself to the King of Spain that the Territory should never be alienated by France. If he kept it secretly it would do neither him nor his country any good. If he openly claimed it, England with her white-winged messengers, would swoop down upon it, like a bird of prey, and devour it. He could not retrocede it to Spain, for that would be too humiliating and besides he had performed his agreement to the Duke of Parma and given up Tuscany.

In this strait, in the midst of many difficulties, he intimated, on the sly, as it were, to Mr. Livingston, United States Minister, that if he wanted to buy a little from over the way, he was willing. The American statesman was delighted. President Jefferson was a strict constructionist of the Constitution, so he picked up the Constitution and read it through; he looked in vain for the power to make such a purchase; he concluded however after careful thought, to buy it and risk the consequences. Mr. Monroe was sent over to help Mr. Livingston and after a great deal of bargaining, the United States bought the little farm extending from the head waters of the Missouri down to the mouth of the Mississippi, for the sum of sixty millions of francs in six per cent stocks, redeemable in three annual instalments after fifteen years and the agreement to pay two million francs to indemnify our citizens for French spoliation; making in all eighty millions of francs or about sixteen millions of dollars. All these great transactions were kept secret.

The people of Louisiana were anxiously looking for Marshal Victor. At last a ship arrived at the Balize on or about March 24, 1803. It brought the Colonial Prefect, Mr. Laussat. The Spanish Governor Salcedo, dispatched a barge with Noovales to escort him to the city. Laussat brought the glad tidings to the French that Marshal Victor, with his army, would soon arrive, but March and April passed. On May 18, Governor Salcedo proclaimed his intention to cede to the French Republic, all of Louisiana lying west of the Mississippi River and the Island of New Orleans on the east side, it being the same ceded to Spain by France at the peace of 1763. By reference to the treaty it is seen that there was a tongue of land north of the Island of New Orleans, on the east bank of the river and south of the 31st parallel of latitude, that was not included in the cession and that tongue of land which lay between Fort Adams and New Orleans still belonged to Spain as a part of West Florida.

About June 1st, a vessel was hailed and announced herself from Bordeaux. Profound was the astonishment when she announced the tidings that the great Bonaparte had sold Louisiana. The French did not relish it and the Spaniards, how they did curse and rip and swear about it. The King of Spain felt unbounded indignation at Napoleon's perfidy. He ordered his minister to protest against the validity of the transfer, for said he, "I made Bonaparte promise that he would never cede it from France." President Jefferson convoked Congress in October and laid the whole matter before them. Congress resolved to stand by the President and voted men and money to assist in the transfer. November 31, was a great day in New Orleans, for on that day France welcomed to her arms her darling child, Louisiana, but it was as a mother who presses to her bosom her daughter just as she is about to give her away at the altar. With great pomp and ceremony the Spanish Governor Salcedo and the Marques Casa Calvo, proceeded to the City Hall and Mr. Trussat there received the glorious gift.

The flag of Spain slowly descended the flagstaff, as the French flag ascended, they paused for a moment and fluttered as they met, and then amid the salute of artillery and clamor of martial music, the tricolor of the French gracefully rose to the pinnacle and the Spanish flag went down never to rise again.

CHAPTER XIII

The way crowned heads had of swapping off kingdoms as though they were plantations was rather risky. It required sometimes the point of the bayonet, as well as the point of the pen. The conveyance had to be dried with powder instead of black sand. So thought President Jefferson. He felt that the French of Louisiana were sadly disappointed; he knew the Spanish were terribly indignant and that what the lawyers called the "warranter" (Napoleon) to the title deeds, was far away over the water. So he very wisely concluded it would be sensible to have a little more suasion in the form of regulars and volunteers.

In the early part of December 1803, the little towns of Natchez and Washington were in a high state of excitement. Our noble Governor, Wm. C. C. Claiborne, was about to leave to join General Wilkinson at Fort Adams, and from thence proceed to New Orleans to take formal possession of Louisiana. Before the departure it was a stirring sight to see the horsemen dashing to and fro. At length the bugle sounded to fall in, Captain Farrar the leader of a gallant troop of cavalry, the first ever organized in Adams County, that had done the state some service, formed the escort of our glorious old Governor. There was a mingled feeling of joy and sorrow. We knew that he was going to consummate a glorious achievement, but we felt that he would never return to us as Governor. I think I can now see that noble company with the Governor at their head. They passed up Main Street amidst the cheers of the people; then wound down the road toward St. Catherine; fainter and fainter grew the sound of the foot-fall of the horses and they were gone. Methinks I can still hear the reverberation of cannon and the floating of distant music on that twentieth day of December, for on that day our idolized flag rose triumphant and Louisiana was ours.

On January 12, 1804, there were great preparations here. The Mayor, Council, and citizens were all out in their regalia. On the other side of the river, where now stands the town of Vidalia, there then stood a small fort over which floated the Castilian flag; it was called "Concord" and was commanded by Don Stephen Minor. Across the river went our Mayor, Council, and citizens, led by Major F. F. Claiborne in behalf of the United States. There was no hostile movement, Major Claiborne was the special agent of the French Colonial Prefect and agent of Governor Claiborne. The procession was escorted by the Tennessee Volunteers under Captain Russell and a local volunteer company under Captain Newell; as it approached the fort the commander gracefully met them at the gate. Then again the Flag of Spain slowly went down before the rising flag of the young Republic. I can hear once more the shout of the multitude as it floated across the river and I can remember my salutation. "Hail mother, welcome to the arms of your long separated child, from this time forth and forever, our destinies are linked in one."

How wonderful are the effects of one gigantic mind over the destinies of the world! The victories of the Subaltern Corsican in Europe were the proximate cause of this reunion in the western world. The great consideration in the treaty with Napoleon that reconciled the people to the sale, was that Louisiana, at the proper time, was to be received in to the Union, with all the rights of the other states. In gaining Louisiana we lost our good Governor Claiborne. He was promoted to be the Governor of Louisiana, leaving Secretary Cato West, in charge. And here let me say that while numbers of common men pass away and leave no record behind them, it is not so with men in high position. The tracks that common men make are blown away by the wind or trampled out by other tracks along the dusty road of life, but men who hold high official position, tread as it were, in softened cement, that hardens at each step they take and history, in after times will come along with her measuring rod and say, if there is the track of a giant or of a pigmy.

Governor Claiborne had the good fortune to please the people, over whose destinies he was called to rule. Resolutions of approval and affection by his constituents followed him. During his term great efforts were made to encourage education. As early as 1803, an incorporation was made of the "Mississippi Society for the acquirement and dissemination of useful knowledge." Isaac Briggs, D.

Lattimore, W. C. C. Claiborne, William Dunbar, John Henderson, John Girault, Lewis Kerr, Joseph Briggs, Joseph McCreary, Jesse Greenfield, Ferdinand L. Claiborne, Benjamin Farrar, Isaac E. Trask, Philander Smith, Adam Tooly, Samuel Briggs Jr., Moses Browse Trist, John Ellis and William Conner, were the first members. In the same year many of these gentlemen, with others, were made trustees of Jefferson College. Four years after this the Franklin Society, for the purpose of establishing an academy in the town of Greenville, Jefferson County, was incorporated. Cato West, Thos. W. Green, Thomas Fitzpatrick, John Shaw, David Beasley, Charles Howel, William Snodgrass, Edward Turner, David Snodgrass, J. Hopkins, Henry D. Downs, James S. Rollins, Thomas Calvit, Jacob Stampley, John Brook, Thomas Hinds, William Thomas and Robert McCray were the trustees. It is well at times to call to mind the prominent men of the olden days. What has become of the Franklin Society? Alas! it is like the men who founded it, passed away. The statutes are full of such educational incorporations. They stand like so many monuments upon which are inscribed the brief epitaph of the date of their birth and their untimely death.

I can only surmise a reason why these efforts proved abortive. I think it may have been owing to the institution of slavery. The slaves were debarred from all educational opportunities because, to them, education would have been like Croesus' gold, of no use and abolitionism published all sorts of incendiary documents so that masters were afraid the slaves would be incited to insurrection if they learned to read. All of the black laboring class of the country was thus deprived of knowledge. Besides this, instead of being scattered over the area of the country as heads of families, they were concentrated in negro quarters upon large plantations. Men of large land estate bought out the smaller planters around them and the large planters had wealth enough to send their sons abroad to be educated. I attribute the failure of our colleges, in part, to the above causes.

Upon the promotion of Governor Claiborne, President Jefferson appointed Robert Williams as Governor. Robert Williams was what people would call a rough customer; he was the opposite in manner and bearing of his courtly predecessor, being a plain, blunt man who did not possess the art of making friends. He was met, however, with cordiality by his constituents. A public dinner was given him, by a number of gentlemen at Washington just after his arrival on January 26, 1805. Judge Rodney presided, assisted by Thomas H. Williams, as Vice-President. It is barely possible that at the feast some of the guests were laid under the table, which was customary in those days on such occasions.

CHAPTER XIV

Governor Williams appointed his military and civil staff as follows: William Scott Aid-de-Camp, with the rank of Colonel; William B. Shields, William Woolridge and John F. Carmichael were appointed his Aids, with the rank of Major. Thomas H. Williams with Cowles Mead were appointed Secretaries of the Territory.

While this political organization was going on, the actual territory in possession of the white people was a narrow strip of country along the banks of the Mississippi River and the Tombigbee settlements, in what is now the Alabama region. Like the description of the cannon at the charge of Balaklava, there were Indians in front of them, Indians to the right of them, Indians to the left of them, and Indians in the rear. The white race gradually pressed upon them and they sullenly receded, inch by inch.

I have already told about the Chickasas and the Choctaws making treaties with us and granting the right of way through their territory. On November 16, 1805, General James Robertson and Silas Dinsmore made a great treaty with the Choctaws at Mount Dexter, called the Treaty of Mount Dexter. In this treaty the Indians ceded the right of soil north of the 31st parallel north latitude, containing about five million acres of land, and you can understand its boundaries when I tell you that it was subsequently erected into the counties of Marion, Wayne, Lawrence, Covington, Jones, Pike, Perry and Green. It gave us a belt of country fifty miles wide and joined us to the Tombigbee settlement. The great advantage of this treaty, independent of the value of the land, was that it cut off the Choctaws from the border of West Florida, which was still in the possession of the Spaniards. These last had a great many emissaries among the Indians, trying to provoke hostility between them and our people. This almost brought about a fight. All this time people were pouring into the Territory from abroad and increasing our population.

During the latter part of the year 1806, Governor Williams left temporarily for his old home in North Carolina, and Cowles Meade, Secretary, was left in charge of the Territory as Governor. It began to be whispered that danger was brewing. Knots of men could be seen gathered about in earnest conversation. The words conspiracy, traitor, Mexico, were frequently heard. Gradually the feeling swelled into alarm; no one could tell why it was or what it was, but all felt the dread of an impending calamity. At length the affair took a public turn. In November, President Jefferson, issued a flaming proclamation, warning the people against the insidious designs of evil men who sought to raise an armed force, in our country for the purpose of making war upon the dominions of Spain. He warned all people to desist. He ordered all magistrates to be vigilant and crush the conspiracy in the bud.

It was in the month of December that a solitary individual landed at Natchez and immediately hurried out to Washington. He tarried there but a brief while and hastened on to New Orleans. This man was the bearer of dispatches from Washington (D. C.), announcing the startling intelligence that Aaron Burr was descending the river with an armed force. The excitement at this announcement, grew intense. Acting Governor Meade at once prorogued the Legislature by proclamation. Sixty men were ordered to patrol the river and search every flatboat that descended. Colonel Ferdinand Claiborne was ordered, with a battalion of two hundred and fifty men, to debark at Natchez and go up to the mouth of Cole's Creek where they would be joined by the Jefferson troop. These military preparations were made as quickly as possible. Claiborne reached his camp, at the mouth of Cole's Creek and there the company from Jefferson joined him. Two Aids of the Governor, Majors Shields and Poindexter, with their escort, went to the mouth of Bayou Pierre, where Burr and about sixty men, had landed and were encamped. Thirteen flatboats were lying moored to the bank.

Never shall I forget the meeting of these three distinguished men. The first with a countenance as open as the day, bright, courteous, manly and brave; the second with an eye like an eagle, but restless, indicating a mind too active for happiness. These two were devoted lifelong friends. But the third, what painter's brush can portray him? With a form as delicate as a woman's, an eye as bright as a star and as soft as a gazelle's, a voice as melodious and as silvery as the tones of a flute, a manner as courteous as ever knight wore in the days of chivalry, he seemed born to command. The three met on the banks of the river near the spot where afterwards stood the little town of Grand Gulf. Burr received them with the same dignity that characterized him when he presided over the most august body of the world, the old Senate of the United States. The two gentlemen stated briefly to Burr the object of their visit; they explained that large forces were below, in Louisiana and Mississippi, and they demanded in the name of the Government an unconditional surrender of himself, his boats, stores and men. There appeared a faint gleam of sarcasm in the eyes of Burr as he turned toward his thirteen flatboats and asked if they could shake the power of the United States. Majors Shields and Poindexter knew, however, if they were but flatboats they were three deckers and had layers of muskets between decks. There is a tradition that Burr had hidden arms, cannon and ammunition at Bruins Bayou, on the west bank of Mississippi, but this was tradition only.

The terms of Burr's surrender were that he should deliver up himself and men and go with his captors to the seat of Government, that his acts might undergo investigation. They embarked at Bayou Pierre and floated down to Cole's Creek. It is said that when he was introduced to the lady of the house to which he was taken, she bowed with a great deal of hauteur and remarked: "If Colonel Burr is a friend of his country, I am happy to make his acquaintance." From Cole's Creek they came on to Washington. You may well imagine what a stir the arrival of such men produced in that little burg.

Judge Rodney recognized, that is, took bond and security from Burr that he should appear at court, to be held on February 3, ensuing. His securities were Lyman Harding, (one of the lawyers of that day and he who built the house called Auburn, the residence of the late Mr. Duncan), and Benjamin Osman. Being thus let out on bail, you may well believe that Burr made good use of his time. No man of his day ever had more irresistable powers of fascination than he. Many believed him innocent of any intention to injure his country. His sixty men were brought down to Natchez and paroled and some of them settled here and became good citizens. Those who were Burr's partizans and who believed him to be persecuted, evinced their kindness by fêteing him. Instead of being treated as a criminal he was entertained at balls and parties. The friends of President Jefferson became very angry about this and criticised the conduct of the people in this respect.

The most remarkable trait of this wonderful man, was his fascinating power with the ladies. He was a soldier of iron will; a lawyer of vast erudition, a statesman of great comprehension; and yet with all these masculine powers, he could "caper nimbly in a lady's chamber to the lascivious pleasing of a lute." He could toy as gracefully with the trifles of a ballroom as the veriest fop of the age.

At last, February 3, the famous day for the investigation arrived. I have already stated that some of the greatest men of the United States had played a drama upon the stage at the little village of Washington. On that day the court room, a small brick building in the corner of the college ground, was crowded. Judge Rodney presided, assisted by Judge Bruin. George Poindexter, the Attorney General, was in the very first blush of his great powers. Thin in vissage, with an eye like a hawk, he could sway the multitude as with the wand of a magician. He had one peculiar gesture and that was with his long forefinger. Whenever he wished to give especial emphasis to any sentence, he would point his forefinger toward the floor. His style of oratory was of the sarcastic order; his mind was analytical and his reasoning was as clear as a track of sunlight.

The grand jury was empanelled, composed of the following names: Philander Smith, foreman; Lewis Evans, Ebenezer Rees, James Spain, James Andrews, John Brooks, Louis Baker, George Overaker, H. Turner, John Robb, Nat. Hoggatt, C. Newman, James Dunbar and John Wood. Aaron Burr appeared attended by his counsel, W. B. Shields and Lyman Harding. Poindexter, as Attorney General, was bound to prosecute the case.

He retired with the jury to their consulting room. After being absent awhile they returned into court. The Attorney General, Poindexter, moved the court to discharge the grand jury. He stated the offenses charged against Burr were not cognizable before the court; that in order to secure the public safety, the Territorial judges ought to convey the accused before some competent tribunal to try and punish him if guilty, which they might do and thus prevent the invasion of Mexico and maintain inviolate the laws and Constitution of the United States. He, therefore hoped, that as he had no bills for the consideration of the grand jury it would be discharged. But just at that moment Colonel Burr arose. Although every eye was upon him he never blanched for an instant. His voice was perfectly calm. His exact words are not recorded but he quietly remarked that although the Attorney General had no business for the grand jury he was not done with them. He then insisted upon his immediate discharge. Upon this point, however, the court was divided. Judge Bruin, who was assisting Judge Rodney, favored Burr's discharge; but Judge Rodney was firm and refused to discharge the prisoner except upon bail.

The grand jury was remanded and the next day returned into court that it was their opinion that Colonel Burr had not been guilty of any crime or misdemeanor against the laws of the United States or of this Territory. The court reproved them sharply for this and they were discharged. And now this eventful drama closed as to this locality.

In the dead hour of the night two solitary horsemen were seen hurriedly leaving the little town. "Oh, Lucifer, son of the morning, how art the mighty fallen." This wonderful genius, he who had electrified the bar and the forum with his eloquence; who had bared his breast in defence of country; who had reached the next round to the topmost in the ladder of earthly greatness, wandered forth, at midnight, a fugitive. On the meeting of the court next day, it was reported that Colonel Burr had fled. His story is more like a romance than a reality. Incredible were his hardships; he sought to reach the kindly roof of a friend whose name was Colonel Collen, in the Alabama country. Pursuit was immediately made and reward offered by Governor Williams, who had just returned, but Burr was met and arrested by a squad from Fort Stoddart and carried before Lieutenant Gaines, a captive. From there he was ordered to Washington, but was afterwards ordered to Richmond, for it was alleged his treason was committed on Blannerhassett's Island, then in Virginia.

Before that forum, with Chief Justice Marshall on the bench, Colonel Burr was tried for treason and acquitted. In that trial the champion of the prosecution was William Wirt, afterwards the Attorney General of the United States. The speech of Wirt denouncing Burr and exculpating Blannerhassett was a flowery specimen of oratory, but I think Blannerhassett could not have recognized himself or his island as they were painted in that speech. The champion of the defence was a lawyer named Wickham. In argumentative power and depth of intellect, he was more than a match for his competitor.

Thirty years after these events, a boy of sixteen was walking down Broadway in the city of New York. He saw before him a quiet, gentle looking old man who turned into his house that stood not far from the Battery. The boy asked who the old man was, "That," said the man questioned, "is Aaron Burr." The boy cannot remember now, how he looked; he only knows he saw him for a moment, that is all.

If you ask if Burr was wrongly persecuted or properly prosecuted, who can tell? He had made two great blunders and in the end they proved fatal to his success in life. He had been a candidate for Vice-President of the United States on what was called the Republican ticket, with Thomas Jefferson as candidate for President. There was no provision in the Constitution distinguishing who should be President and who Vice-President, if the votes were equal. The election was thrown into Congress and there Burr allowed the enemies of Jefferson to use his name as a competitor for the presidency. They had to ballot thirty-six times before Jefferson was declared elected and it took six days to do it. Of course this conduct of Burr's made Jefferson very angry and incensed all of Jefferson's friends. It was as Talleyrand once said about another thing, "It was worse than a crime, it was a blunder."

When the Federalist approached Burr and offered this tempting bait, he should have honestly told them, "No, the people voted for me to be Vice-President and I shall take that office only." Honesty, in the long run, is always the best policy. Burr, by being false to his supporters ruined himself and was ostracised by the party which had elected him. But time, talent and energy can retrieve disaster, and so this great man was regaining his fortune, when unfortunately for him he came into a personal collision with Alexander Hamilton. The feud between these two great rivals ripened into mortal hatred. They fought a duel and Hamilton was killed.

Hamilton had been the intimate, personal and political friend of Washington. He was the idol of the Federal party and was one of the master minds of the old revolution, who by sword and pen, had moulded and shaped its destiny. His untimely death created a profound grief throughout the country and brought down upon Burr's head the implacable enmity of his friends. Burr thus stood an outcast by both of the great political parties of the time. But, "to the quick bosom, quiet is a hell." Beneath that frail exterior there lay an ambition that could not brook defeat nor remain in security. He turned his eyes to the great valley of the West and hoped there to gain adherents to overthrow the Spanish dominion on this continent. That much is certain. Whether, in addition to this, he contemplated disruption of the Union and the building of an empire here, is one of those enigmas in history that has never been solved. All that I know certainly is that this wonderful man once trod this spot. Here the star of his destiny sunk never to rise again. He left his native land and went to England and there lived under an assumed name. It is said that he applied to be naturalized, but there was some difficulty because he had been born an English subject and he abandoned the idea. He returned after his wanderings, to the home where he had once shone in resplendent glory and passed the residue of his life a hermit in the midst of a multitude. We turn to the night of February 5, 1807, and as we see him fade away in the darkness, we feel that the muse of history still hovers over his fate, as she briefly mutters, "Another Lost Pleiad!"

CHAPTER XV

It was but natural that we should have feuds along our Spanish boundary. One hot August day in 1806, Billy Flannigan and his wife, who lived down near the Spanish line in Wilkinson County, were astonished by a raid led by a Spanish Captain, Glasscock. Billy most likely, gave him a piece of his mind, for he must have been an Irishman for whoever heard of a Flannigan that was not Irish. But Bill's wife, Oh me! I imagine she did score them. Be this as it may, they hoisted Billy and his wife on horseback and trotted them through the lines. And lo! when they had gone fifteen miles, they found that Billy was not the man they were after. But they concluded that as his not being the right man had put them to great trouble, they would keep his horse and let him foot it home with his wife. There was no mistake that it was an act of "horsetility," if not hostility and Billy was loud in his complaint against the Spanish rascals. I think it was made a subject of diplomatic correspondence between the Governor and Colonel Grandpre, the Spanish Commandant at Baton-Rouge. But this daring outrage on our Territory was eclipsed by another three weeks after.

Near the town of Ruckneyville there lived three brothers, Kempers. They were bold men and had no particular fondness for the Spanish and somehow they had got the ill will of the Spanish Governor because they had endeavored to take Baton Rouge and West Florida from them. On the night of September 3, one of them was startled by a call "Helloa the house!" He got up and went out to see what was wanted, but before he could be answered he was rushed upon and overpowered; twelve armed men in disguise and some negroes rushed into the house to search for others, not finding them the same party went to the house of the other two and treated them in the same way. They were bound and marched off to the river to Tunica Bayou. There they were handed over to the Spanish officer, Captain William Barker, with five men and shipped under guard, to Baton Rouge. However the prisoners kept their wits about them.

The Americans had a fort at Point Coupee and just before the boat got there, early the next morning, the Kempers spied a man on the bank of the river. As soon as they saw him one of them gave a yell to attract his attention. He was shouting for help that "the Spanish have got us!" when he was silenced. The man on the bank heard enough to suspect that something was wrong. He accordingly hurried on to the Fort and reported the circumstances to the commander. Lieutenant Wilson, with a file of soldiers, was ordered out at once to overhaul the boat and capture it.

Fortunately the boat had to go around a long bend in the river and it was only a short distance across the isthmus below. The lieutenant marched doubled quick across the narrow neck and reached the point ahead of the boat. There he stationed his men in good position. After awhile the boat hove in sight. When she was near enough the lieutenant shouted "Boat ahoy!" "What do you want?" was the reply. "I want you to round to," called the lieutenant, and with that he ordered his men to make ready and to take aim at the men in the boat. This brought them to and you may depend the Kempers did clap their wings and crow. The kidnappers looked dreadfully crestfallen when they found the kids were not napping. They were marched as prisoners into the town of Washington and there put on trial before Judge Rodney. The Kempers were the heroes of the hour and Captain Barker for once in his life, found that he had barked up the wrong tree. Judge Rodney concluded this was an international matter. Governor Williams and Grandpre carried on a paper battle about the affair and it was discussed at Washington and Madrid. Governor Williams determined that such a thing should not occur again on our border, if he could help it, so he ordered Colonel John Ellis, of Wilkinson, to organize two full companies of militia, with twelve rounds of cartridges, to patrol the border and if necessary to fight. You must not laugh at these small military preparations, for those were days when a little powder and ball went a great deal further than they do now.

While these fusses were occuring so near us, a bigger affair was brewing on our western border of Louisiana. You will remember that Spain by the treaty of St. Ildefonso retroceded the Louisiana of 1763, to France and France ceded it to us. But while Louisiana was in the possession of Spain, she, owning both sides of the Sabine, had fixed the limits of the department of Louisiana to be along a gulch or deep gully, a little beyond Natchitoches, called Ayozo Hondo.

In January 1806, the Spanish Marquis de Caso Calvo, en route for Pensacola from Mexico, stopped at Natchitoches where Major Porter was in command. Porter suspected that the Marquis, like Joshua, the son of Ham, once did, had come to spy out the land preparatory to its occupation, so he was very charry in his intercourse with him and therefore did not allow him to peruse the Fort. Shortly after the Marquis left, a garrison of fifteen Spaniards came and took possession of a small post called Adeos fourteen miles west of Natchitoches. But this was not all. Don Antonio Codero, Governor of Texas, followed with six hundred well equipped men, to Trinity River in Texas and there he waited for General Herara with reenforcements from the province of New Leon. As soon as these last arrived the whole force came on to Nacogdoches, a town in Texas on the Neches River. Of course this looked like war and Major Porter being instructed, notified the commander at Nacogdoches to be careful not to encroach nor attempt to patrol on the east side of the Sabine. Don Rodriquez replied that he wouldn't disturb anybody, but he would stop contraband trade. He couldn't give the assurance demanded, that he had put the troops at Ayozo Hondo as a provisional boundary between Louisiana and the Spanish possessions. But the worst part of his address was he told the people on the Bayou Pierre (not the Mississippi Bayou Pierre) that they were Spanish subjects and as such he would protect them, and he called on them to join his standard as the Red River would soon be made the boundary between Louisiana and the Spanish provinces. When Major Porter got the message, he quietly ordered Captain Turner to lift the Spanish garrison from Adeos and carry it over the Sabine. I don't know how he did it without a fight but he did it peaceably and when he had put them over the Sabine he set patrols on the east side.

Of course things began to look squally in that quarter. The Spanish minister was notified that during the pending of negotiations about boundary lines the military must remain, as it were, passive, and if there was any attempt to invade us it would be resisted. General Wilkinson was ordered to take the necessary measures to prevent the invasion. Lieutenant Kingsberry, from Fort Adams, was ordered to reenforce Natchitoches. Early in June, General Herara advanced and crossed the Sabine and took post on Bayou Pierre, only twenty miles beyond Natchitoches, with fourteen hundred men. Colonel Cushing took command of Natchitoches with the first regiment of the U. S. Infantry, and thus two hostile armies stood confronting each other.

As soon as Governor Claiborne heard of all this, he too, immediately sent forward a protest and as the lawyers would say, warned the Spaniards off the premises. But this was like the tufts of grass to the boys in the apple tree, so he had to try what virtue there was in cartridges and bayonets. General Wilkinson came up to consult with Governor Williams. He ordered troops, by way of diversion, to be ready at Fort Stoddart to strike Mobile, then a Spanish fortification. He made a requisition upon this Territory for troops to defend the frontier. It was in those days as it has ever been in later times; never has the bugle sounded for the defence of our country but this people have responded to its call. Early in September two companies left for Natchitoches where they were ordered to rendezvous. They were the Adams troop commanded by Colonel Farrar, the same that had escorted Governor Claiborne to Fort Adams, and the Jefferson troop, commanded by Captain Hinds. These were followed by a battalion of two hundred and fifty militia, under the command of Colonel F. Claiborne, and an independent company raised and commanded by George Poindexter called the Mississippi Blues. The militia and Blues were ordered to rendezvous at Alexandria. I remember the painful parting of sires and sons, of husbands and wives. I can see the tear glistening in the eye, but half concealed by the smile of pride for the brave men who were going forth to battle. The march, the music, the pageantry of war, like the silver veil over the face of Mokana, the veiled prophet of Khorasin, conceal its horrid deformities.

The troops crossed the river and marched to their various destinations, the first two to Natchitoches and the last to Alexandria. They did not have any fighting to do, and strange to say they were disappointed. Like the soldier who had been compelled to remain with the wagon train in the Mexican campaign of 1846, who said, "He didn't have enough fighting on hand, at any one time, to satisfy a hungry man." On October 22, General Wilkinson moved out with his force from Natchitoches and took up his line of march to the Sabine. The Spanish commander sent word that he would prevent the American army from occupying the east bank of the Sabine. Here, some of them thought, would be a fight certainly, but our general marched on and the Spaniards did as a friend of mine told me he once did. He was giving a very animated description of a fight in which he was once engaged, until his antagonist presented a pistol when, upon seeing the weapon he continued, "I withdrew!" It was thus with General Herara. He withdrew to the west bank of the Sabine. The two armies lay side by side until November 6.

Wilkinson dispatched Major Walter Burling to Governor Cordero to negotiate and fix a boundary between Louisiana and Mexico and they finally settled on the Sabine boundary. Thus, you see, General Wilkinson negotiated with his left hand and presented his pistol in his right and literally shoved General Herara to the west bank without a fight. He told him that Aaron Burr was coming down like a thousand of brick and would incontinently swallow up all Mexico and part of the United States; that if he (Herara) would quietly get to the other side of the Sabine, he (Wilkinson) would frustrate Burr and save Mexico. The troops were so provoked at not having a fight with the Spanish forces that some of them told queer stories about Wilkinson. One of them was that Wilkinson was to get $300,000 called extortion money. Wilkinson was afterwards tried for it and acquitted.

In the month of October the troops were ordered to return. Some of them were glad, and some of them, that is the ambitious ones, were sorry but when they wound up the hill, I thought I could hear them say, "The King of France, with ten thousand men, marched down the hill and then marched up again." General Wilkinson accomplished more by diplomacy than he could have done by the sword. The Spanish troops retired to the west bank of the Sabine, and the Americans occupied the east side, and thus the Sabine was established as the boundary. Wilkinson made good his promise and returned in time to frustrate the designs of Burr, as has already been related.

CHAPTER XVI

A little boy was walking, one day, on the bank of Fairchild's Creek when he was attracted by a curious cut in the bank; the creek had made a cut-off and now runs through what was once dry land. What attracted his attention was the apparent section of an old grave. The little boy asked what this was and they told him it was an indigo vat, where they used to make indigo. That was the product people raised here as late as 1807, but they found it to be unhealthy and after the cotton gin was invented nearly all the planters began to turn their attention to cotton.

It would be a curious sight if you could see how the first cotton lint was separated from the seed. Your great-grandmothers used to gather the children around the fire at night and their little fingers were set to work; you may depend this was a slow business. Some obscure mechanical genius set his wits to work and invented a roller gin; that is two wooden rollers set close together and turned by means of cog wheels attached to a crank. It required three hands to operate this machine; one to turn the crank, one to feed and the other to pull the lint out of the other side. It took about a month's hard grinding to gin out a bale and yet this thing was considered a great invention in its day. I have already stated that M. Doubriel invented a gin but I cannot describe it, because it was superseded by Whitney's that revolutionized our product. In those times all planters were not rich enough to have their own gins, the consequence was the owners of gins had to gin for their poorer neighbors. Cotton gins became, as it were, public institutions and were dotted about at convenient places through the country. Their toll was ten per cent, that is ten pounds on every hundred. Of course the owners of these public gins could not gin all of the cotton that was brought to them at once; so that when customers brought their cotton they would frequently have to leave it. The ginners would then give receipts as follows:

"Received from Mr.————, (say) fourteen hundred pounds of cotton in the seed, to be delivered, toll excepted, in ————days." These were called cotton receipts. Sometimes the men were slow in the ginning and their customers would complain about the delay. To regulate this matter, the Legislature passed a law as early as 1806, prescribing that when no time of payment or delivery of cotton was specified, it should be construed to be paid or delivered within four months, and if not delivered at the time specified in the receipt, or in four months when no time was specified, the legal holder of the receipt was entitled to twenty per cent damages, unless the holder of the receipt failed to supply bagging and rope, and provided further, if the owner of the gin would gin the cotton in fifteen days after demand was made, he would not have to pay the damages. These cotton receipts became a sort of currency also, and the same act prescribed that such cotton receipts might be assigned over just as promissory notes were, and a man might pay his bills with cotton receipts just as is now done with greenbacks.

There is another circumstance in the history of the cotton gin that I must relate. You know that rotting cotton seed are not very fragrant, and your forefathers did not know that they could be used as a fertilizer or to make oil so they passed a law in 1809, compelling the owners of cotton gins to enclose their gin lots, and forbidding them throwing the seed into any water courses, except the Mississippi, Tombigbee, Alabama and Amite rivers, and the waters of the Bayou Sara. They were also compelled, under a heavy penalty to enclose, remove or destroy, all cotton seed that fell from any gin within a quarter of a mile from any city, town or village, so as to prevent their putrefaction. Thus it is, that man must live and learn. How little they thought that when they were seeking to destroy the cotton seed they were destroying one of the most vitalizing agents in the country; that in those seed was the oil that could counterfeit the olive oil of Spain and burn in the lampwick as bright as a star.

Cotton receipts were, by law, still assignable until 1857, when the law was omitted from the code because it was considered obsolete. I cannot tell how many bales were made in this Territory per annum, at that time, but I will tell you how cotton rose and progressed in the United States. In 1748, the whole amount shipped was seven bags; in 1770, two thousand pounds were shipped; in 1748, at the close of the Revolutionary War, we shipped seventy-one bales; but that was seized by England upon the ground that the crop was so enormous that America couldn't produce so much; in 1791, we produced 189,316 pounds; in 17-93,487,600 pounds; in 1794, 1,601,760 pounds; in 1795, 6,276,300 pounds; in 1800, 17,789,803 pounds; in 1810, 93,261,462 pounds. It is supposed that this Territory at this time must have yielded about 20,000 bales. Thus you see, by degrees, the little plant has grown from small beginnings until it is now one of the greatest moving powers in the commercial world.

Among the distinguished men of territorial times was a United States Judge whose name was Harry Toulmin. Up to the year 1807, the laws had been published only as they were passed by the various legislatures, but this year Judge Toulmin was authorized to codify or make a digest of them. This he did and had them printed in the town of Washington, by Timothy Terrill, printer for the state. This code of laws contained one important act, and that was it abolished the statutes of England and Britain that were not re-enacted in them. This left in force only the common law of England modified by our statutes. Judge Toulmin, when our state was divided, was on the Alabama side, and it is one of the saddest things of our past history that few of us know what became of the old men who spent their lives in founding our state. We know that Judge Toulmin had enemies who preferred charges against him. That our Representative Poindexter, in 1812 moved a special committee to inquire into the charges. That Mr. Rhea, on January 14, moved that the committee be discharged, because every member who had heard the representation read to the House must be convinced that the charges made against that gentleman were without foundation and that he had acted the part of the upright man. Poindexter was of the opinion that the charges brought against the Judge were not only unfounded but that they proceeded from corruption, but he hoped that the committee would not be discharged, as he had received a letter from the Judge in which he said he was able to transmit such evidence as would convince every man that the charges were without foundation. The committee was not discharged at that time, but was subsequently, and the Judge was exonerated.

Toulmin's Digest still stands as a monument of his industry and research. The curious student of law will there find the skeleton of the judicial system that still exists in your borders. The laws that a pioneer state requires are few and simple in their character, but as arts are introduced and commerce expands, they have to be enlarged to suit the times. The old Digest of Toulmin was a great thing in its day, but it has become obsolete and new codes have followed, which in their turn, have passed out of use.

January 9, is a memorable day in the annals of Mississippi for on that day 1808, Congress passed an act allowing the Territory of Mississippi to send a delegate to the Congress of the United States. On the anniversary of that day 1815, the breezes whispered to these hills that at the going down of the sun, the day before a great victory had been gained in New Orleans. On the anniversary of that day, just fifty-three years after our first delegate was authorized to be admitted to Congress, the State of Mississippi dissolved her connection with the United States by the Act of Secession. The law which prescribed the election of a delegate was as follows: "That every free white male person above the age of twenty-one years having been a citizen of the United States and resident in the said Territory one year next preceding an election of Representatives and who has a legal or equitable title to a tract of land by virtue of any act of Congress, or who may become the purchaser of any tract of land from the United States of the quantity of fifty acres, or who may hold in his own right a town lot of the value of one hundred dollars, within said Territory, shall be entitled to vote for Representatives to the General Assembly of said Territory." These Electors were to vote for a delegate to Congress. You see therefore that landholders of that day were a power in the country.

Our first delegate was named N. Hynter. This was a very appropriate name for the position he held, for he was not allowed to speak or to vote; all that he could do was to hint what he wished to be done for his constituents, so he was in fact a delegate hinter. I can't give a single item of the career of the first delegate. The second was Thos. Green; the third, David Latham; and the fourth was undoubtedly one of the greatest jurists and statesman of his day. That man was George Poindexter.

CHAPTER XVII

The year of 1809 closed the presidential term of Thomas Jefferson and the governorship of Robert Williams. David Holmes was appointed his successor. Of all the men who adorned the early history of Mississippi, Governor Holmes was the most universally popular. A high-bred Virginia gentleman, he had the happy faculty of winning the affections of the people and yet he had such sterling integrity, coupled with good sense, that he always turned that confidence to their advantage. He was Governor, Congressman and Senator, and in these positions he maintained a spotless reputation. He was one of the best men who ever held office in the State of Mississippi. His portrait, by West, for a long time adorned the walls of Arundo (the Indian word for cane) the country seat of Joseph Dunbar, of Jefferson County, who was his intimate and bosom friend. After Mr. Dunbar's death, it was forwarded to his relatives in Virginia. Many things must be related that occured during the administration of this great and good man.

Next to Aaron Burr, the greatest enigma in American history is General James Wilkinson. He has been more praised and more denounced than any other man of his time. He was charged with receiving bribes from Spain; with complicity with Burr; and with incompetent administration of this seventh military district. In 1809, the troops that had been cantoned below New Orleans were stricken with much sickness and many died. They were moved to our little town of Washington. General Wade Hampton was in nominal command, while General Wilkinson was in Washington City attending his trial. Wilkinson was honorably acquitted, but at this juncture an incident occurred that had a material effect upon a young man of mark. Among the troops cantoned at Washington was a young Captain of Infantry, just twenty-three years of age. He was a giant in stature; like Saul the son of Kish, he stood a head and shoulders above his fellows; he was six feet and five inches in height and splendidly proportioned. This young captain was no friend of Wilkinson. At a public table in the tavern at Washington, the conversation happened to turn upon the Burr Conspiracy. The young Captain was one of the party. The argument grew exciting, the young captain sprung up and publicly proclaimed that he never knew but two traitors, one was Burr and the other General James Wilkinson; he further said that General Wilkinson was a liar and a scoundrel. Of course this startling denunciation from a subordinate officer created an immense sensation. General Wilkinson was informed of the matter at once and the young officer was placed under arrest and court-martialed. The charges against him were for conduct ungentlemanly and unbecoming an officer, in withholding money from his troops and for speaking disrespectfully of his superiors. He was suspended from the service for ten months, but with a recommendation of the removal of the suspension. This had a material effect upon his military career. He left Mississippi, went to his friend Wickham, in Virginia, and there devoted himself to the intense study of military science.

When the war with Great Britain broke out, his sword sprung from its scabbard and at Chippewa, Niagara and Lundy's Lane, he dashed like Murat, at the head of his squadrons, into the thickest of the fight; everywhere he appeared, through the war, he was one of our Paladins; the very embodiment of headlong chivalry. As age tempered his enthusiasm he combined skill with courage. He was the main instrument in terminating the Seminole War. In after time he landed at Vera Cruz amidst the most magnificent bombardment that the world had ever seen. With a mere handful of men, comparatively, he marched onward and upward, through Molina del Rey, Cherabusco, and Chepultepec. He placed the stars and stripes upon the grand palace of the city of Mexico and turned to receive the plaudits, not only of his own country, but also of the world, as the greatest captain of his age. He was victorious while he served his whole country, but alas! when, like Coriolanus, he had by force of circumstance or ambition, or a sense of duty, to turn his sword against the bosom of his own mother State, it was shivered to the hilt in the first battle of Manassas. With American soldiers fighting for America, he was invincible; but with American soldiers fighting against his hearthstone, his mighty arm fell paralyzed and his star set in the midst of clouds and thick darkness, while the storm was still raging around us.

When I look at the quiet little town of Washington, I am carried back to the year 1809, where in a little house long passed away, there sat the court-martial that suspended from the army the young captain who afterwards rose to be the Lieutenant General of the Army of the United States. You need hardly to be told that young captain was Winfield Scott. His apparent misfortune in being suspended, gave him an opportunity for study; fortunately he availed himself of it and thus plucked "the precious jewel from the head of adversity." His fame and that of his whilom enemy, General Wilkinson, have passed into history. Posterity can now do justice to both. The verdict is that the young captain was wrong to give way to his impetuous denunciation, for now it is conceded that Wilkinson was an able commander; that he made the very best use of the material at his disposal to protect our country; that he was a patriot at heart and if he did practice dissimulation with Burr, it was for the purpose of eliciting information in order that he might crush the conspiracy in the bud. There are still other famous men who once trod the campus at Washington to whom I shall introduce you later.

While things were progressing peacefully with us, a conspiracy was brewing with our neighbors just below Fort Adams. You remember the neck of land called West Florida, lying between Fort Adams and New Orleans, was still, at this date, 1809, under the dominion of old Spain, governed by De Grandpre, with his Capitol at Baton Rouge. American population had gradually siped through the border, as water through levees in times of high water. Many grew impatient of the Spanish yoke. Accordingly a rebellion broke out about the beginning of 1810. Captain Thomas led eighty riflemen from the pine woods and Captain Depassau headed forty dragoons from St. Francisville. These made a combined attack on Baton Rouge and captured it. De Grandpre was shot down in the melee, but the garrison, about one hundred and fifty in number, surrendered without bloodshed; they were allowed to retire to Pensacola with their civil officers.

The people met in solemn convention and established a provisional government. Fulwar Skipwith was appointed Governor. They issued a grand Declaration of Independence, which they solemnly pledged themselves to support with their lives and fortunes. This declaration was signed by John Rhea as President, and Andrew Steele as Secretary. How little does the traveller now realize, as he passes Baton Rouge, that there once stood an Independent Empire, big enough for an emperor of the size of Tom Thumb, and that lasted about six months. The Declaration of Independence would have smacked of grandiloquence, if it had not been coupled with a very sensible order of the Convention making a formal application through its President, John Rhea, for admission into the United States. The Convention further intimated to the United States that they must answer in a hurry, for if they did not, they would have to apply to some other power for protection. They were like the huntsman who was hanging on to a limb, while the bear could just reach up to his feet. He prayed lustily to Providence for help; finding his strength failing him he grew somewhat querulous and wound up with the ejaculation, "Oh, my good God, if you are going to help me, for the Lord's sake be in a hurry, for my holt's most gone!" The Convention also, slyly as it were, insinuated that the country belonged rightly to the United States. The message was forwarded to Governor Holmes who transmitted it to the acting Secretary of State, with an earnest recommendation that the request be granted.

Congress ordered the President to take immediate possession, and so on October 27, 1810, President Madison announced in his proclamation that Governor Claiborne would take immediate possession. He was to organize the militia; prescribe the bounds of parishes; establish courts and engraft the people into his Territory. On December 7, I had the pleasure of seeing our noble former Governor Claiborne. I have already stated how, in 1803 he left here to take possession of New Orleans. So now he comes again and asks an escort from Governor Holmes to assist him in taking another slice of Territory from old Spain. The militia and volunteers proceeded to St. Francisville and there raised the United States flag. The territory acquired was bounded on the north by the 31st degree of latitude from the Mississippi River to the Perdido River; on the east by the Perdido; on the south by the Gulf of Mexico; the middle of Lake Pontchartrain, Mauripas, and Ibberville Bayou, and on the west by the Mississippi River. You will see that this boundary includes the Mobile District, but we did not take actual possession of that until later. The Territory we took into actual possession now constitutes the parishes of Feliciana, East Baton Rouge, St. Helena, St. Tamany, Biloxi, and Pascagoula. These then called the Florida District were annexed to the Territory of Orleans. Thus Governor Claiborne took the whole slice from Governor Holmes. He left us only Pearl, and our State sits, as it were, in the lap of Louisiana, while we have only a foot in the Gulf of Mexico. (1869)

How gradually and yet how persistently our people have borne down and rooted out surrounding peoples, whether savage or civilized. You will recall how the gallant Captain Galvez, on September 2, 1779, captured the post of Baton Rouge from the British and raised the Castilian flag over its battlements. There it had triumphantly floated for thirty-one years, but now it sunk before that wonderful ensign that seems, as yet, to be invincible. Our people rejoiced at the almost bloodless acquisition. Billy Flannigan and his wife, and the Kempers were especially delighted, for now they knew for a certainty they would never more be molested by Spanish raids.

CHAPTER XVIII

To the scientific lawyer of the present day, the minutes of the courts in the old Territorial days are a curiosity in their way. Neither the name of the judge nor the clerk was signed to each day's proceedings. The announcement of each day's session was simply that the judge was present and then proceeded with a recital. The clerk's name appeared only occasionally, when his salary was ordered to be paid.

On November 5, 1805, the Supreme Court of the Territory was organized by Judge Thomas Rodney and Peter V. Bruin. The following is the roll of attorneys who were sworn in on that occasion: George Poindexter, Seth Lewis, Stephen Bullock, Edward Turner, James Wallace, William B. Shields and Charles B. Green. Andrew J. Holmes and Derrick P. January were subsequently admitted. The clerk during the greater part of Judge Rodney's term, was a jovial, whole-souled, young man named Theodore Starke. He was very cheerful, full of anecodote, and loved his friends with all his heart. He lived to a good old age, and being a bachelor, his love for his old friends seemed to wax stronger as life waned and the young men all hailed him with the affectionate appellation "Uncle The". His beau ideal of the perfect lawyer was John Henderson of the seashore. He used to say that "Jean Eanderson could give any man,'Haell and Potomac' on constitutional law!" During his term of service an effort was made by Governor Williams to oust him from his office and substitute one James Dunlap. Starke, through his attorney, Wm. B. Shields, moved for a rule against Governor Robert Williams to show cause why an attachment should not issue against him for publishing and circulating a proclamation of the Attorney General, Seth Lewis, announcing that James Dunlap was clerk of the court, instead of Starke. The motion further proceeded that such an attempt was against all precedent of Territorial courts for the last twenty-five years. The motion was continued from term to term and at last, Starke triumphed in the clerical battle.

Judge Rodney had been one of the moving spirits of our young country. Having been a captain in the American army during the first revolution. After the war was over he moved to the town of Washington. He was appointed, as I have stated, to an office of great importance, that of Land Commissioner, to adjudicate the land claims of our widely extended borders. Besides holding this office, he was presiding judge of the Territory. The term of October 1809, being the last he held. On April 13, 1810,(an associate judge having been appointed whose name will be given later) the following unique and modest order was entered upon the minutes of the Court. "Whereas, by the laws of the Territory, Courts may be held by one judge only and this court deems it improper in the exercise of its lawful functions that it should be composed of the least number of its members while a greater number may be obtained; Ordered that Judge Thomas Rodney be imformed that the court is about to proceed to the trial of several capital cases and desires his attendance at his beat and that the sheriff wait on him with a copy of this order." No record is made of his appearance and the presiding judge proceeded to try two prisoners, Lewis and Ameruas, for murder and they were sentenced to be hung.

It is a beautiful custom of the "brethren of the mystic tie" at the buriel of a brother to cast into the grave, a sprig of evergreen as an emblem of immortality. In imitation of that rite I would linger a moment at the grave of our first Judge. I cannot remember the exact date of his death, it must have been in 1810, after the April term of the court. As there were but few Protestant clergyman in the country at that date, and as our young people then, like young people now, occasionally took a notion to get married, Judge Rodney was often called upon to officiate as a priest of Hymen, in virtue of his office as a magistrate and after "tying the knot" he always gave the couple his paternal blessing. His son, Caeser A. Rodney, rose to the highest professional distinction, became Attorney General of the United States, and was sent as minister to one of the South American Republics, where he died in the meridian of his life. In one of the old families here there is a precious relic of the Rodney's. It is a lithograph picture of Caesar A. Rodney showing his powdered hair done up in a que. He rests in the quiet graveyard just back of the residence of Dr. Brandon, in the town of Washington where he was laid away by his friends.

"Who carved not a line and raised not a stone,
But left him alone in his glory."

The wooden head and footboards have long since rotted away and not even the spot is marked to tell where his remains repose. It may seem strange that so little effort was made in those days to perpetuate the memory of the dead by monuments, but it must be remembered there was no monumental marble and besides that, in a new country, life is so busy that men were like Napoleon at the battle of Marengo. He had no time to weep when he heard of Dessaix' death.

At that time there were two little maelstroms in the Mississippi River. One was called by way of distinction, Grand Gulf, and the other Petit Gulf. They were both terrors to flatboatmen. The former still retains its name, but the latter has had its name changed, but whether it was named in honor of the first Territorial Judge, I know not; I presume not, from the fact that the legislative voice is silent on the subject. It would be a sacred heritage to the little town on the Gulf hills if she could know that her name, Rodney, was given her in his memory. If so it is the only epitaph that has ever been written for him by his people.

In those days, in order to get the crops to market, several neighboring planters would buy a flatboat in partnership. They would load it and then float down to New Orleans with a little help of oars. When they had got to market and sold their produce, they would also sell their boat and start home by land but the poorer ones would have to foot it home. They usually made a jollification of it and enlivened the journey with songs and humorous tales. The great drawback to the development of our country was the want of transportation. Keel boats, barges, and flatboats were great institutions for downstream operations, but coming up the river was the difficulty.

As early as 1804, an enterprising gentleman of Natchez named Lintot, of the firm of Dunbar and Lintot, in order to obviate the difficulty, determined to make a boat of genuine simon-pure horse power. The engine was to be horses *per se*. A great big wheel on the principal of a slightly inclined plane, was in the hold. On this track the horses were put to tramp, and as they tramped they would turn the big wheel and this would turn the paddle wheels by means of a cog wheel attached. The great and only merit of the concern was that blind horses were just as good as clear sighted ones, so it gave useless animals something to do. A good many people went to look at it; some shook their heads and the upshot of the matter was that the horse boat broke her projector. Horse power *per se* could not stem the Mississippi. Whether the measurement of the power of engines as so many horses took its rise from the Natchez horse boat I don't know, but I don't think it did. I frankly confess however, that I never did understand what horse power meant; the more it is explained the more it is a muddle.

CHAPTER XIX

As nearly as I can recollect, it was on January 8, 1812, I was dozing quietly on my hill when I was somewhat startled by a loud, hoarse, cough, apparently from the lungs of a Mastodon. Mastodons once grazed about these hills; they would nip off saplings like common cattle now do sprigs of Bermuda grass. I looked up and saw the most extraordinary monster that ever met my vision; the smoke fumed from its nostrils and it coughed at every step; it moved like a thing of life and literally walked upon the water. I was frightened and no mistake I would have run if I could, but I couldn't so I stood my ground. The thing was of the bell cattle kind, for when she got opposite she rung her bell. She then dropped her anchor and swung round in the middle of the stream; paying out her cable, she sent part of her crew to the shore to make it fast. When it was made fast she gave the cable a couple of turns around her capstan, and her crew, with their hand-spikes, wound her up or towed her to shore with the capstan. All these motions were cautiously done, because the crew were green at the business and it took about two hours for the first steamboat to land here. Her name was the New Orleans, from Pittsburg. She was four hundred tons burthen and the captain said it took him a little over two hundred hours to make the trip here from Pittsburg, actual traveling.

Great was the excitement of the people over this steamboat; everybody within reach went to see the sight, men, women, and children. The captain was particularly proud to show off the boat and the engineer explained how the steam worked. Mothers were there and romping little boys and girls, peering about and looking timidly at the stewing, sizzing, pheezing, whizzing thing, and oh my, how they all jumped and screamed when the engine blew off the steam. They thought she had bursted her boiler for sure. She lay at our landing a good while for the people to scrutinize her. She had hard work to round out, but when she got head down, she fired a salute and amid the huzzas of the people and the waving of handkerchiefs, went on her way to her namesake city, where she arrived on January 12, 1812.

Such was the first New Orleans and Natchez packet. I wonder if her log was preserved? How interesting it would be to an antiquarian. If the New Orleans and her crew could have come back, like Rip Van Winkle, some years later and landed beside one of the floating palaces that then adorned the waters; they would have felt very small and insignificant, and yet in their day they were the sensation of the hour.

On April 22, 1814, another steamboat, named the Vesuvius, (a good name, by the way, for the things blew up about as often as the eruptions of that volcano) started from Pittsburg—a second link in steamboat navigation on the Mississippi River—she was four hundred and eighty tons burthen, one hundred and sixty feet keel by twenty-eight feet, six inches beam, and when loaded drew five to six feet of water. The entire hold below deck, excepting a neat cabin for ladies and the space occupied by the machinery, was appropriated to cargo. On her deck was built what in a ship would be called a round house, extending nearly half her length and elegantly fitted up as a cabin, having twenty-eight double berths on each side.

Oh, how grand she looked then and how comfortably everybody felt if they could only get a chance for a steamboat ride. When she left the Monongehela she fired a salute. A man on horseback on the river bank ran a race with her, but she beat him so badly he gave it up. She passed Cincinnati in forty hours; Louisville in sixty-seven hours and twenty-five minutes; from Shippings Port to Natchez in one hundred and twenty-five and one-half hours and from Natchez to New Orleans in thirty-three hours. So that she made the trip from Pittsburg to New Orleans in two hundred and twenty-seven hours; a little more than nine days and nights. It is no wonder that this trip excited so much astonishment. But the tug was up stream. The regular packet between Natchez and New Orleans made the trip every ten days for the conveyance of persons and goods. The voyage down took only two or three days, and was sometimes made in thirty-two hours, but it took six or seven days in returning. The two establishments, as they were called, greatly aided the improvement of the Territory.

There were some mad wags in those days who ridiculed steamboats and steamboatmen. With their pirogues and skiffs, whenever they got a chance, they would make a pass at them for a race. At last it got to be a question who could beat, the iron arm or the arm of flesh. A wager was laid of a barrel of whiskey, that the skiff could beat the old Vesuvius up stream. It was a jolly sight to the passengers and the people of the town. The starting place was just below Glasscock's Island and they were to run to Natchez. At the word "go!" they both dashed off; the skiff of course had the inside track. I think there was about as much puffing and tall pulling in that race as any I ever saw. The skiff would cut in and hug the bank as closely as possible. They had it nip and tuck—now the steamer and now the skiff, for a good way up; at length the skiff struck an eddy while old Vesuvius had to breast the current; this gave skiffy the advantage and away she shot ahead and beat her antagonist by a few lengths. Great was the laughter; uproarious the shout, that went up for the skiff for she had fairly won the barrel of whiskey. It is barely possible that the little craft with her crew and trophy didn't navigate steadily when they returned. They were so proud of beating the steamboat, they were intoxicated with delight, nothing more, I assure you!

I tell you about this first steamboat race between the Vesuvius and skiffy for a double purpose. It caused great merriment at the time and left no pang of anguish behind. Can the same be said of steamboat races of later times? Go to the heart stricken widows and orphans of our Western land and let them answer the question. Great are the responsibilities of the commanders of vessels; great must be their self control to resist the constant pressure made by a go-ahead people to have their boat win or burst her boilers. Look at the folly of steamboat racing; hundreds of thousands of dollars are wrapped up in her timbers; hundreds of precious lives are involved in her destiny, and yet all these mighty stakes are jeopardized and plunged upon the very brink of destruction, for what? the temporary gratification of a momentary triumph in nothing and for nothing; for the loud gew-faw of wharf rats or the meaningless applause of men who have neither cents in their pockets nor sense in their heads.

Byron has immortalized, with his scathing irony, the cruelty of the Roman rabble in the scene of the Dying Gladiator.

"The arena swims round him, he is gone
Ere ceased the inhuman shout which hailed the wretch who won;
He heard it, but he heeded not;
His eyes were with his heart, and that was far away,
Where his rude hut by the Danube lay;
There were his young barbarians all at play,
There was their Dacian mother; he their sire
Butchered to make a Roman holiday."

Were we less cruel in urging our steamboat commanders to destroy with worse than butchery our people, to make a Roman holiday? Let no one say there was no danger in racing. You cannot harness steam with iron bands to make it safe at any time. How much greater the danger then, when the safety valves of the commander's own good sense are shut down and he becomes the victim of an insane passion to win or die, and such inevitably becomes the feeling of every man who fits his boat for a race. Steam, like every other blessing, has its evils. I think that no steamboat is entirely safe, unless it be the kind of one chosen by the timid old lady, that had no boilers in it at all. The best motto for every Jackstaff is "slow, but sure."

CHAPTER XX

Another evidence of important growth was that business had increased to such an extent that a bank became necessary. The charter was passed on December 23, 1809. The preamble expressed the reasons as follows: Whereas, the establishment of a Bank in this Territory would tend greatly to promote its agricultural and commercial interests, be it enacted, that a Bank shall be established in the City of Natchez, capital not to exceed $500,000, into 5,000 shares.

Following are the names of the Superintendents who were to open the books: Francis X. Martin, Ferd. T. Claiborne, John Steele, Abner Green, Abijah Hunt, Samuel Postlethwaite, Eben Reese, Cowles Meade, Jo. Sessions, Wm. B. Shields, Winthrop Sargent, Alex. Montgomery and Lyman Harding.

Among the salutary rules prescribed for the Bank was one that the total amount of the bills emitted by the Bank should never exceed three times the amount of the capital stock actually paid in and the amount of monies actually deposited for safe keeping. In case of excess, the Directors under whose administration it happened to be, were liable for the same in their natural and private capacities, but the corporation should not on that account be the less liable and chargeable with such excess. Such of the Directors as were absent when excess was contracted or created, might respectively exonerate themselves from being so liable by forthwith giving notice of the fact and of their absence or dissent, to the stockholders at a general meeting, which they had power to call for that purpose. This provision was a great safety valve to keep the Bank from blowing up. It was something on the principle of the little patent steam whistle attached to each boiler of the steamer Natchez that whistles whenever the water gets below the third steam cock, when the issues of the bank got beyond the third steam cock a cautious Director was very likely to whistle. The name of this good old bank was The President, Directors and Company of the Bank of Mississippi.

In one respect it had a tremendous power, for if any person became indebted to it as maker or endorser of any note or bill or bond (and no bill should be negotiable there, unless so expressed on its face) and delayed payment thereof, the Bank, after giving at least ten days notice, could move for judgement and award execution against the debtor in any court of record in the Territory. Provided, nevertheless, if the claim was disputed that a jury should be impanelled by the court to try the case. This great old Bank did not prove to be a crumbling bank, like so many of the mushrooms of a later day. It spread its branches to Port Gibson and Woodville and elsewhere in the State; it was baptized by a new name after our Territory became a State as President, Directors and Company of the Bank of the State of Mississippi. The State took stock in it. By the original charter it was to continue until the last day of December 1834. Its affairs were not wound up until 1884.

If it be true that "an honest man is the noblest work of God"it is also true that an honest bank is the noblest work of man. I have gathered and woven together the scattered threads of events and brought them down to the year 1810. In the decade from 1800, to 1810 we had not decayed in wealth or population. On the contrary we had been taking the strides of a giant. In 1800, we had but three counties in the Territory with the following population.

Washington	free white	738	Slaves	498
Pickering	" "	2198	"	733
Adams	" "	2348	"	2257
Total		5284		3488

In 1810, we had increased in Mississippi to twelve counties and our population had risen to 23,024 whites and 17,033 slaves. Nearly five fold in ten years. Louisiana proper, exclusive of the Missouri portion, had increased to a population of 76,556. It is of little use to tell of our exports, for New Orleans got all the credit of our capital and a good deal of the cash too. It may make you smile when I tell you, but the fact is, that some people then thought that Natchez would rival New Orleans in commercial importance, but somehow she has missed it. If the wealth that had been lavished with a prodigal hand by Southern tourists annually at the North, had been spent here, it might have made the Bluff City the pride of the South. The time and opportunity passed and she became, at best, but a sattelite of the Crescent City. Her people went North in the summer and South in the winter and only roosted in her hills.

People in those days on the Alabama River said they would stand by the United States although the Spanish duties raised their flour to twelve dollars a barrel, while their neighbors on the Mississippi had to pay only four dollars a barrel. Think not that this meant that flour was cheaper. A dollar then was worth a great deal more than now (1869) for then a dollar would buy a quarter of a barrel, whereas now it buys only a sixteenth of a barrel. Sometimes what we call the cheapness of a thing only indicates a dearness of money. I suspect our forefathers found it just as hard to make four dollars to buy a barrel of flour as we do to make sixteen dollars (1869).

CHAPTER XXI

On the second Monday in April, 1810, there appeared in the court room at Washington, a small man, apparently not in the meridian of life. He was scarcely thirty years of age. His appearance, manner and peculiar accent, gave unmistakable signs of his French extraction. This gentleman was the associate of Judge Rodney. He produced his commission from James Madison, setting forth that having confidence in the wisdom, uprightness and learning of Francis Xavier Martin, of North Carolina, he was thereby duly commissioned to be one of the judges over the Territory of Mississippi, during good behavior or until the Territorial organization ceased.

Never perhaps, were the requisitions of the commission better filled than in this young judge. He had wisdom, uprightness and learning, the three jewels that should ever hang round the judicial ermine. Judge Martin presided in the Supreme Court of the Territory at Washington during the April term. The minutes of the court curtly announced the fact thus; the court met pursuant to adjournment. Present: Francis Xavier Martin, Judge. This was the order I mentioned previously requesting Judge Rodney to preside with him in the awful tribunal of life and death. Wisdom is beautiful to behold, but when it is coupled with modesty, it is altogether lovely.

I doubt whether the little judge, as he sat upon the bench, attracted much notice; for then his genius had not loomed up to its great proportions. He outlived almost all of his contemporaries in mortal life and perhaps will outlive them in fame. His name and his fame belong to our mother state. He built her judicial system solidly, and yet ornamented it with the graces of poesy; his best judicial monuments are his decisions, for he presided on the Supreme Bench of Louisiana longer than the life of ordinary men. But this was not all; in the midst of the labors of the bench and the forum and the bar, while, as it were, overwhelmed with work to earn his livelihood, he yet found time to give to his adopted mother, Louisiana, a portrait of herself. And this gem is allowed to lie hidden away. The very history itself is passing away. Only here and there on the shelves of a bibliopolist, can a copy be found of Martin's History of Louisiana.

The poet or historian who gives something of his talents to beautify his country, is like the Roman daughter as described in Childe Harold.

"There is a dungeon in whose dim, drear light,
What do I gaze on? Nothing! Look again,
Two forms are slowly shadowed on my sight;
Two insulated phantoms of the brain.
It is not so. I see them full and plain,
An old man and a female, young and fair,
Fresh as a nursing mother in whose veins
The blood is nectar; but what doth she there
With her unmantled neck and bosom white and bare?

"Full swells the deep pure fountain of young life,
Where on the heart and from the heart we took
Our first sweetest nurture.
But here youth offers to old age the food
The milk of his own gift; it is her sire
To whom she renders back the debt of blood
Born with her birth."

The very term patriot springs from the root of the paternal words and he who gives his life for his country or seeks to embellish its history by his talents, is like the child who gives back to his parent the life of his gift.

The most remarkable thing in the life of this great judicial savant was his extraordinary longevity and his wonderful intellectuality, to life's latest hour. His body literally dwindled to a shadow; his servant had to attend and administer to his physical necessities, and yet the great mind was luminous to its close. His great age and weakness of body at last, interfered with his usefulness on the bench and brought on a revolution in the opinion that judges should be appointed for life. The present (1870) Constitution of Louisiana limits the judicial term to a certain number of years. Sixty years having passed since Judge Francis Xavier Martin held his first and last court in Washington. He was succeeded by a judge whose name was Oliver Fitts. After him Walter Leake presided; who was honored by the naming of a county for him. Judge

Bruin, who was one of the associates of Rodney, settled on a large plantation at the mouth of the Big Black and gave the name of Bruinsburg to the landing.

In that noble coterie of civil officers—I say noble for there were patriots in those days when office was created for the people rather than as a reward for partisan service—there was one young man who afterwards played a conspicuous part in the history of the State. You will remember that there were two land offices established in our Territory. The one east of Pearl River at Fort Stoddart; the other west of Pearl River at Washington. So that is the reason why our land patents speak of the land office west of Pearl River. I desire now to speak of Thos. H. Williams. He was a tall, spare young man. His face was fine and his forehead high. In private life he was eminently pure. Without being endowed with brilliant talents, he had good business ability and sound judgment. He was faithful to his friends and his country, and discharged the duties of his office with punctuality. He had succeeded Edward Turner as Register of the land office west of Pearl River and Clerk of the Court of Land Commissioners. He was afterwards Secretary of the Territory. While Register, he appointed a young Virginian, Parke Walton, as his clerk. Williams found that holding so many offices bore too heavily upon him, especially as part of the time Governor Robert Williams was absent in North Carolina. The Governor's duty devolved upon him while he was Secretary. He therefore applied to the Government Departments at Washington for relief. He expressed great satisfaction in 1806 at the arrival of Cowles Mead as Secretary of the Territory. In reading over his old letters, I've heard him complain that documents that should have come in twenty-two days were seven weeks on their journey.

Thomas H. Williams continued in the office of Register of the Land Office until 1810, when to his great surprise, he was appointed to the office of Collector of the Port of New Orleans. It seems that things had been going wrong there and he was chosen for his integrity to right them. He was a very diffident man and seemed to be overwhelmed with the great responsibility of his new position. He received the appointment from Albert Gallatin.

On going to New Orleans he surrendered the Land Office into the hands of his clerk, Parke Walton, who subsequently received the appointment. Williams later returned to the State and became one of its Representatives and afterwards Senator in Congress. Between Mr. Williams and Joseph Dunbar there was, from the first acquaintance, the most perfect and affectionate intimacy; they loved each other as did Jonathan and David, and it continued, with unbated fervor, until the close of their lives. They were once crossing the mountains of Virginia together over the great national road. In company with the family was a little sprig of a boy who was somewhat over pert for his age. One cold morning when it was yet dark, and the stage had come to a halt, Thomas H. gave a yawn such as only a tall man can give. "Well," said he, "I believe I'll get out and stretch my legs." "Look here," said the little boy, "if I had such long legs as you've got, I don't think I'd care to stretch them any longer." I have an indistinct recollection that the little fellow got a whack for his wit. The little boy (the author) has a glimmering recollection of a tall form, enveloped in a camlet cloak. As he strode up the mountain in the gray morning dawn he loomed like a giant. After the close of a long career of usefulness in many offices in the State, Williams moved to Tennessee about the year 1841.

Long after the glory of the little town of Washington had departed, Williams came on a pilgrimage to visit his friends. He spent some time with his old chum, White Turpin, and also his old friend Joe Dunbar. But few were left; he was a stranger where he had begun his life; old things had passed away, and a new generation had come upon the stage, and yet he was welcomed by all, for they knew he had rendered the State honorable service. He outlived most of his contemporaries. With a pathos that only age can infuse into a man's heart, he poured forth to the afflicted widow the tribute of sympathy, over the untimely death of his friend Joseph Dunbar. He married late in life and had to struggle hard for support at its close. Fortunately he passed away before the great convulsion came (the Civil War) that destroyed the liberties of his people.

His successor as Register, Park Walton, after holding office for sometime, retired to his plantation Wilton, about three miles beyond Washington. Of a cheerful nature his was the home of hospitality, where the young people loved to congregate. The chase was his passion and often has the merry horn wound its shrill notes amid the baying of dogs, at his cheerful threshold. He was gathered to his fathers in the year 1834.

Moore's melody—
"The harp that once through Tara's hall
Its soul of music shed,
Now hangs as mute on Tara's wall,
As if its soul had fled."

could be rendered with a double pathos in the shades of Wilton, where both the hall and the Harp have passed away. Here and there an evergreen marks the spot and the songs of birds is all the music that now breaks the stillness of the solitude.

CHAPTER XXII

About the year 1790, there lived a widow lady, with a very amiable daughter, in the town of Nashville. Like a great many poor widows now-a-days, this good lady had to resort to keeping a boarding house for a support. The daughter, though young, was married but her dissolute husband proved to be unworthy of her; neglect was followed by harshness, and harshness by cruelty, until at last, they came to an open rupture. The husband applied to the legislature of North Carolina for a divorce and the worse than widowed wife sought a refuge in the city of Natchez.

While these things were occuring there happened to be living in the family of the young wife a young emigre lawyer from South Carolina, who had come to seek his fortune in the western wilderness. Being of a sympathetic nature, he saw with sorrow the sufferings of the young victim of a brutal husband. The bereaved young woman, as she landed here, bore about her the unmistakable marks of a grief that cannot be consoled. There is no anguish so deep to the female heart as that of unrequited affection. To have the demon of discord where there ought to be love; to have cruelty where there ought to be kindness; to have dissolute debauchery where there ought to be purity; these things harrow the heart with a dreary, blank desolation that nothing but a Divine hand can alleviate. The young wife was divorced.

It was about the year 1791, there landed here a tall, slender young man. There was nothing particularly attractive about his appearance; he was unheralded and comparatively unknown. It was the young lawyer. Andrew Jackson, whose sympathy for the unfortunate divorcee had ripened into a more tender feeling. Now that she was legally divorced, he felt that he had the right to offer her his hand. He had come to woo and win her if he could. I know not how long he staid but in the fall of that year they were married. Finding upon their return home that they had been misinformed, that the court had been authorized to grant the divorce but that it had not been consummated they obtained a new license and were remarried. The young lawyer worshipped her with all the intensity of a vehement and passionate nature. But I must drop this for awhile for the narration of more public events.

Our distinguished Representative, Poindexter, as early as December, 17, 1811, reported a bill in the Congress of the United States to enable the people of the Mississippi Territory to form a constitution and State Government and for the admission of such State into the Union on an equal footing with the other states. The bill was referred to a committee. Again on December 27, he presented the petition of sundry citizens praying that the Territory might be admitted.

On January 18, 1812, the committee to whom was referred the memorial of the Legislative council and House of Representatives of Mississippi Territory and the petitions of sundry citizens thereof, praying to be admitted into the Union and also the petition of the inhabitants of West Florida, setting forth their desire to be annexed to said Territory, made a lengthy report and proposed the following resolution: "Resolved that it is expedient to admit all that tract of country bounded north by a line drawn due east from the Yazoo River to the 31st degree of parallel of latitude to a point opposite the Perdido River; thence to the confluence of the Perdido with the Gulf of Mexico and thence in a direct line through the middle of Lakes Maurepas and Pontchartrain to the junction of the Ibberville with the Mississippi and up the Mississippi to the Yazoo, into the Union of the United States on an equal footing with the original States.

On November 14, the bill admitting Mississippi passed the lower House by a large majority, but it was killed in the Senate. You see by this we had the first claim on Baton Rouge and Mobile. What a grand State we would have been. In spite of all our struggles to get into the Union, we were left out in the cold. It makes me angry to this day to think how we were treated, for we had to do any amount of fighting, although they did not give us the privilege of voting. We had the pleasure of seeing Louisiana go in as early as 1812, and as her delegates passed up we told them we would be along after awhile, but we had to wait six years.

We are taught by philosophers that the slightest agitation in any part of the material elements of our world will in time be felt from one end of it to the other. I know not how this may be in physics, but sometimes distant political events extend a long way and effect people very distant from their place of origin. As an illustration, who would have thought that when the cannon of Napoleon were reverberating on the heights of Jena that the effect would reach to this remote Western world; or nearer still, that the single gun from the British man of war Leopard would be echoed years afterwards at the mouth of the Mississippi when the indignity would be signally avenged?

I wish I could tell you of peaceful things, but he who tries to tell about a growing people must talk of war. Most of this world's history is written in blood red ink, or in other words, 99-100 of the world's history is in the rubrics blood and tears. I have stated how Napoleon issued his Berlin decree blockading England and how she retorted by blockading him. Our minister, Barlow, appealed to the Little Corporal to repeal his ridiculous decrees but he was turned aside by being told, "If England would repeal her Orders in Council he would reverse his decrees." Our Minister, Pinckney, and afterwards our Charge, Russell, applied to England to revoke her Orders in Council, and she answered, "First let the Emperor of France reverse his decrees and so will I."

Our embargoes and non-intercourse regulations did not bring them in their senses. Napoleon reversed his decrees and assured the American Minister of the fact. England denied that it was official, and so the United States got tired of playing hide and seek on her war vessels. Madison did not want to get into a war. Clay, Cheves, and Lowndes told him there was no alternative but to fight. The Senate was opposed to it but the Lower House was rampant for war. In the days of chivalry the gage of battle was the glove; in barbarous nations the javelin; but in those days it was first proceded by an embargo of ninety days and then by a neat little resolution; how few the words and how smoothly they read. They are from the pen of the most accomplished orator and statesman of his times, William Pinckney, who was the Attorney General, and read as follows:

"An act declaring war between the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland and the dependences thereof and the United States of America and their Territories. Be it enacted that War be and is hereby declared to exist, and that the President of the United States is hereby authorized to use the whole land and naval force of the United States to carry the same into effect and to issue to private armed vessels of the United States, commissions or letters of marque and general reprisal, in such form as he shall think proper and under the seal of the United States, against the vessels, goods, and effects of the Government of the said United Kingdom of Great Britian and Ireland and the subjects thereof." What a world of woe is embodied on those brief lines. Unlimited power placed in one man's hands for the purpose of destroying his fellow men. Letters of marque and reprisal referred to private armed vessels, who were commissioned to fight on their own responsibility. When they captured fat merchantman they had the right to take them as their own.

This brief declaration was approved on June 18, 1812. It was weeks before the proclamation reached this remote border. The most remarkable part of this extraordinary affair was, that The Orders in Council were repealed by Great Britian, just five days after our solemn declaration of war. It was too late; procrastination, in this case, was worse than the "thief of time." News traveled slowly then; the news of the repeal did not reach here until it was too late to stop the war; perhaps if we had had a sea cable to whisper the news, it might have been arrested; as it was, we went on the single issue, denying the right of search.

Great Britian, at this date, was so busy looking after Napoleon she didn't have time to notice us until seven months after the declaration. Congress adjourned on July 6, but before, they had adjourned they passed a resolution requesting the President to recommend a day of public humiliation and prayer, to be observed by the people and offering supplications to Almighty God for the safety and welfare of the States; his blessings on their arms and speedy restoration of peace. The third Thursday in August we all became very pious, and men who were not devout before were so for that day at least, for war makes men pause and ponder.

CHAPTER XXIII

I have no time to tell you about the War of 1812, except as it concerns our own immediate borders. The first campaign was a miserable failure. General Hull invaded upper Canada with a considerable army, but soon returned to Detroit, which post was shortly after attacked by a British army, to whom it was surrendered on August 12. The disaster spread a gloom throughout the country; but this and other failures on land were somewhat counterbalanced by the glorious achievements of our young navy. These burst upon us most unexpectedly and filled our people with exultation. The British frigate Guerrier, after a desperate fight was captured by our frigate Constitution, commanded by Captain Hull, on August 18, 1812.

On October 18, 1812, the British brig Frolic, surrendered to the sloop of war Wasp, commanded by Captain Jones. On October 25, Captain Decatur captured the British frigate Macedonia, after a desperate fight. And again on December 30, the Constitution (who afterwards went by the name of Old Iron Sides) in command of Commodore Bainbridge, captured the British frigate Java.

You have no idea how proud we were of these victories, for we were meeting the mistress of the seas on her own element, in a ship to ship combat; we proved ourselves to be more than her match. The American navy became our pride and glory and even in later times when the same navy became the enemy of my people, its course was marked with something of knightly courtesy.

Madison was reelected President in 1812, and was inaugurated for his second term on March 4, 1813. Russia offered her mediation but Great Britian declined it in September but on November 4, Lord Castlereigh informed the American Government that Great Britian was willing to negotiate. Madison accepted the proposal to treat and appointed Gottenberg in Sweden, but the place was afterwards changed to Ghent. Gallatin Adams and Bayard were appointed our envoys. I find that I am carrying you a long way from home so I must bring you back.

This thing of war, in one respect, is like the atmosphere, it is very diffusive and so we were enveloped in its horrors, although we were so far out of the world that I doubt if Lord Castlereigh ever heard of us, and I am very certain he did not "fash his heed" much about us.

In the beginning of the year 1813, we could hear the distant muttering of the approaching storm. Spain did not love us overmuch. Indians had no cause to love us, and the British were at open war with us. Men's minds began to grow uneasy. It is very simple, not to say pleasant, to read about the glories of war, with your feet to a good warm fire and with comfortable clothes on, and plenty to eat and nothing to disturb your slumbers at night, but it is quite another matter to see the thing itself and have it at your door, the glory then goes up the chimney and the gaunt skeleton of human misery takes its place. Rumors came thick and fast that we were about to be attacked by a British force. During the latter part of 1812, General Wilkinson was authorized to call upon our Governor for the enrollment of the militia, to be ready to reenforce the regular army at Baton Rouge and other points.

In obedience to the call, Governor Holmes ordered the enrollment. Brigadier-General Ferdinand L. Claiborne, in a short time, on August 18, reported the gratifying fact that his bridgade was ready. The counties of Wilkinson, Jefferson, Marion, Warren, and Claiborne, had responded without a draft. Amite and Franklin had but a few drafted, and Adams filled her quota principally by draft. I cannot account for this last fact, for it was the first and only time that old Adams was a laggard in war when her country called. The draft was conducted in this way. All the names of men who were liable to militia duty were written on separate pieces of paper and placed in a box. An officer would then draw them from the box, one at a time, calling the name of each as he read it If there happened to be five hundred names in the box, and only one hundred were called for, he continued until the required number had been called and the names of the others were left for the future draft, if another should be required.

We were then in a state of turmoil and preparation; the volunteers were elated; the drafted men were rather down in the mouth, and there was the deep undercurrent of feeling, mingled sadness and pride in the hearts of parents, as they watched their boys rigging for the war, and there, too, was the wan cheek and ill concealed sadness of the maidens at the thought of the future separation from their lovers, for such partings "press the life out of young hearts."

In the midst of these commotions, our town was enlivened on February 15, 1813, by the arrival of a fleet of thirteen flatboats. They landed and it took but a moment to perceive that they were filled with soldiers. Fourteen hundred men debarked and fell into line. The Commanding General, as he rode in the column, sat his horse like a Centaur; he was apparently about forty years of age; his eye and bearing were those of a man born to command. As he looked upon the scene and bowed to the people in response to their welcome, his eye wandered to certain spots as though he remembered them. By the side of the Commander rode his Aid, a young man of Roman cast of countenance, with light blue eyes, and sandy colored hair. They marched through our streets, and out to Washington; there they met a brigade composed of six hundred men, mounted riflemen, who had marched through, by land, from Nashville. They went into camp, but they were doomed to a heavy dissappointment. It seemed that an order had been issued by General Armstrong, Secretary of War, as early as January sixth, two days before the troops left Nashville, ordering the troops to be disbanded and the military supplies turned over to the Commander of this District. This order traveled so slowly that it did not reach the Commander until his arrival at Washington.

The General commanding the seventh Military District, General Wilkinson, called upon the Volunteer Commander, to see to his obeying the order. It was worth much to see the Tennessee General, as he read the order. His eyes flashed with indignation. His form rose to its full height as his righteous wrath burst from him. Only his ideas can be given, not his words.

"Sir, these troops are the children of my neighbors and friends. I pledged myself to their parents to watch over them and take care of them. If I disband them here, in a strange country five hundred miles from home, what will become of them? Many of them are now sick and if I leave them here may possibly die. You ask me to desert them to turn my back upon them, and to falsify my plighted faith. I tell you I will not obey this infamous order in its entirety. I will obey this far; I will march them back and disband them where they were enlisted. Neither threats, nor promises, nor intimidation can shake my resolution. I've sworn to stand by my men and by the Eternal I will do it!"

Few of you need to be told that this man was Major General Andrew Jackson. That was par excellence, his peculiar oath, and when he made it, no power on earth could shake his resolution. In 1791, he came unheralded and unknown, on a mission of the heart, and now, twenty-two years after, he stood here again, the leader of a gallant army, who had come to defend our fireside. The aid who rode by his side, up the hill, was Thomas H. Benton.

Jackson was true to his word; he gathered up all the sick that could travel and took up his line of march, back to Tennessee, sometime in April, and did not reach his destination until May 29. The retreat of the ten thousand has been celebrated in Xenophon's classic pages, but the march of the volunteers through the wilderness from Natchez to Nashville, over roads almost impassable, through tribes of savages not over-passive has not been chronicled to my knowledge.

When he had fulfilled his pledge and disbanded his troops near their homes, he gave a full account of his actions to President Madison and they were heartily endorsed and sanctioned. I look upon this as the greatest act of his eventful life. If he had been an ordinary man or a time server, he would have obeyed the order. He was disappointed in leading them to glorious achievement. If he had been a selfish man, he had the opportunity to call them up and say; "I have received orders to disband you, I am bound to obey; you must look out for yourselves; I am sorry, truly sorry for you."

He might have shed a few maudlin tears, bid them good-bye and trotted back home with his carpet bag. But Jackson was not made of such miserable stuff. He dared to break an order that he knew to be wrong and thus paved the way to the accomplishment subsequently of the stupendous work before him. By this daring act he achieved the great substratum, that lies at the foundation, not only of civil, but more especially, of military art, he won the confidence of his men, so that they considered it a glory to fight for, and if need be, to die for him.

We shall see how nobly he used the enthusiasm that he had inspired in the breasts of his soldiers. Upon their departure, there was a lull in the military preparations, in this section for sometime.

While General Jackson was toiling with his men through the wilderness of Mississippi, along the Nashville Trace, back to Tennessee, an important affair was being enacted on our southeastern border. I have already told you that in the West Florida Revolution we claimed to the Perdido River, but we did not take possession up to our line. The United States now thought it time to make what the lawyers call "a forcible entry and detainer." So General Wilkinson was ordered to take possession of Fort Charlotte and the country up to the line we claimed. He accordingly ordered a fleet into Mobile Bay, while he marched with a large land force across the country from the Mississippi. He arrived before Fort Charlotte on April 12, and despatched the following neat, little epistle;

Camp near Mobile,
April 12th, 1813.

Sir:

The troops of the United States under my command do not approach you as the enemy of Spain, but by order of the President they come to relieve the garrison which you command, from the occupancy of a Post within the legitimate limits of these States. I, therefore hope sir, you may peacefully retire from Fort Charlotte and from the bounds of the Mississippi Territory, (east of the Perdido River) with the garrison you command, and the public and private property which may appertain thereunto.

I flatter myself that you will meet a proposition so reasonable and so just, in the spirit in which it is offered and that no time may be unnecessarily lost in carrying it into execution. My Aid-de-Camp, Major H. D. Pierre, will present you with this note, and if convenient to you will receive your answer. With due consideration and respect, I have the honor to be,

Your most ob't and humble servant,
James Wilkinson.

To the officer commanding Fort Charlotte.

No doubt the officer had some very unpleasant thoughts about that polite little request, but he gulped them down and sent the following reply:

Fort Charlotte,
Mobile, April 13th, 1813.

Most Excellent Sir:

I have marked the contents of your letter of yesterday and I have commissioned Lieutenant Don Francisco Monisne to confer with your Excellency on the points in dispute.

God preserve your Excellency many years.
Cazetano Perez.

His Excellency Dr. James Wilkinson.

And so the Spaniards returned and took another Vestigia Retrorsum, and quietly sailed for Pensacola, leaving in the fort thirty-seven pieces of ordinance, seventeen swivels, and a large amount of ammunition which the United States agreed to pay for.

The Stars and Stripes were run up on the 15th. Wilkinson immediately sent a detachment to establish a Post on the west bank of the Perdido and another down to Mobile Point, which was afterwards called Fort Bowyer, in honor of the heroic officer of that name who subsequently defended it against the British. You must bear in mind that all of these slices of Spanish Territory were tacked on to our Mississippi Territory, and as I have stated, they came very near being ours in fee simple, but somehow or other they have been sliced off from us.

Mobile should belong to Mississippi and then she would have a seaport of her own.

CHAPTER XXIV

On the banks of the Wabash, at this time, there lived two of the most remarkable Indians of their age. The one, Teecumpthee, or as they write it Tecumseh, the other, his brother, the Prophet. These two wonderful Indians had conceived the gigantic scheme of confederating all the Indian tribes of the South and West for the destruction of the white race. Teecumpthee had great influence as a renowned military chieftain, while his brother, the Prophet, by artful incantations, had acquired a yet greater influence by inducing his simple people to believe that he was clothed with authority almost divine. One account says that Teecumpthee was delegated by his brother to visit the southern tribes and fire their hearts with the spirit of vengeance, while another account says that the Prophet came with him.

But this was not the only source of their influence. It is hard to believe that a Christian nation would put the tomahawk into the hands of a savage and tell him to cut, slash and scalp a brother Christian people, but it is a fact the British nation connived at the act. This is a way that Christians have of showing their love for one another that must be quite edifying to the Devil. It must have sounded so queer in the upper air, to hear ascending the sublime Litany of the Church of England and the impassioned prayers of the other religious sects, supplicating blessings on all peoples, mingled with the shrieks of women and children who were being butchered by their savage allies on this side of the water.

Starting from the Wabash with thirty warriors, the great chieftain stealthily but steadily threaded his way through Kentucky and Tennessee, until he reached the great Muskogee nation, whom we called the Creeks. There is a tradition among this tribe that there are in a fork of the Red River, west of the Mississippi, four mounds of earth. That at this place the Cussethas, Cowetahs, and Chickasas found themselves; that being distressed by the wars of the Red men, they crossed the Mississippi and traveling eastward, passed the falls of the Tallapoosa above the falls of the Tookaubatchee and settled below the falls of the Chattahooche. From this point they spread out to Ocumulgee, Beonee, Savannah and down on the seacoast toward Charleston. Here they first saw white people and from there they had been driven back to the regions of the Coosa and the Tallapoosa. It is surmised we gave them the new name, The Creeks, from the number of streams in their country. At this date they were the most powerful and warlike of all southern tribes. They inhabited that splendid tract of land bounded by the Tennessee River on the north, the Tallapoosa on the east, the Florida line on the south, and the Alabama and Tombecbee rivers on the west.

The dress of Teecumpthee consisted of a buckskin coat and pantaloons. He scorned the tawdry ornaments peculiar to savage taste. In stature he was about five feet ten inches. His carriage was erect, his motions quick and his eye piercing. With such thoughts as he harbored, he could not look otherwise than stern, and he stepped as haughtily as ever did a monarch. His purpose was sublime; he was bent upon a mission to save his race from destruction. He fought under the black flag for he neither gave nor asked for quarter, and yet by an unaccountable inconsistency when the prisoners of other chiefs fell into his hands, he treated them with great kindness and clemency. It is said that he tomahawked a cruel wretch who was maltreating a prisoner. From the time of Hanner's defeat in the northwest he had been in almost every battle and he was ever in the thickest of the fight. He was tattoed with battle scars.

It was about the last of October, 1812, when he reached the Creeks. He soon learned who were the friends of the whites and studiously kept silent on the subject of his mission when in their presence. But when he got with those who sympathized with him, he would pour forth his soul in bitter denunciation against the cowards of his race. He introduced a great change in one of the customs of the southern Indians. It was as to the time they were to have their war dances. Up to the time of his advent, the southern Indians usually celebrated their victories after the battle. But he introduced the custom of the war dance in council before the war began. He clearly saw how this would work. The dance, the war whoop, and the savage eloquence all combined to make the Indians mad with excitement. If any of the old sachems shook their heads and suggested that their tribes were too weak for war, his reply was ready: "Our Great Father over the waters will help us. He will send us the rifle, the powder, and the ball."

The first public council that he attended was at Tuccabache. With him were thirty warriors. Up to this time the nation was just beginning its career of civilization. Many of the Indians had settled homes. Some of them had farm and stock, and raised corn and vegetables. The men of this class were averse to war. Besides these, the mixed breed of white and Indian opposed the stirring up of strife. One of the latter named Samuel Manac, who did his best to save his people from the rash encounter, said that he attended the council of Tuccabache. That he called upon Teecumpthee to give his talk, but it seems that the great Shawnee chief knew Manac's opinions and evaded an answer. His reply was, that the sun had gone too far that day, and so he put off from day to day until Manac departed. It was then that he let out the pent up fires that were within him.

Tradition does not give a fragment of his first talk. It was the tocsin call to arms and its lingering echo was the death knell of the nation. I can give only a faint idea of what he said. The savage orator crowds his burning enthusiasm into a few words. There was a majesty in his bearing, a fire in his thoughts, and a vehemence in his gesture that overwhelmed and crushed out opposition.

"Brothers," he said, "and fathers, I come from the waters of the Wabash to meet you in council. The Great Spirit is with me. His Prophet has sent me. Will you hear me? In defiance of the white warriors of Ohio and Kentucky, I have traveled through their settlements, once our favorite hunting grounds. No war whoop was sounded, but there is blood on our knives. The Pale Faces felt the blow, but knew not whence it came. Accursed be the race that has seized on our country and made women of our warriors. Our fathers from their tombs, reproach us as slaves and cowards. I hear them now in the wailing winds. Where are the Natchez? Where are the Tunica? Where the tribes that once were strung like beads on all our rivers? The white man's steel has swept them away. They must fall or we must fall, the Muskhogees were once a mighty people. The Georgians trembled at your war whoop, and the maidens of my tribe, on the distant lakes, sung the prowess of your warriors and sighed for their embraces.

"Now your very blood is white; your tomahawks have no edge; your bows and arrows are buried with your fathers. Oh! Muskhogees, brethren of my mother, brush from your eyelids the sleep of slavery. The spirits of the mighty dead complain. Their tears drop from the weeping skies. I come to you with a good talk. I come to bind you together. I come not alone. The Great Father over the waters is our friend. He will fight with us. I come from the great Shawnee nation. We will fight. If we fight together, we will drive out our enemies. Back! whence they came, upon a trail of blood, they must be driven. Back! into the great waters whose accursed waves brought them to our shores. War now! War forever! War upon the living! War upon the dead! Dig their very bodies from the grave. Our country must give no rest to a white man's bones.

All the tribes of the North are dancing the war dance. Brothers, I know you are brave. Raise the war whoop ye braves; let the breezes sing it to the Shawnees over the far rivers; the Muskhogees are men, they will fight for their wigwams and their hunting grounds until the last Pale Face is driven from their borders!" With such a mingled strain of pathetic eloquence and sarcasm, it is no wonder that in such an audience and on such a theme, he stirred the enthusiasm of his Indian hearers.

The patriot who tells of his falling country and tries to save it, is always eloquent. It inspired Henry into being the "Forest born Demosthenes." It brought the Carthegenian Queen to fling away her crown for the Trojan exile. In all ages or climes, savage or civilized it has roused to fury or melted to tears. It is owing to this that the fragments of Indian eloquence that have fallen like broken columns here and there in the track of history, glitter with so much pathos and sublimity. The great chieftain accomplished his mission. Like Peter the Hermit, in the day of the Crusaders, he inspired his hearers by his eloquence and rapt them into the exultant hope that the Pale Faces would be swept from the land forever. The Creeks of the South and the Shawnees of the North, kept up intercommunication during the Creek War assisted by the Christian people of Great Britian. Even while the indignant words of Chatham, denouncing such a coalition as disgraceful to humanity, were yet lingering in the tapestry that draped the walls of the House of Lords. I would not have you believe from this that the English are worse than any other Christian people. When nations go to war they are not very particular whom they accept as allies. The purified Puritan in a war with their own race, formed a coalition with a race darker in hue than the Indian; a coalition more reprehensible than ever yet disgraced a civilized people. And for that one thing I feel disposed to invoke upon their heads the blessing given by a venerable divine upon a band of marauders who were sacking his dwelling and insulting his family, "may the Lord reward them according to their deeds."

CHAPTER XXV

It is said in the mythological story of Thebes, that the founder, Cadmus, sowed dragon's teeth and these sprouted up armed men. The same may be said of the words of Teecumpthee; the seeds that he sowed were not very long in producing their hostile fruit. The history of all our Indian wars is very much alike in their beginning, progress and final termination. An Indian, exasperated by some cause, strikes down a white man and then follows retaliation and soon the circle of antagonism widens, but unlike the circle of the water, it intensifies in strength the further it spreads.

Such was the beginning of the Creek War. Some white men were murdered by the Indians in their Territory; a demand was made for the surrender of the murderers. You will recall that the same thing occured in the days of Bienville with the Natchez. Forthwith there sprung into existence two parties in the nation. Some of the chiefs were in favor of acceding to the demand and others bitterly opposed it. A chief named the Big Warrior headed the peace party, and another named the Little Warrior headed the party who were opposed. The murderers were surrendered to the United States authorities and civil war burst forth in the nation. It was but natural that the more violent succeeded in driving out the peace party, after the war talk of Teecumpthee and the Prophet. They were taught to believe that they would have the help of the Great Spirit, backed by British balls and bayonets. The war party stood 3,000 and the peace party only 1,000 strong. Such was the condition of our affairs and, of course, men became uneasy.

Our agent among the Indian nation, named Hawkins, labored under the strange delusion that it was only a civil war among the savages and that it would not extend to the white settlements. Hawkins impressed his views upon the Commanding General of the District, Flournoy, who, as late as April 1813, wrote that the danger of an outbreak was exaggerated. But inhabitants of the Tombecbee settlement were not deceived. Judge Harry Toulmin, sent a letter, giving the affidavits of Manac, setting forth that a great change had come over his people after the visit of Teecumpthee. That he, Manac, had been compelled to conceal himself for awhile; that on his return home he met one of his neighbors called High Headed Jim, that while he was talking to him, High Headed Jim, commenced jerking in his limbs as though he had a fit; that he demanded of Manac what side he was going to take; that some Indians had been to his, Manac's house, and treated his sister badly; that they had taken the daughters of General McGillіury and the daughters had been forced to join them to save their property; that they expected to get ammunition from the British at Pensacola, and when they got it, they would make war only on the whites and on the Big Warrior and others who had listened to the talk of the whites; that the Indians on the Coosa and Tallapoosa were to attack the settlements on the Tensas and Fork; those on the Cherokee border were to attack the Tennessee settlement. And the Seminoles, who were a branch of the Creeks, were to attack the Georgia settlements.

Manac further stated that they had destroyed his cattle and burned his houses. That there was a prophet named Francis, who taught them that the Great Spirit inspired them to jerk in the peculiar manner of High Headed Jim. Manac admitted that he had given in and dissimulated and had promised to join them. This statement was made on August 2, 1813. Blood began to flow, and the chiefs friendly to the white man were murdered.

On July 20, information had come from another Indian source. Captain Gaines received a friendly communication from Mushulatubbe, a Choctaw chief, informing him that sixteen Muskhogee towns had rebelled against the peace party and murdered eight of their chiefs. That Colonel Hawkins and Alex. Curvels had left to seek succor. That Big Warrior and Colonel Isaacs were concealed; that an attack was to be made on the Tombigbee settlements; that they had received letters from Canada demanding arms and ammunition of the English forces in Pensacola; and that parties were no doubt, there, then receiving it. Mushulatubbe assured us of his friendship. He and Pushmataha and Pitchlyn remained true to the whites throughout the war.

While these rumors of war were approaching nearer and nearer, the settlements on the Alabama and Tombigbee implored Governor Holmes to send relief. The Governor as quickly as possible, organized a brigade of nine hundred men and placed them under the command of Colonel Ferdinand Claiborne. All this time, General Flournoy had two full regiments of the United States troops at his command, while he allowed the third and seventh regiments to lay idle in cantonments at Washington and at New Orleans. He was deaf to entreaties, for he apprehended no danger, in consequence of disbelieving the rumors and in trusting to the misguided judgement of Colonel Hawkins.

On the first week in July, General Claiborne received marching orders at Baton Rouge, to advance across the country and take post at Mount Vernon, three miles east of Fort Stoddart. The neighing of the cavalry horses; the rumble of artillery; the tramp of the Infantry have been heard by these old ears; but the soldier who receives marching orders to the field of glory feels an exhilaration that amounts almost to intoxication. Colonel Carson, with the advance guard, bid adieu to The Red Stick town immediately and reached his destination a little before Claiborne, who did not arrive at the post until July 31. As the plumed troops passed along, I asked myself the question. Of the many bright joyous youths who left us, how many will return? It is a question I have often asked myself since in this mad world. I have counted the thinned ranks as they have returned and many have failed to answer at the roll call because they had died in defense of their country.

May you, oh, Youth, of the present day,
Bring to pass a better way
"Cannon balls may aid the truth
But thought's a weapon stronger
Win your battles by its aid."
And blood be shed no longer.

We will now take the map and go over to the State of Alabama. Let us fix our eyes on the Mobile River. A little above the 31st parallel of latitude you will see a spot marked Fort Stoddart, so named for Colonel Stoddart an accomplished officer of the United States Army, who subsequently wrote a history of the country. About three miles east of this fort stood Mount Vernon, where Claiborne encamped. Run your eye up the river until you come to the fork; the western branch is the Tombigbee and the eastern is the Alabama. Cast your eye up the Tombigbee a short distance, say half a degree, and you see Fort Stephens. At this junction stood Easly's station. Cast your eye a little above the junction of the two rivers and you will see a little spot marked Fort Mims. Follow up the river and you will meet Fort Claiborne on Weatherford's Bluffs. Continue about one degree further and you come to a tract of country called Holy Ground, the Indian name for which is, Eccanachaca, continue up the river and you will reach the spot where it forks. The southeast fork is the Tallapoosa and the northeast fork the Coosa; run your eye up the Tallapoosa for thirty miles and you come to Antosse Creek; continue up the Tallapoosa to the 33rd degree nearly, and you reach Horse Shoe Bend, at the creek, Emuckpa, mark the spot well; this is Tohopeka. Now leave the river and run your eye in a northwesterly direction and you will cross a spot marked Talladega; continuing the same direction you strike the Coosa at Fort Strother; a short distance below this used to be a spot called Ten Islands. A little east of it is a stream called Tallahatches, while nearly between the Tallahatches and the Talladega lies the spot called Hickory Levels. Cast your eye up northwest from Fort Strother and you see Huntsville, and to the west and you see the Black Warrior River; run your eye down the Coosa from Fort Strother and you will come to the Shoals and Fort Williams. At the junction of the Coosa and the Tallapoosa you see Fort Jackson. There formerly stood on this spot the old French Fort Touloose. "Ah Mon Dieu!" will the Frenchmen now say, "we did hold all de country too loose, it is all gone from us now." I wish you to keep these names and situations clearly in mind for I am about to tell of stirring events that occurred in this Muskhogee nation.

CHAPTER XXVI

As soon as possible after Colonel Claiborne arrived at Fort Stoddart he proceeded to distribute his scanty forces as follows: Colonel Carson, with two hundred men, was put in command at Easley Station, at the junction of the Tombecbee and Alabama rivers. Major Beasley, a lawyer of Greenville, Jefferson County, with one hundred and eighty men, took command of Mims' Fort. Captain Scott, with one company, was sent to reenforce the garrison of Fort St. Stephen. Major Thomas Hinds of Jefferson County, with his mounted dragoons was ordered to scour the country and watch for the approach of the enemy. The militia of Washington County were put into various stockades. These preparations were made in the month of August 1813. You will see that the forces were concentrated about the peninsula formed by the Tombecbee and the Alabama. The frontier settlements were all abandoned and the frightened people had fled to the stockades and the forts for protection.

The first gun of the Creek War was fired upon the plains of the Escambia River, on July 27, 1813. It having reached the Americans that McQueen, a Creek warrior, with three hundred men, had gone to Pensacola for ammunition, two respectable gentlemen were sent to reconnoitre and make report. They returned with the information that the Governor of Pensacola had furnished McQueen's party with powder, lead and flints. The Indians made no secret of their intention to use them against us. McQueen was to proceed to Whetstone Hill and there meet a war party from the nation, and the combined forces were to attack our people at once.

As soon as Colonel Caller received the alarming intelligence, he assembled one hundred and thirty militia and put out to intercept McQueen before he reached the Whetstone Hills. Colonel Caller's force came up with the enemy in the low grounds of the Escambia River. The militia fought bravely at the start, but unfortunately, while pushing the retreating Indians, some subordinate officer ordered a retreat. Militia generally do not object to retreating and once they begin to retreat it is rather difficult to stop them. So there it was! We lost two killed and seven or eight wounded and failed of our object.

This was the beginning of the campaign. Four great facts were established. The Indians were hostile; they had declared war; and they were supplied with arms and ammunition from the English by our friends the Spaniards. The latter were either to weak to prevent it or they silently consented to it, and that from a national viewpoint amounts to the same thing.

It is now necessary to describe Mims' Fort. Originally it was a square, with a gate in front and with a gate with a bastion in the rear. It had inside a block house, a dwelling house, kitchen, etc. Major Beasley had enlarged the fort by extending the square fifty feet. He moved the front gate but left the old pickets standing. You will presently see what a terrible blunder this was. In the fort were about one hundred negroes; twenty-four families of men, women and children; and about one hundred and eighty soldiers. Major Beasley's command in the fort consisted of the following companies: Captain H. Middleton's, Captain Painboeuf's, Captain Engle's, and Captain Jack's.

Major Beasley was warned of approaching danger. General Claiborne, by express messengers, exhorted him to be vigilant. A few days later some negroes belonging to a man named McGirt, were sent to his plantation for corn. Three of them were captured by Indians but the fourth escaped and returned with the news. He was not believed but the men were hurried in their preparations. On the next day, James Cornel, who had been out to see the Escambia battle ground, reported that he had seen a large trail of Indians. Scouts were sent out and reported no Indians visible. One of the negroes, belonging to Randon was whipped for giving false information. The others requested to be whipped but Fletcher the master refused to do it. The same negro who had been whipped was sent out again on Monday; again he saw the Indians, but being afraid to return, he went to Pierce's Fort, but alas, it was too late. It is said also that on the morning of the attack, about twenty apparently friendly Indians came into the the fort and told the commander that the Indians would attack the fort in about three days. With all these heavy clouds lowering, it seems that the commander was stricken with an utter military blindness.

The morning of August 30, dawned serenely upon that devoted spot. The men were engaged in the routine of duty; some at work on the fort; but the gate was left open! At ten o'clock Major Beasley dispatched an express to Colonel Claiborne that he could hold the fort against all enemies. Two hours passed on, Randon's negro, as I have stated, had been whipped for giving false information. They wanted to whip Fletcher's also but he had refused to allow it. At last he yielded to their importunities. The poor victim was brought out, when hark! "Indians! Indians!" shouted the sentinel. In a moment sixty Indians with the surprised garrison, rushed pell mell through the open gate! So complete was the surprise that although they had to traverse one hundred and fifty yards of open space before they could reach the fort, yet they were within thirty steps of the fort at eleven o'clock in the morning, before they were noticed. Instantly there burst upon the air that terrible war whoop that curdled the blood of the bravest men; it is a whoop quavered by the rapid striking of the hand on the mouth, while whooping. It is fiercer than the slogan of the Scotch Highlander; more terrible than the Rebel yell or the Union battle shout. When it was heard Mercy folded her arms and Pity sighed farewell. In the savages rushed and crowded to the second picket, which they used as a defense, firing through the port hole on our soldiers.

At the first cry of alarm, Major Beasley rushed toward the gate. He was shot in the bowels; his last order was, "Fall back into the fort; save your ammunition." He staggered into the kitchen and lingered but a short time.

While the Indians were pouring a deadly fire into our soldiers in front, a party attacked the gate in the rear, this they battered down. One party mounted the block house, but were driven back. The Indians brought fire arrows and tried to fire the house. At length horror and consternation were brought to a climax. The women and children had taken refuge in the houses. The kitchen caught on fire; the men were so hard pressed they could not extinguish it; the flames spread from roof to roof, until the whole fort was in a conflagration. Never perhaps, was a more appalling scene witnessed.

The war whoop of the savage; the roar of musketry; the sharp report of rifles; the confused shouts of orders and counter orders; the shrieks of women and children; the roar of flames and the crashing of falling buildings, all combined to make it a scene of horror that no tongue nor pen can describe.

High above the din of the conflict could be heard the commands of the leader chieftain, Weatherford, who vainly tried to stop the carnage. The incarnate demons danced around the flaming buildings mocking the burning victims within. Our men fought with desperate valor; there was no cry for quarter. Spruce Osburn, a young lieutenant of Wilkinson County, although mortally wounded, when they were carrying him within, faintly said, "Take me back to the open where I can see my men fight." Captain Jack of Jefferson County, fought after he had received two wounds and until near the close when he fell. Captain Middleton received five wounds and yet continued in the thickest of the fight until he fell. And so of all that devoted band we might say, "They fought like brave men, long and well, they piled the ground with Indians slain." For six mortal hours the combat raged. The tomahawk, the bullet, the war club, and the flames did their work.

Seventeen desperate men were all that were left of that ill-fated band. It is said that while the combat was raging, some devoted men that knew that all hope was gone, gathered up the arms of their dead comrades and their ammunition, and threw them into the flames, so as to prevent them falling into the hands of the savages. When the scene had nearly closed, these seventeen men charged straight against the savage cordon and cut their way through, led by Captain Bailey and Ensign Chambliss. There were seven commissioned officers, one hundred non-commissioned officers and privates of the Mississippi Volunteers, twenty-five militia, a number of women and children who had fled to the fort for refuge, and a number of negroes, making altogether over two hundred and fifty souls who fell a sacrifice to the demoniac savages, that fatal day. There were but few of the dead who needed graves, for the fire had done them sepulture. Among these was the body of Major Beasley which was devoured by the flames.

CHAPTER XXVII

The seventeen survivors made their way out as well as they could. Fortunately darkness spread its veil over them for it was nearly sundown when the carnage ceased in the fort. Lieutenant Chambliss, though badly wounded, undiscovered, crept beneath a brush pile that caught on fire; some Indians came near the place and sat down awhile and then went away. The stockade at Easley's station and the Camp Mount Vernon, and the Fort Stoddart were already crowded with refugees, men, women, and children from the country, who had fled there for safety.

It was ten o'clock on Tuesday night when the horrible news of the Fort Mims' Massacre reached these places. Never shall I forget the shrieks of mortal anguish that rent the midnight air; the widows and the orphans of an hour; houseless, homeless, fatherless. One poor fellow came in wringing his hands in mortal agony, for on that morning he had a wife and six children, and now he stood in the world alone; all in that brief time had been swept away by the merciless savages. As soon as the news was received at Easley's and at Fort Stoddart, though it was near midnight, the drum beat to arms. The people in wild alarm were hurrying up for departure; every boat, skiff, pirogue, flatboat, and plank that could be extemporized into a raft was brought into requisition. The river was lined that night with all sorts of crafts, bearing their living freight to Mobile; many of them thinly clad, many without food, and all destitute. Those who could not get water transportation took it by land and made the best of their way, some on foot, some in wagons, and some on horseback. Oh, it was a pitiable sight to see the poor fugitives, terror stricken, driven from their homes. Some of them did not stop at Mobile, but continued their flight to this very spot; here they were received with kindness and sympathy, for never have my people turned a deaf ear to the cry of distress. The victorious hero of the hour, Weatherford, as he stood by the smouldering ruins of the fort and saw what a complete victory he had accomplished, felt, no doubt, the exultation of a conqueror. So once did the Great Sun at Natchez, when he looked upon the Chopart pyramid of skulls. It is not known certainly how many Indians were killed at Fort Mims' Massacre, but from the number of Indian graves around the fort subsequently counted, it is thought that the loss was about one hundred and nine killed and fifty wounded. The attack was made by seven hundred and twenty-five Alabamian warriors.

The moral to be deduced from this tragedy, is that ceaseless vigilance is the duty of commanders, and that valor can scarcely save, where remissness gives advantage to an enemy. The infuriated savages, after the Fort Mims' Massacre, scoured the country. They attacked the settlements at all points, drove the hogs into the cornfields, to be fattened for their use and drove off the other stock. Of course the news of this disaster spread a thrill of horror from one end of the country to the other.

Blount was Governor of Tennessee; Peter Early, of Georgia, and Holmes was still our Governor. The Governers of Tennessee and Georgia immediately set about organizing forces. The Legislature of Tennessee called for five thousand volunteers. Twenty-five hundred from West Tennessee were placed under the command of General Jackson, and twenty-five hundred from East Tennessee under General Cook. Twenty-five hundred troops from Georgia were placed under General John Floyd.

I have already mentioned that people when they go to war are not very chary as to whom they take as allies. It was thus with us. Our Choctaw neighbors began to grow uneasy. Mushalatubbe and Pytchlin were both anxious to become our allies, for they said their people were being seduced from neutrality by the villainous Muskhogees. It had come to the pass that we must fight either with the Choctaws or against them, and we very wisely concluded to take them on our side, in this we acted not only wisely, but well. It was lawful for us to fight Indian with Indian, on the homeopathic theory, *similia similibus cur anter*, or rather destructer, as you please; but we took good care to give the article in allopathic doses. This alliance was formed in October. The Cherokees joined us a little later. You thus perceive that the Muskhogees were like "the scorpian girt by fire." Claiborne on the south; the Choctaws on the Black Warrior on the west; Jackson and Cook on the north, and Floyd on the east.

Weatherford had built himself a town on the south bank of the Alabama on the Holy Ground, since the war broke out and called it Ecannachaca; it had two hundred houses. And where was the great Shawnee, Teecumpthee now? One blast from his bugle horn were worth a thousand men. He had sowed the storm and now they were about to reap the whirlwind. Teecumpthee, you know, was born on the Tallapoosa, and his mother was a Muskhogee, while his father was a Shawnee. He therefore, in addressing the Creeks was like McGregor—"he stood upon his native heath," and spoke to his own people.

He was true to his promise. On October 5, 1813, at the battle of the Thames, ere the storm had burst with its full fury upon the devoted Creeks, the great chieftain had fallen in the midst of piles of slain. It matters not who had killed him. The reputation of it placed one in the chair of Vice-President of the United States, the victory placed another in the Presidential chair. Teecumpthee's last speech was full of bitter reproach to General Proctor, the British General who was his ally. It was delivered at Amherstburg, a small town in the peninsula between Lakes St. Clair and Erie, near Detroit River, just seventeen days before the battle of the Thames.

He spoke in behalf of the Indian chiefs and warriors. He taunted General Proctor with bad faith. He implored him not to retreat and leave the Red man alone. He begged him if he did leave, at least to let the Red man have the arms and ammunition; with indignant sarcasm, he told the British general "that his conduct was like that of a fat animal that carries its tail upon its back, but when affrighted, drops it between its legs and runs off." He closed with the following moving expostulation.

"Father, you have the arms and ammunition which our Great Father sent for his Red children. If you have an idea of going away, give them to us, and you may go and welcome from us. Our lives are in the hands of the Great Spirit. We are determined to defend our lands, and if it be his will, we wish to leave our bones upon them." This speech was found in General Proctor's baggage after the battle of the Thames. It was the last sigh of the patriot chieftain. His one hundred warriors fought with desperation, six white men and twenty-two Indians lay dead in the compass of twenty yards of the spot where he fell. The story is that Colonel Johnson was wounded five times; that he was riding a white horse in the thickest of the fight; that his horse was shot under him and that an athletic Indian rushed at him with his tomahawk raised. Johnson, with great presence of mind, drew his pistol and fired and the Indian fell dead, It was not known at the moment who it was. Days afterwards the body was indentified as that of Teecumpthee.

There was a grave satisfaction in beholding the corpse of our great, but mortal enemy. He looked majestic, even in death. He died as warriors in a lost cause love to die, with his front to the foe. He saw enough and knew full well that the English had lured them to their ruin, and that they were now about to desert them. On the banks of the Thames, in a foreign soil, far from his home and kindred, his remains repose. "No voice shall awake them to glory again." His race has passed away, but as long as Indian legends are repeated this wonderful offspring of the Muskhogees and Shawnees, will live in story as perhaps the greatest of his race; great in speech; great in action; and great in the concentrated hatred that he bore to the white race of America; and for that he fell, never to rise again. The stars looked as softly down upon that battlefield as they have done upon, many a one since; friend and foe side by side, no longer enemies. We leave the great chieftain there, lying in his glory bed and turn steps homeward to recount some of the events of the war that he had fomented by his matchless powers of oratory. Great men may die, but the power of their talents or genius mould and control the affairs of the world long after their bones have crumbled into dust.

CHAPTER XXVIII

At the very hour that the lack-lustre eye of Teecumpthee was closed on the banks of the Thames, The Sharp Knife and Pointed Arrow, as the Indians called General Jackson, was gathering his host for the overthrow of the Muskhogee nation. He reached Huntsville before October 10. On that day he began his march into the Creek country with two thousand picked volunteers. He ordered Brigadier General Coffee to sweep around the borders of the Black Warrior with his regiment of mounted riflemen and disperse any of the enemy he might find in that quarter.

The difficulties were very great, in those roadless times, for the march of an army. Jackson pushed on as rapidly as he could and reached the Coosa at Fort Strother, a little above the place called Ten Islands, about the last of October. Coffee, who had performed the detour above discribed, here joined him. Learning that a large force of the enemy were at Tallushatches, a village eight miles southeast of Camp Ten Islands, General Coffee was ordered to attack them with nine hundred men. He crossed the Coosa on November 2, at Fish Dam Ford and proceeded toward their village. When within a mile and a half of it he ordered Colonel Allcorn to approach and encircle the town on the right, while Colonel Cannon, accompanied by General Coffee, made a detour on the left; the two columns were to meet in front of the town.

Captain Hammond and Lieutenant Patterson precipitated the attack. They feigned retreat and the Indians rushed to their charge, but they were met by the main body and driven back. They fought desperately, as long as they could stand or sit, and they asked no quarter. The warriors would fire their guns and not taking time to reload would shoot with their bows and arrows. Finally they were driven back into their houses and there the most heart rending scenes occurred. Our men could not distinguish the warriors from the women and children, so some of the latter fell. General Coffee and our men saw this with deep regret, but inexorable necessity is the law of war and it could not be avoided. Brigadier General Coffee stated that every warrior was killed with two hundred beside. Eighty-four prisoners, principally women and children, were captured. Our losses amounted to five killed and forty-one wounded.

This battle of the Tallushatches may be called the beginning of the ending of the great Muskhogee nation. General Jackson announced the victory to Governor Blount of Tennessee, in the following characteristic manner:

"We have retaliated for the destruction of Fort Mims. On November 2, I detached General Coffee, with a part of his brigade of cavalry and riflemen, to destroy Tallushatches, where a considerable force of hostile Creeks were concentrated. The General executed this in style. If we had a sufficient supply of provisions, we should, in a very short time, accomplish the object of the expedition." But the postscript contains a very interesting piece of news for us. It reads thus:

"P. S. Seventeen Cherokees, under the command of Colonel Brown, acted with great bravery in the action. Two of Chenubby's sons and Jim Fife of the Natchez tribe, also distinguished themselves. One of the Creek prophets is killed."

How strange and mutable are the affairs of this life, for here we see the last of the Natchez side-by-side with the destroyers of his nation, fighting against his own race. While it stirs in our hearts a feeling of gratitude, there is one thing that gives us pain. We could never write an epic poem out of such names as Chenubby and Jim Fife. The muse of poetry, though bridled and saddled and ridden by the author of Hiawatha himself, would stumble and fall at such uneuphonious names. The British poet, Southey, once had the same difficulty, when he met with the name Tipperary, but he shied around by calling it that sequestered town for whose name, no rhyme could be found. So I nevertheless and notwithstanding, here weave a chaplet and fling it around your brows, you Chenubby's sons and Jim Fife, the last of the Natchez, for the sake of the name of the tribe you bear, and for the memory of your ancestors. To be praised by such a man as Andrew Jackson, is one step at least, toward immortal fame.

Scarcely had Coffee returned to Camp Ten Island from this expedition, and rested his men, when Jackson was aroused by an Indian runner giving the startling news that a body of friendly Indians in a fort called Lashley (Talledega) were in great jeopardy, for an overwhelming hostile Creek force was encamped near and was about to attack them; that unless they were relieved quickly they would be destroyed. This news was received on the night of November 7, the place was thirty miles distant, and before the morning dawned Jackson's entire disposable force was on the march. He dispatched orders for General White to hurry by a forced march, to the Ten Islands, for its protection. Jackson immediately crossed the river and had marched some distance when, at midnight he received a letter from General White telling him that he had altered his course and could not come. This, of course, perplexed Jackson for a moment, but he determined to continue his march. The enemy were encamped within a quarter of a mile of Lashley's Fort and no time was to be lost. At sunrise his forces were within half a mile of the enemy. Jackson formed his men and moved on in battle order. The infantry in three lines, the militia on the left and the volunteers on the right, both wings flanked by cavalry, who were ordered to advance in a curve and envelope the enemy.

The advance guard brought on the engagement and fell back slowly. The Indians pursued until they came in contact with our main body; the fight was progressing well when by some blunder, the militia, thought they were ordered to fall back; this was on our left and created some confusion. Fortunately, at the moment, Colonel Dyer dismounted his cavalry and filled up the vacancy. The militia rallied, reformed and fought well. The fire now ran along the entire line. The Indians were unable to stand it and began to retreat, but they were met at every turn and it soon became a route; the right wing chased them three miles to the mountain and but for the blunder of the militia it is probable the whole Indian army would have been destroyed. Dyer's cavalry being dismounted were prevented from pursuing and cutting down the fugitives.

But the victory of Talledega was very decisive. Two hundred and ninety warriors lay dead upon the field and the trails of blood showed that many had been wounded.

Among the trophies of victory was a standard bearing the Spanish cross. Jackson spoke proudly to his men. He even excused the militia and praised them for rallying so promptly after they had retreated. This was the second victory of the Creek War and I believe the first great battle in which Jackson was in personal command. And well might he be proud, for it was the glory of his life and the secret of his success, that he never put off or delayed when he had work to do. Prompt, decisive, energetic, he struck like the thunderbolt of Jove. This was illustrated in the battle of Talledega. Most commanders receiving such news on that night of the seventh would have put off the march until the morning, and then it would have been too late. Not so, Jackson; he marched against the enemy, whipped them, and was back again at Ten Island Camp before an ordinary general would have started.

On November 11, he was in camp, as he expressed it, giving an account of his recent excursion to General Blount. As General White had failed to come up, he, Jackson, was compelled to return to Camp Ten Islands, to protect his baggage, his wounded and his sick. From this time he gave the name Fort Strother, to the place. It is a classic spot for on this pivot Jackson turned while he struck down his savage enemy.

Let me tell you a story that illustrates Jackson's promptness and presence of mind even in domestic affairs. Although he was a childless man he was very fond of children. It happened that one of his young pets, was very ill with croup, a disease that is very rapid and violent. The child was about to strangle. The doctor called for hot water immediately; the family were running to and fro to get the teakettle to heat the water. Jackson knew at a glance that the process was too slow. He caught up a bucket of water, rushed with it to the fireplace, jerked a red hot stone out of the chimney, soused it into the water, and in a moment it was boiling hot. The remedy was administered and the child relieved; his promptness saved her. We shall soon have occasion to relate how he afterwards saved a great city, by the same decision of character and promptness of action.

CHAPTER XXIX

While Jackson was dealing his heavy blows upon the enemy from the pivot of Fort Strother, General Cook was operating from Fort Armstrong, situated near the junction of the Chattuga and the Coosa, in what was called later Cherokee County, Alabama. On November 11, just three days after the battle of Talledega, he dispatched Brigadier General James White on a missionary tour to teach the savages of the Hillabee towns how to respect Christians. White was accompanied by a few Cherokees, under Colonel Gideon Morgan. His march was through dangerous defiles and difficult roads. He fell in with and captured five hostile Creeks, supposed to be spies. He burned the town of Oakfeeskie. He destroyed another town called Genalga, of ninety-three houses, by fire. Reaching the little town of Nitty Chlepton, of twenty-five houses, he saved it for future use. From these he marched directly to the Hillabee town of twenty houses, near which was Grayson's farm. As he approached the town he learned that there was a considerable force of Creeks in it. Having marched within six miles of the town, on November 17, he dismounted a part of his force under Colonel Burch, with the Cherokees under Morgan, to surround the town in the night and attack it on the morning of the 18th.

Owing to the darkness, they did not reach the place until daylight, but the surprise was so complete that the town was surrounded and the entire number were either captured or killed. There were three hundred and sixteen of whom sixty were killed and the remainder taken prisoners; the most remarkable part of the attack was that it cost us not one drop of blood. The village was destroyed. It was near this spot that the Red Sticks had been distributed. They were to the savages what the Fiery Cross was to the Highlanders of Scotland, which summoned the clansmen to the battlefield. General White, with his troops and prisoners, returned to Fort Armstrong, but as his horses were without forage and it was very wet and the roads very bad, he did not get back until November 24th. But it must be remembered that he had traveled upwards of a hundred miles and back.

This closed the third victory; it was the most remarkable battle of which I have ever heard in that so many of the enemy were killed while we lost not one drop of blood. It can be accounted for only upon the supposition that the Red Devils had lost heart and did not fight with their accustomed bravery.

We now pass around another step in our cordon. On November 29th, just eleven days after the destruction of the Hillabee towns by General White, General John Floyd attacked the Creeks at the Autessee town and gained the fourth decisive victory of the campaign. This town lies on the southern bank of the Tallapoosa, eighteen miles from the Hickory Grounds. It was called the Beloved Grounds of the Creeks and the prophet had proclaimed that no white man could approach it without inevitable destruction; the warriors from eight towns were assembled for its defense. General Floyd began his march from his camp west of the Chattahoochee with nine hundred and fifty Georgia militia and three or four hundred friendly Indians.

He encamped within nine miles of the town on November 28th; at one o'clock the following morning he resumed his march. Broth's battalion, composed the right column and marched from its center; Watson's battalion composed the left; Adam's rifle company and Merriwether's under Lieutenant Hendon, were on the flanks; Captain Thomas' artillery marched in front of the right column on the road. The intention was to surround the town completely, but when the morning mist cleared away Floyd discovered to his astonishment that another town lay in the valley not five hundred yards below. The plan of attack was changed immediately. Three companies of infantry were wheeled to the left in Ocheblow and accompanied by Merriwether's rifle company and two companies of light dragons, under Irwin and Steele, moved to attack the lower town.

The battle soon became general; the Indians fought at every point with desperate bravery. They were inspired by the fanatic belief that their beloved ground was enchanted. But bravery could not withstand the fire of artillery and the bayonet. They were forced back to the outhouses and caves in the rear of the town which had been made for their retreat in the high bluffs of the river, and which were thickly covered with cane and brushwood.

Our Indian allies were to have crossed the river and cut off their retreat but the ford was impassable. They were thereupon thrown across Canlabee Creek and were on the flank to cut off fugitives from Tallassee. It was difficult to hold these Indians under restraint and they thronged our rear in disorder. The Cowetas, under McIntosh, the Toakabatcheans, under Mad Dog's son, fell in our flank and fought with great intrepidity. By nine o'clock the enemy was driven from the plains; four hundred houses of the beloved ground were wrapped in flames; two hundred warriors lay dead upon the field, and how many wounded dragged off their lacerated limbs was never known. And there, too, fell Indian royalty. The King of the Autessee and the King of the Tallassee fell as kings ought to fall, fighting for their country and their crowns. Our loss was but eleven killed and fifty-four wounded; among the number of badly wounded was General Floyd himself. Also the loss of several friendly Indians. The troops deserved the highest praise for their fortitude, having marched one hundred and twenty miles in seven days, enduring hunger, cold and fatigue, without a murmur.

General Floyd could not retain the post on account of a lack of provisions, so after burying his dead and providing for the wounded, he returned to his camp west of the Chattahoochee which he reached on December 4th, following. The Georgia papers were jubilant over this victory and announced that the "massacre at Tensas is avenged." This is explained when I tell you the tribe of Indians called the Tensas once lived on the ground where stood Fort Mims. The Tensas, or rather the remnant, subsequently moved to Louisiana and settled in the parish that now bears their name. Throughout the parish in the lowlands, are scattered mounds, built, no doubt, for the double purpose of burying their dead and keeping themselves and papooses dry in high water times.

These old eyes of mine have looked across the river when it was a solid sheet of water twenty-five or thirty miles wide, with here and there an Indian mound peeping out like little Arrarats, in the vast ocean of water. The high waters usually come in the spring with the forest in full foliage and the flowers in full bloom, and the country most wonderously beautiful; the clusters of vines as they hung in blossom; the arches and colonades in endless and fantastic variety, charmed the beholder, and made him forget for awhile the desolation that follows in the track of an overflow.

The next blow upon the heads of the Creeks, was on December 1, from the Black Warrior and this was dealt by one of their own race. As has been stated we had already formed an alliance with the Choctaws, on the principle of fighting fire with fire. Mushalatubbe's captains, the Talking Warrior and the Old Leader with a small force made an attack on the Creek towns on the Black Warrior and their first trophies were the scalps of four Creek Warriors. The Christian's trophies are battle flags. I confess this thing of scalping is not to my taste. It is a barbarous way of cutting hair that is peculiar to our North American Indians. I have seen their wampums hung with scalps nicely done up like silk fringes on a lady's mantle. We tried to get the Indians to stop it, but *de questibus non disputandum.* They would hack off the skull caps of their enemies in spite of all remonstrances. (Here the Landslide revels in a digression on the then prevailing style of hair-dressing among the women, He said:)

"It is possible that if the present style of hair dressing among the ladies had then been in fashion, we might have squashed the scalping practice. In the first place about three scalps would have loaded down the stoutest warrior, so that after a battle they would have been compelled to detail at least two thirds of their forces to carry the trophies of victory or get baggage wagons for the purpose, and as they had neither wagons nor roads they would have taken the matter under serious consideration. But, if in addition to the bulky inconvenience they had held a war dance and flourished them around as large as Canadian horse tails, and if in the sequel they had discovered that they had been barking up the wrong tree, that it was neither mohair not horse hair, but counterfeit bark hair, they would have grunted out their peculiar contemptuous 'UGH!' pitched them in the fire and eschewed scalping forever.

"I have a theory about this chignon style that has come to us from the middle of Africa. It is that if the young and beautiful were to adopt the simple style of taste that springs from the poetic notion "beauty unadorned is adorned the most," our devotion might rise to idolatry. It is therefore, to keep down this excessive adoration our beauties disfigure, as much as they can, that noble part, the crowning glory of man or woman, where intellect is supposed to dwell, and where innocence reposes."

The Landslide was proceeding to dilate on this theme when he felt a whack of chignon bark across his eyes that so blinded him he was forced to stop. In the conflict he lost his wig, and while he was groping about for it he heard a silvery laugh and a musical voice saying."If the lords of creation, and judges at that, crown their bald heads with wigs and envelope their mouths, *a la terriers*, with moustaches, I don't see why we should not cap our climax with the chignon."

The Landslide deserved a whacking for he who runs tilt against a prevailing fashion, no matter how ridiculous it may be, must inevitably share the fate of the Knight of La Mancha when he charged the windmill, he is certain to get the worst of the conflict.

CHAPTER XXX

I am tired of crossing the Creeks, and so probably are you, but I doubt whether you or I are as much fatigued as were the old volunteers of that day, in the Creek nation. We left Colonel Claiborne in his cantonments at Mount Vernon, after the massacre of Fort Mims. He was burning to avenge the outrage, but General Flournoy would not give the order to advance, although Claiborne begged him to do so. Flournoy's reason was that it was better to keep his forces well in hand near the seacoast, to be ready to repel a threatened British invasion. It was not until November 13, nearly three and half months after the famous massacre, that Claiborne was ordered to march up the Alabama River to Weatherford's Bluff. Here he erected a stockade fort, block houses, and a half moon battery to command the river. His object in this was to protect supplies and provisions that had been ordered there for Jackson's army. On November 25, he was joined by Colonel Russell, with the third regiment of United States infantry, Major Henry Chotard being Chief-of-Staff. Then arose the question, shall we attack Weatherford at the Holy Grounds or not?

Many and serious were the objections made to it. In the first place our troops had not been paid and were poorly clad. The place was one hundred and twenty miles away and there were no roads. It was in the beginning of the winter rainy season. So strong were the objections that nine captains, eight lieutenants and five ensigns, signed a memorial against the proposed expedition. Claiborne determined to make the trial. The moment the order was given the objectors gave in without a murmur, as good soldiers ought to do and obeyed cheerfully, and even with alacrity. In that little army were three young men whose names I will mention again, because in after years two of them, Gerard C. Brandon, and Abram Scott, in succession, became the Governors of the State of Mississippi.

The march was begun in the dead of winter on December 13, without tents and with but a scant supply of clothes. They do say they bore their privations heroically, and I believe it. The march continued over eighty miles, until December 22nd. At this point Claiborne learned that the town called Eccanachaca or Holy Ground, was only thirty miles off. He learned further that a large body of Indians had concentrated there and that the hero of Fort Mims, Weatherford, the most desperate of all Indian fighters, was in command. This man Weatherford was a half breed; he had the white man's intellect and nobility of soul grafted on to the Indian ferocity and courage. There was also the prophet Francis, the fanatic, who taught the jerks of the Great Spirit. There was also another prophet, the son of a Choctaw, named Singuister, and in addition, three Shawnees, links left by Teecumpthee. On learning these things Colonel Claiborne halted and built a stockade fort for his heavy baggage and sick.

On the morning of December 22, he resumed his march through the trackless woods. He reached the spot on the twenty-third just two days before the Merry Christmas Day. The Lester Guards and Wells' Dragoons acted as a corps of reserve. The troops advanced in three columns as follows: The right column being twelve months Mississippi Volunteers, under Colonel Joseph Carson; the center under Lieutenant Russell, third regiment of the United States; Colonel Claiborne accompanied this division. The left composed of militia and the Choctaws of Pushmataha, commanded by Major Smoot. The right under Colonel Carson first reached the town.

The Indians were apprised of our approach and attacked Carson with impetuosity. Fortunately his men stood the onset bravely and repulsed them. Indian battles seem to be alike; they rush wildly into the charge; and if they recoil they cannot retreat in order. Thus it was here, Colonel Carson had routed the Indians completely and was driving them from the field before the center and left had come into action. These, however, joined in the pursuit. Thirty warriors were left dead upon the field and among them the three Shawnees. Weatherford fought like a demon. When he found all was lost, he mounted his war horse and with his rifle, dashed toward the river bank. They say he jumped a ditch twenty feet wide (but I don't believe the half of it) and plunged headlong down the bluff into the Alabama River. Holding his rifle over his head he was borne by his noble horse safely across and as he ascended the bank on the farther side, the vanquished but not the subdued chieftain, raised the war whoop and disappeared in the thicket.

Our loss was (I was about to say trifling; but the loss of one man cannot be trifling in the sight of God, he who notes a sparrow's fall) one corporal killed, one ensign, two sergeants, one corporal and two privates wounded. A pursuit was ordered, but as the town was surrounded by low swamps and deep ravines, the enemy easily escaped. They had moved their women and children, across the river and had barely time to do it. We found in the town large amounts of provisions and stores, these we burnt with the town, which consisted of two hundred houses. Among the distinguished was Lieutenant Calvit, of the Coles' Creek neighborhood; the noble fellow died in the bloom of life after his return. Colonel Claiborne destroyed another town eight miles above, of fifty houses and killed three Indians of some distinction, the flower of nobility almost always falls in sustaining a failing cause.

Our troops spent the Merry Christmas season on the untented field, in freezing weather and the smouldering ruins of a town that, as it were, had been born and died in a day. It was but three months old. Pushmataha took great satisfaction in helping to destroy it. He, you know, claimed the same sort of birth as Minerva, who, they say sprung full armed from the bosom of Jove. Pushmataha claimed the same sort of paternity, for his account of his birth was that a thunderbolt struck an oak tree, and he, Pushmataha, sprung out full manned, just as he was. It is rather strange that two such similar ideas should spring up thousands of years and thousands of miles apart. Colonel Claiborne, after inflicting this heavy blow, and gaining the fifth victory, returned to his camp at Weatherford's Bluff, which he called Fort Claiborne.

There, on New Year's Day, 1814, proud of his achievement and his men, he wrote to General Armstrong, Secretary of War, and told him how and what he had done. The volunteers, whose time had lapsed, were on their way to Mount Vernon to be mustered out. How happy is the homeward bound soldier after the battles are over. So closed, to the Creeks, the year 1813. Victorious in but one battle and badly vanquished in five; beaten by Coffee at Tallushatches, by Jackson at Talledega, by White at Hillabee, by Floyd at Autessee, by Pushmataha on the Black Warrior, and lastly by Claiborne at Eccanachaca. Those of you who choose may compare concurrent events. At this very time Napoleon was going through his political death throes, with all Europe banded against him.

Elsewhere in our land our successes were various on land and sea, but others have told you about them better than can I. In this our dark little corner, the events we have been narrating were so unimportant that they scarcely created a ripple in the history of the great world, but though they were insignificant to others, they were a great thing to us. When our boys went out to war we wept; when we welcomed them back, we rejoiced; and when, in the midnight watches, the low wail of Poe's raven broke the stillness of the night with "nevermore," we bowed the head with "Father, thy will be done," a prayer in which the spirit of resignation struggles to subdue the feeling of rebellion in the heart, against the decrees of God. Among the things taken in victory was a remarkable document found in the house of Weatherford. This document was a letter from the Governor of Pensacola to the Creeks. It was dated Pensacola, September 29, 1813, nearly one month after the Mims' massacre.

The Governor acknowledges the receipt of their letter of August and congratulates them on their victory. He had sent their request for arms to the Governor of Havana, but as yet had, had no reply, but hopes that he will send them and then he will let them know. He thanks them for the warriors they offer to assist him to retake Mobile, but declines at present, because his government is at peace with the United States. He assures them that Mobile does not belong to the Americans, because they didn't take it in war, but purchased it from the miserable officer, destitute of honor, who commanded there and who delivered it without authority, by which reason the sale of that place is null and void. He hopes the Americans will restore it, because nobody can dispose of a thing that is not his own property. The Spanish have not lost their right to it, and he hopes therefore, that his friends, the gentlemen Creeks, will not put into execution their project to burn the town since these houses and properties do not belong to Americans but to true Spaniards. He gives some presents and remains forever their father and friend.

Manxique.

From this you see the Spanish claim was a sort of insurance policy against fire by the Indians.

Should the Tale of the Landslide ever reach the Mobilians, it may wake them up and set them to looking over their title papers. Here we have the Spanish Don Manxique pronouncing the sale null and void and he apparently gives good reasons, if you admit his premises, that if a man hasn't a right to a thing, he certainly cannot sell it. Mobile, however, may be saved by prescription; in law prescription cures, I wish I could say as much of prescriptions in medicine.

Let me tell you, by illustration, what is meant by prescription in law. Set your building on the extremest verge of the bank of a river; the slightest cave would topple it over, but the current, as it flows by, begins to form a bar; a year passes and one more year and the bar increases, in a few years vegetation springs up, and ultimately land high and dry is formed in front and your once toppling building becomes secure on a foundation as solid as the everlasting hills. It is thus with prescription on titles; the current of time as it sweeps by adds grain by grain to the title, until it becomes perfect and irreversible. Sometime it is fixed at sixty, sometimes at thirty, and sometimes at ten years. It is based upon the very sensible idea that when a man openly occupies a place it is presumable that if another had a right to it he would let it be known at once, and if no one does so, the law presumes the continuous occupant to be the rightful owner. On the whole I think Mobile is safe in spite of the claim put forth by Don Manxique.

CHAPTER XXXI

I told you that in the little army that was marching to attack Holy Ground, there were three young men just then in the dawn of manhood. Two of these were, Gerard C. Brandon and Abram Scott, each of whom afterwards served as governor of the state of Mississippi. These two filled high and responsible positions, and it will be my province to tell you of their careers at the proper time. The third of the trio had a life so full of vicissitude that his story is more like a romance than a reality.

Once a young gentleman and lady, natives of Natchez, were taking a partial European tour. They happened to meet and were wandering together in the city of Versailles, in the Salle de Croisade, the hall in which each of the renowned knights of the Crusaders has a tablet to his memory. Both of the travelers "were young, and one was beautiful"; each had the genius to appreciate the true object and value of foreign travel, and each was gathering treasures of useful knowledge.

They had wandered along and looked upon the names of Tancred, Godfred of Buillen, and other far-famed Crusaders of seven hundred years ago. They were looking wistfully from tablet to tablet, when suddenly their eyes fell upon a name in the knightly group, a name that instantaneously wafted their thoughts over the ocean to their native bluffs of Natchez. The tablet that wrought this great change in their minds was a field of red in which were grouped three white daisies, and beneath them on the scroll was inscribed "Chotard, Ancenis, Chotard, Knight of the Town of Aucrus on the Loire." The young man, who was an artist, made a sketch of this that found its way to this far-off land.

The descendant of this Crusader knight was in after time appointed by King Louis of France, governor, in which capacity he acted as Viceroy of the Island of San Domingo. His family continued to rule in the island for many years. Time passed on, and a spark from that terrible conflagration, the French Revolution of 1790, fell upon the island and lit the flames of a horrible war, a war of races in which the blacks outnumbered the whites.

Under the mad cry of "Liberty! equality! fraternity!" the great foundations of society were broken up. Humanity stood appalled at the saturnalia of crime perpetrated on the once beautiful island. One of the descendants of the Chotard family succeeded in escaping by a merciful providence, with his children, from the frightful massacre. He reached this hospitable shore in 1803, when New Orleans was but a little town, and Natchez but a village, but he came as a wrecked mariner. He stood with his little children around him and looked back at a desolate home, a ruined country, and a broken fortune.

There stood by the side of the unfortunate refugee a brave boy of sixteen. Bereft, as he was, of any friendly aid, he was forced to strike out for himself, and full nobly he sustained the effort. He chose the military for his profession, and at the age of twenty-one he received his commission as captain in the regular army of the United States. Thus, the young Captain Henry Chotard, as Chief of Staff of Russell's regiment of regulars, was on the march and at the battle of Eccanachaca.

Now is it not something of a romance that not only the Crusader of that name, of seven centuries ago, should have been distinguished for his deeds of prowess in trying to rescue the Holy Land from the infidel Moslem, but also another Chotard, of the same heroic blood, here in this western world, should be marching through the wilderness to rescue another Holy Ground from savage barbarians? The latter engaged in a more sensible, if not a more righteous, cause than that of his illustrious ancestor. He stood by Claiborne's side, on that momentous day, and gave him the meed of praise that he most justly deserved. He gave to the noble body of volunteers due credit for the victory and seemed far above the little jealousies that so often exist between the officers of the regular army and those of the volunteers.

I must now anticipate the regular narrative of events a few years in order to finish the personal portrait.

Captain Chotard, as adjutant-general under General Jackson, formed the line of battle on glorious January 8, 1815, when New Orleans was saved. When the history of its sublime achievement is written, well might he place upon his escutcheon, "*Quorum pars fui.*" He was promoted to the rank of major by brevet. He continued in the service until 1818, when he resigned and retired to the shades of private life. In the domestic circle he lived a model of purity; in his intercourse with the world he blended politeness, so natural to his French lineage—with a manly courtesy. He passed into the sunset of life, with the disc low on the horizon, without an enemy, and with many, many friends. His feeble voice gave blessing that sprung from his affectionate heart, as he whispered, "I can't be with you long, my friend," and so one more of the old warriors passed away.

Four score and three years had passed since he first saw the light of San Domingo's sun. My brain fairly reels when I try to group the mighty events that convulsed the world in that epoch; the war of our Revolution; the birth of our Nation; the terrible upheaval of the French Revolution; the rise and fall and death of Napoleon; the war of 1812-15; the war with Mexico; the mighty convulsion of our country, in which millions of treasure were spent, human hecatombs slaughtered, and constitutional liberty destroyed. The old veteran passed through wars enough to welcome "the beat of the last tattoo."

We can turn from this sombre rehearsal to a brighter one. He saw the birth of controlled steam and its mighty workings; the sunlight taught to paint; the earth circled with a cable, vibrating with intelligence in every strand, he saw the village of Natchez grow to a city; the town of New Orleans to a great metropolis; the beginning of the reign of King Cotton, as well as his downfall. He followed three generations to the grave, the Indian passed away almost entirely, and the Cross raised over all the earth. His fourscore years and three, were lived during a mighty epoch in the world's history.

Of those companions of this grand old man who stood by his side at the battles of the Holy Ground and New Orleans, there was Michael Trimble, a venerable patriarch of Jefferson County, whose story of those old days I have read and will some day repeat to you. Another was Joseph Sample, whose last years were spent upon the banks of Bayou Terrebonne. To these and to the few who outlived those trying days, I trust the decline of life was as gentle as their lives were honorable. As they passed to the spirit land, and met their old comrades in arms, may the Lethean waters have washed from their remembrance, those bitter days forever.

CHAPTER XXXII

Notwithstanding the crushing victories falling in such rapid succession, the Creeks still held out and continued the unequal struggle. The reason of this was that the British fleet was in the Gulf of Mexico and was sending supplies of arms and ammunition through the neutral ports of Florida. This made us very angry with the Spaniards.

In the beginning of the winter of 1814, Jackson was at Fort Strother; Floyd at Camp Defiance, forty-eight miles west of Chattahoochee, and Claiborne, with a reduced force, at Weatherford's Bluffs, or Fort Claiborne.

Jackson had under him a force of 920 men, exclusive of Indians. In this force was an artillery company, with one six-pounder. He wisely concluded that, as the men had in great part volunteered or enlisted for a short term, and were disposed to be discontented in camp, it was better to give them what he called an excursion, though it was by no means a pleasure excursion.

He learned that, about fifty miles to the southeast of Fort Strother, the Indians had concentated in great force and fortified themselves at a spot called Tohopeka, in what we call Horse Shoe Bend, on the Tallapoosa. He determined to make a demonstration on the place and thus hold the Indians in check from any attack on Floyd. He took up his line of march on January 17, 1814, and when he reached Fort Talledega, he was joined by two or three hundred friendly Indians, sixty-five of whom were Cherokees and the balance Creeks.

He reached the Hillabee village, Eutocpapco, about twelve miles from Emuckfaw, on January 20, and encamped. Here the situation was critical. He soon discovered that his spies were ignorant of the whereabouts of the enemy; his raw recruits were disposed to be insubordinate, and his officers were inexperienced, although they had the necessary fighting quality. He had his old guard, a company of the old volunteer officers, and his spies, in all about one hundred and twenty-five veterans.

On the morning of January 21, he marched directly towards Tohopeka. About two o'clock his spies caught sight of two Indians, but could not capture them. In the evening he fell upon a large trail and newly-made road, much beaten and lately traveled. He encamped for the night on the Emuckfaw, but knowing the dangerous proximity of the enemy, he took the precaution to select a good site, camped in a hollow square, double-manned his picket guard and sentinels, and adopted the further precaution of encircling his camp with lighted log heaps outside of his sentinel posts. They, thus being in the dark, could see any of the enemy prowling towards the camp.

At ten o'clock a solitary gun was fired, and one Indian was sent to the spirit land; he was found dead the next day. The picket fired upon three, but only one was killed.

At eleven o'clock the spies brought the news that a large body of the enemy was only three miles off. They were whooping the war whoop and dancing the war dance.

At six o'clock before the morning's dawn the enemy attacked Jackson's left flank. Coffee and Carroll and Sittler rushed to the lines and by their presence encouraged the left to hold steady. The fighting continued for half an hour. The left wing, being somewhat weakened, was reenforced by Ferrill's company, led by General Coffee and supported by Colonel Higgins. And as soon as it was light enough they pursued the Indians on that flank for about two miles, the friendly Indians joining in the chase. The enemy was routed with great slaughter.

Jackson had issued an order that the enemy's camp should be burned, but, on learning that it was fortified, he ordered the artillery to be quartered there. While Coffee, who had returned to camp, was about to move for this purpose, firing was heard on Jackson's right, and the order was suspended. Coffee asked for two hundred men to reenforce the right wing. The order was given, but only fifty-four followed him, mostly old volunteer officers. With these he plunged into the left flank of the enemy, while Jackson ordered two hundred friendly Indians to assist Coffee.

Matters turned out just as Jackson had anticipated. The attack on his right was a feint. The Indians expected he would rush his forces to the point attacked, and then they were going to repeat the attack and also press his left while the forces were in disorder. The Indians intended to chase them and later strike them in the rear but were disappointed. They found the left flank ready. The alarm gun was fired and Jackson hurried to the spot with his reserve under Colonel Farrell. The entire line met the enemy with cool intrepidity. They gave them a few fires and then charged; the enemy were taken by surprise; they met disciplined firmness where they had expected disorder. They were taken aback, they wavered, and at last, they precipitately fled. The gallant left wing, under Carroll and Higgins, with our friendly Indians, pursued them for some distance.

In the meantime, General Coffee was hotly pressed on the right. The Indians who had been ordered to his support, went back to our left when they heard the firing there. As soon, however, as the enemy were routed Jackson ordered Jim Fife (our Natchez boy Indian), with one hundred warriors, to assist General Coffee on the left. No sooner did he reach the ground than the order was given to charge, and the enemy were routed on this, as they had been on the other, flank. They were pursued three miles, and forty-five were left dead upon the field. The gallent General Coffee, whose name in every fight seemed a synonym of victory, was wounded in the body; his Aid-de-Camp, A. Donaldson, together with three others, fell, never to rise again. Thus closed the first event of the excursion called the Battle of Emuckfaw.

Jackson abandoned the idea of destroying the enemy's empty encampment, but fortified his own camp for the night, and determined to retrace his steps to Fort Strother. He was hampered with his wounded; his horses were starving; his supplies for his men were scarce. If he returned, the Indians would construe it as a retreat and follow, and this would be a diversion in favor of Floyd.

He commenced his return march on January 23rd, at half past ten, passed through a dangerous defile, and reached Enotachopee before night. Here he again fortified his camp for the night. He marched in fighting order next day, avoiding a dangerous ford where he thought he would be attacked. He marched down a clear ridge toward Enotachopee Creek. The front guards were over, the wounded had passed, the artillery was in the act of entering the creek, when hark! What was that? An alarm gun?

Jackson was perfectly cool; it was just what he had expected. He took it for granted his men would meet the danger as calmly as himself, but he was mistaken.

Colonel Carroll was in command of the rear guard. He gave the order to halt and form. Jackson's idea was to pivot on this, recross the creek above and below, with right and left flanks, and envelope the enemy. Great was his astonishment to see the right and left of the rear guard fire a few rounds and then fly. It brought consternation and confusion into the center. A few of the rear guard, stood firm. The artillery under Lieutenant Armstrong, Captain Deadvick being ill, and Russell's company of spies stemmed the torrent and saved our army from total destruction. Armstrong dragged his six-pounder to a commanding position and fired. He was about to reload, when, lo! it was found that in unlimbering, her rammer and pick had been left behind. Just then Craven Jackson, a gunner, deliberately pulled his ramrod out of his musket, used it as a pick and primed with a cartridge, while Constantine Perkins used his musket for a rammer. They extemporized with these expedients in the midst of a galling fire from an enemy ten times their force. They, poured the grape fire upon the enemy, and reloaded, and fired again, and then charged and repulsed the enemy and saved our little army.

Armstrong, after the fire of the first cannon, fell. As he lay upon the ground he exclaimed to his men, "My brave fellows, some of you may fall, but you must save the cannon." Captains Hamilton, Bradford, and McGarrock all fell, and Captain Quarles, desperately wounded, died soon afterward. Captain Gordon, Colonels Carroll and Higgins, and Captains Elliot and Popkins recrossed the creek and pursued the flying enemy for two miles. They left twenty-six of their warriors dead upon the field.

Among the fighters on that day was an old volunteer named Judge Cocke, sixty-five years old. He pursued the retreating enemy with the ardor of a boy and saved a comrade's life by killing a savage foe.

In these two engagements we lost twenty killed and seventy-five wounded. The loss of the enemy was one hundred and eighty-nine counted dead, and many unknown wounded. Having driven back the enemy, Jackson continued his march to Fort Strother, which he reached on January 29th.

With undisciplined troops he thus made the excursion and gained two more victories in the space of twelve days. In the report of these battles, the Indians had no showing. I think it is more than probable that if they had been able to write and issue bulletins, they would have claimed the battles as victories and would have issued flaming proclamations, saying that they had whipped Jackson and driven him out of the land.

CHAPTER XXXIII

On January 27, just three days after Jackson's fight at Enotachopee, a large body of Indians attacked Floyd in his camp at Fort Defiance, forty-eight miles west of the Chattahoochee, near Caulebee Creek. The attack was made at five o'clock in the morning, which, at that time of the year, you know, is before daylight. They crept upon the sentinels, fired upon them, and instantly rushed upon our lines. In twenty minutes the action was in full blast. Our right, left, and center were hotly pressed, but the bravery of the officers and the steadiness of the troops repelled the Indians at every point.

Thomas' artillery and Adams' riflemen held them in check and saved our front, although it was at a great sacrifice on their part; they suffered heavily. The enemy rushed within twenty yards of the artillery. Broadnax, of the Picquet Guard, maintained his post until surrounded, when he cut his way back to the army, assisted by Timpuchee Bernard, a half-breed. The friendly Indians, with few exceptions, crowded into our lines and did not assist us. All this time we were fighting in the dark. As soon as it was light enough to see, Watson's and Freeman's battalions were ordered to wheel up at right angles with Booth's and Cleveland's battalions (who formed the right wing) to prepare for the charge. Duke Hamilton's cavalry which had arrived the day before, was ordered to form in the rear of the right wing and act as circumstances might require. As soon as these dispositons were made, the order was given to charge. The men sprung forward with their bayonets and overwhelmed the enemy, who gave way in all directions. Seeing this the cavalry were ordered to charge. They dashed forward in pursuit and sabred fifteen of the enemy, who left thirty dead upon the field. From the effusion of blood and from the number of head dresses and war clubs found in various directions, their loss must have been considerable, besides their wounded. The friendly Indians with Merriwether's and Ford's rifle companies joined Hamilton's cavalry in the pursuit through Caulebee Swamp, but the enemy were so fleet that only one of the wounded was overtaken.

Colonel Newman was placed *hors de combat* at the beginning of the action, by receiving three balls. Adjutant General Hardin was indefatigable and had his horse wounded under him. Floyd's aid-de-camp had his horse killed under him. General Lee and Major Pace acted with great gallantry as aids. Several wagon and artillery horses were killed. Our loss in action was: total killed, seventeen; total wounded, one hundred and thirty-two, one of whom died before the report was made. We also lost five friendly Indians killed and fifteen wounded.

I judge this was the bloodiest of all our battles, exclusive of Mims' Fort, for the number engaged, owing to the attack being made in the dark. It being in the nature of a surprise, nothing but the heroism of the officers and men saved our little army from destruction. It must have been between forty and sixty miles from Enotachopee Creek, and it is not probable that the force defeated by Jackson there on January 25, could have traveled that distance and fought Floyd at Fort Defiance in two days' time, so that it is probable that Jackson's division saved Floyd's army.

Let us now return to Jackson's army at Fort Strother. This army had undergone considerable changes during the month of February. Two thousand men, under General Doherty, from East Tennessee, arrived on February 3. He was followed by Bridgadier General Thomas Johnston with seventeen West Tennesseeans. A part of Coffee's cavalry again volunteered under Colonel Dyer, and a mounted regiment under Colonel Brown, of East Tennessee. There was the Ninth Infantry, six hundred men under Colonel Williams. Besides these, the Choctaws, Cherokees, and friendly Creeks flocked to the victorious standard of Jackson.

In old countries military men received the baton of a marshal as a reward for great success. We have no titles of nobility here, so we elevate to higher grades in office. It was thus with Jackson. In appreciation of his great merit, he was elevated early in March to the rank of major general. For the first time in his life he felt strong in numbers, for his whole force amounted to nearly four thousand men, besides a thousand Indian auxiliaries. We have already seen with what consummate skill he had managed a handful of men against many odds and in a hostile region. We shall now see how he guided a larger force.

He trod with the steady tread of a conqueror. He learned about the last of March that one thousand warriors from the Oakfuske, Oakchega, New Yancan, Hillabee, Fish-Pond, and Eufallee towns had concentrated at Tohopeka, or Horse Shoe Bend, as we call it, on the Tallapoosa River. This was about fifty miles southeast of Fort Strother, and is the spot which should be marked on the map, for history should always be read with a map at hand.

This Tohopeka was a splendid place for defense. The river swept in a great bend around the narrow neck of a peninsula. Across this they had erected a breastworks six or eight feet high and had so arranged it that any force approaching would be enfiladed with a double fire from the enemy who would lie in perfect security behind the breastworks. It could not be raked to any advantage by a cannon placed at one extremity.

Jackson marshaled his forces and began his march toward Tohopeka on March 26; he took it by easy stages and arrived in the neighborhood the next day. The Indians knew he was coming and were waiting for him in their fortress. He reached the bend at Emuckfaw at ten o'clock in the morning. Determined to exterminate them, he detailed General Coffee, with the mounted men and all the Indian forces to cross the river two miles below the encampment and sweep round in the rear, so that none could escape by crossing the river.

Jackson moved on to the attack with his infantry and artillery, and with one six and one three-pounder, and planted the artillery on an eminence one hundred and fifty, or two hundred, yards from the breastworks. He opened a brisk fire at once, playing upon them with muskets and rifles whenever they showed themselves; this was kept up for about two hours. In the meantime a part of his Indian force, and Russell's and Beans' spies who had accompanied Coffee to their rear on the other side of the Tallapoosa, crossed the river in canoes and fired the buildings on the extremity of the peninsula. They then bravely advanced toward the breastworks and fired on the enemy in the rear. This diversion, of course, created confusion in their ranks, and the force was too small to withstand the overwhelming odds that could be brought against them. Coffee had secured the opposite bank of the river, and no time was to be lost.

Jackson determined to storm their works in front. The men were like the infantry of Wellington at Waterloo, for they had been muttering to themselves, "For God's sake, General, order us to charge." At length came the welcome sound. How often it has made the welkin ring while it hurled thousands to speedy destruction! "Charge!" rung out the clarion voice of Jackson, "Charge!" ran along the line. The old regulars, led by Colonel Williams and Major Montgomery, led the assault. The militia of Doherty were almost up with them; they tramped on in the midst of a tremendous fire and a perfect hailstorm of bullets, but they did not stagger or fall back, although some fell to rise no more. They crowded over the breastworks, and then began the hand-to-hand fight. The shout, the whoop, the roar of firearms, and the carnage went on, and the enemy were routed; five hundred and fifty-seven were left dead upon the peninsula. Numbers attempted to swim the river, but met their doom from Coffee's men. Five hours the fighting continued, and many were destroyed who had concealed themselves under the river bank. Night at last put a stop to the slaughter. Two hundred women and children were taken prisoner. Jackson thought that only ten warriors escaped. McIntosh, the Cowetan who had joined the army, had distinguished himself.

This battle was the Waterloo of the Creek nation; to use the emphatic, but expressive, language of the great commander, "The power of the Creeks was forever broken." But alas! In the midst of the shouts of victory, there always springs up the wail of sorrow, and the gleam of triumph is ofttimes dimmed by a tear.

Our loss was heavy; not so much in numbers as in the quality of the dead. One hundred and six were wounded, and twenty-six were killed, while McIntosh lost twenty nine killed and fifty-four wounded. Three distinguished men fell in this battle: Lieutenants Moulton and Somerville and Major Montgomery. As a tribute of respect to the memory of each, the people of Alabama have named towns for them. Montgomery, a Virginian by birth had that soul of chivalry that neither seeks nor shuns danger. Having a presentiment that he would fall, he had remarked, "If I fall in battle I hope I shall die gloriously." This wish was realized for he fell, like Wolfe on the Heights of Abraham, in the arms of victory. His memory was long cherished by those who knew him, and his fame will be forever perpetuated by the fact that his name was given to the capital of the state in whose service he offered up his life.

CHAPTER XXXIV

About the time that Jackson gained the signal victory of Tohopeka, Colonel Pearson, of North Carolina, with two hundred and fifty militia, secured the banks of the Alabama River. Jackson returned with his army about April 1st, to Fort Williams, a fort on the Coosa, some distance below Fort Strother, to recruit his men and horses. Here he issued a manifesto lauding his troops and calling upon them to make one more expedition for the purpose of utterly destroying the savage enemy.

You will recall that the Creeks had a spot that they called Holy Ground and another that they called Beloved Ground. Their prophets had told them that no white enemy could ever stand in either of these places. There was one other spot equally sacred, and environed, as they thought, by the protection of the Great Spirit. This spot was called Hickory Ground. It lies between the Coosa and the Tallapoosa. Their prophets had declared that they had but to stamp their feet and the earth would open and swallow any white man who entered the sacred precincts.

Jackson determined to dispel this fanatical illusion. With eight days' rations packed on their backs, he and his men started for Fort Williams and swept around to Hickory Ground, the last spot of enchantment, but the enemy fled in every direction. The warfare was cruel and sanguinary, for he used the twin weapons of vengeance, fire and the sword, and literally desolated the land. Jackson, by the scourge, brought them to their knees. Men, women, and children begged the warriors to give up the fight, and sued for peace.

Jackson passed down the Tallapoosa with the sword in one hand and the torch in the other. Many were the broken, though savage, hearts which lay in his terrible track. He was joined on the march along the river by Colonel Milton, of Georgia, with supplies and provisions, and they reached old Fort Touloose, afterwards named Jackson, in honor of the victor, on April 17th.

A permanent fort was built on the ruins of old Fort Touloose. Colonel Hawkins wrote that Colonel Pearson, with the North Carolinians, had arrived. General Pinckney joined Jackson on April 20th. The enemy came in from every quarter and supplicated peace. Jackson received orders to return to Fort Williams, provide for the protection of the forts with a sufficient force, and discharge the remainder of the men.

In two hours after he had received the order, he was on the march. He gave the government his views of the line to be run, and in his characteristic way said that the commissioners would have nothing to do but assign the Creeks their proper limits. Those of the friendly party who had been associated with him would be easily satisfied and those of the hostile would consider it a favor that their lives had been spared and would look upon any space allowed their future settlement as a bounteous donation. Jackson was mistaken in this, for there was a great deal of trouble, after this, in running the boundary.

I think one of the most thrillingly dramatic scenes that ever occurred took place while Jackson was at Fort Jackson. He was seated near his tent, surrounded by his staff. He happened to look up and saw approaching an Indian whose carriage evidently indicated a chieftain of no small pretentions. On stalked the warrior into the group. Jackson rose and laid his hand upon his pistol, but the Indian chief waved his hand in token of peace. They stood for a moment confronting one another, the victor and the vanquished. The chief gave no sign of maudlin sentimentalism. With a voice sonorous, but modulated to suit the weighty matters he uttered, he spoke to the conquering hero in the following remarkable strain:

"I am in your power; do with me as you please. I have done the white people all the harm that I could. I have fought them and fought them bravely. If I had an army, I would yet fight, and would fight to the last, but I have none; my people are all gone. I can do no more than weep over the misfortunes of my nation. Once I could animate my warriors to battle, but I cannot, cannot, animate the dead. My warriors can no longer hear my voice; their bones are at Talledega, Tallushatches, Emuckfaw, and Tohopeka. I have not surrendered myself thoughtlessly, while there were yet chances of success. I have never left my post nor supplicated peace, but my people are gone, and I now ask it for my nation and myself.

"On the miseries and misfortunes brought on my country, I look back with the deepest sorrow and wish to avert yet greater calamities. If I had been left to contend with the Georgia army, I would have raised my corn on one bank of the river and fought them on the other, but your people have destroyed my nation. You are a brave man, I rely on your generosity, for you will exact no terms of a conquered people but such as they should accede to. Whatever they may be, it would be madness and folly to oppose. If they are opposed, you will find me among the sternest enforcers of obedience. Those who would hold out can be influenced only by a spirit of revenge, and to this they must not, they shall not, sacrifice the last remnant of their country. You have told us where we might go and be safe. This is good talk, and my nation ought to listen to it; they shall listen to it."

This was a brave speech, coming as it did from a conquered chieftain in the hostile camp of the conqueror. This would make a splendid historical picture, Weatherford confronting Jackson, for it was Weatherford, the leader in the Fort Mims' Massacre, who thus boldly advanced through the American camp Jackson. To "beard the Douglas in his hall," celebrated in poetry, has always been called an act of daring, but here was an act of far greater courage. If you will take that speech and compare it with any of antiquity, it will fall behind none in terseness and simple eloquence. It was so true, so candid, so stoically pathetic, that it excited even the imagination of the conqueror.

Jackson was appointed commissioner, in connection with Colonel Hawkins, to settle the terms of the treaty with the conquered nation. Considering the provocation, his demands were moderate, and of course, the Creeks had to accept them.

A treaty was definitely concluded at Fort Jackson on August 9, 1814. By it the United States gained the right to establish trading houses and military posts, and to navigate in all the waters of the Creek territory; also to use and open roads.

The prisoners and property were all to be given up, and the prophets and instigators of the war were to be surrendered whether natives or foreigners.

The most important part of the treaty was the amount of territory acquired by the United States. The Creeks gave up all rights west of the Coosa up to the Tombigbee, with a reserve of two miles square from Fort Williams to the fall of the river, seven miles above Fort Jackson; thence eastward to a point two miles north of Ofuchshee Creek, six miles below Fort Decatur; thence across Tallapoosa to the mouth of the creek and ten miles up the same in a direct line; thence to Chattahoochee and across it at the first creek, two and a half miles below Okelayocena, about sixty-eight miles north of the confluence of the Chattahoochee and Flint; thence to Georgia, with an eventual reservation to accomodate the Kinnards. The United States guaranteed to the Creeks the integrity of the rest of their territory, on the express condition that they were to eschew their British acquaintances and have no trading with them or the Spaniards without the express permission of the United States.

The treaty contained one remarkable clause. It stated that as the nation had been greatly impoverished by the war, the United States would furnish rations until they could make and gather their crops. The treaty, on the whole, was marked by generosity.

The Creeks returned to their ruined homes, the scepter departed from them forever. Jackson, with his regulars, left on August 11, going down the Alabama. He was soon after this appointed commander-in-chief of the Seventh military District, in place of General Flournoy, and in this position he achieved a fame that will last as long as time. Until now he had acquired reputation as an Indian fighter only, but he was soon to meet foemen worthy of his steel, and full knightly was he to acquit himself in the conflict.

CHAPTER XXXV

I have been so engaged in telling about war that I have omitted the description of some extraordinary things that occurred here during this eventful period. Those of you who read the Bible, and I hope you all do, will see that the earthquake is one of the instruments of divine vengeance to punish the sins of a rebellious people. Blessed be God for it, our favored land has been almost entirely exempt from this terrible scourge. It is a thing that strikes terror to the heart of both man and beast. I think it was on the morning of February 7, 1811, I felt somewhat uncomfortable, but apprehended nothing serious; suddenly, to my inexpressible surprise I found that I had what the doctors would call a regular rigor, a hard shaking ague. My tree tops rolled to and fro like drunken men; I heard beneath me, as it were, the mighty roar of many rushing waters; I rocked back and forth; a thrill of horror ran through me, and if it had lasted many minutes, I would have sunk from sheer exhaustion. The people rushed out, exclaiming, "What is the matter"? The crockery ware in closets set to dancing jigs and clicked and clattered away right merrily. The tremor continued occasionally, off and on, for about three days, but the hardest shock was on the third day.

At that time loaf sugar was moulded into cones and wrapped in thick blue paper; it was hung by strings to the joists of the stores by merchants, for sale. One young clerk was sitting quietly in his store waiting for customers; he felt the queer shake and looked up; to his utter astonishment he saw the sugar loaves vibrating like so many pendulums. It is needless to say that he made a double quick getaway from the premises. The quake was soon over. Everybody was shocked, of course, by the earthquake, the first and only one we had ever had here within the memory of man. It was very slight, if such a thing could be slight; but it was much more violent in latitude 36° up the river.

It is said that on the Natchez and Nashville trace sand hills were thrown up through the alluvial soil. The greatest convulsion was in the neighborhood of New Madrid. The ground on which that place was situated was an elevated plateau, thirty or forty feet above the highest watermark. Suddenly there was an upheaving of the earth; three or four hundred acres sunk below the level of the river and in rushed the water. The people ran out in wild alarm and had to wade for their lives; the water was more than naturally warm and there was a smell as of fire; great trees were wrenched and twisted as though they were saplings; the waters of the Mississippi rose in waves six feet high and ran for miles up stream. It was said that a great sandbar was upheaved in the middle of the river and navigation was forever dammed up, but this was a mistake, the old Father of Waters soon washed his track out again and kept on in his same wild, ungovernable way.

I tell these things as they were told to me and I refer you to the marks and scars at the spot below the site of New Madrid. The place looks as though the surface of the earth had cracked and closed up, and there was a lake formed nearby called Earthquake Lake. We have cause to be devoutly thankful to God that he spared our beloved land from this awful scourge, for of all terrible catastrophies that of a yawning, reeling, sinking earth is the most terrific; more awful than the lightning and thunder, for it is more pervasive; more dreadful than the tornado, for in it there is a chance for escape; but the earth in an earthquake is like a monster devouring her own children.

There is a tradition that in 1663, Canada was terribly shaken by an earthquake and, according to a contemporary writer,it buried a lofty chain of mountains, three hundred miles long and changed the immense track into a plain; a pretty extensive landslide. I never heard that our particular locality was liable to them until the event that I am now about to relate. And here occurred one of those remarkable coincidents by which an audacious chieftain riveted the faith in the hearts of his people that he was an apostle from the Great Spirit. When Teecumpthee delivered his speech at Tuccabache, he announced that there would be a sloop of war to deliver arms and ammunition to them in a certain number of months; to enable them to keep count, he delivered them a bundle of red painted sticks, with instructions to take one out at the end of each month; this is why the Creek Indians were called Red Sticks. As he delivered his wampum and bundle of red sticks to the Black Warrior, he saw that the chief looked incredulous. Teecumpthee burst forth in a strain of lofty and daring declamation. "I see by your eye that your heart is not with me. The Pale Faces have been talking to you; you don't believe the Great Spirit is with us; listen to me, I will show you he is with me. When I get back to Detroit, I will stamp my foot and the earth will quake and all the houses in Tuccabache will tumble down." This daring announcement was made months before the event. His hearers were startled and astounded. They tried to keep count of when he would arrive at Detroit and lo! just when it was about the time for him to have reached Detroit the earthquake came and the houses of Tuccabache fell. Many believing from this that Teecumpthee was sent by the Great Spirit, rushed to arms.

Let us now pass from the convulsions of nature to those of the commercial and political worlds. We will lead you back to the year 1814. War brought with it, among other derangements, the currency crisis. I don't think that Mars, the god of war, ever was Director, President, Cashier, or stockholder in a bank, because whenever he blows a blast from his bugle, down go the banks. Though specie, like the plover, may be thick as hops, like the plover after frost, it evaporates to some place undiscoverable, and remains there as long as soldiers are tramping about. Thus it happened in our country. The New Orleans banks, under a manifesto from Colonel Morgan, announced that in consequence of the practical smuggling brought on by the restrictive commercial regulations of our Government, specie was being drained out so rapidly that it was necessary for the banks to suspend specie payments. This circular was issued on April 19, 1814.

Our brave little bank of Mississippi thought she could weather the storm. Colonel James C. Wilkins, then a young merchant and one of the directors, had prepared for the crisis by bringing down between three and four thousand dollars from Pittsburg. Gabriel Tichiner, than whom a more honest gentleman never lived, was cashier; he was confident the bank could hold out.

Now there happened to be a large depositor in the bank, Colonel Morgan. His agent was John Rutherford. He who owned the part of the square where now stands the Gastrell block. Rutherford went to the officers of the bank and told them that now the New Orleans banks had suspended, our bank must follow their example and stop also, if not the bank would be pumped out of her specie and be left as dry as a powder horn. Still honest Gabe Tichiner refused to surrender. A short time after the argument, Morgan's agent sent his clerk down and drew out the deposit, amounting to about four thousand dollars. This brought on a collapse and the bank suspended, and Morgan in a few days returned his deposit.

The bank resumed when the war was over; and I have already stated how nobly it fulfilled its destiny. It was stated that all its debts were paid the stockholders, and during its long business career it never lost in all exceeding five hundred dollars. This indicated honesty in our people was well as honesty in our bank.

While Jackson was giving the death blow to the Creek nation, a far mightier drama, not to say tragedy, was being enacted in Europe. The allied powers stood before the gates of Paris, victorious. Napoleon was weeping his adieu to his eagles at Fontainbleau. He was exchanging the diadem of an Empire for the governorship of a little island. These far off events were very important in their bearing upon our affairs, for as soon as England had conquered her gigantic rival, she poured her disengaged veterans upon our devoted shore, hoping to utterly crush us.

Just fifteen days after Jackson dictated the terms of peace to the Creeks—August 9, 1814, that is, August 24, an English general, Sir James Ross, entered our great capitol at Washington; before he reached it we had a presentiment of what was coming, so we burned and blew up the navy yard with all its shipping and stores, including a new frigate and sloop of war. We were profoundly humiliated, for the English burned all the public buildings, the Capitol, President's House, and all the public offices, except the post-office building. Besides these they burned the house of Albert Gallatin, Secretary of State, because somebody fired from it and killed Sir John Ross' horse. Admiral Cockburn went to the house of the *National Intelligencer*, the greatest and best political paper ever published in the United States, and was about to burn it, but the ladies from the adjoining houses begged him so piteously that he abandoned the idea. However, a part of his force went in and gutted the press, so that young Jo Gale, when he got back, found "the devil" to pay and nothing with which to pay.

All the fighting male population was out of the city and had been trying to fight at Bladensburg. But the fact is we Americans don't like to mention the Bladensburg affair; it was too slight a scrimmage to be dilated upon in history, and the less said about it the better. Ross and Cockburn having made the raid and accomplished their object, returned to their ships to take another whaling voyage and they got it a few weeks later at Baltimore. You will observe how very different were the effects of taking Capitols in Europe and in America. Paris fell in March and France fell with it. Washington fell in August but it didn't phase the American people. True, we got very angry. We denounced England as having committed a crime by the laws of nations. The world pronounced it a terrible blunder, for public buildings are the mute but eloquent monuments of a nation's progress and war does not justify their destruction. It deeply mortified us to see President Madison and his queenly wife flying out of one end of the Capital city, while the Red coats were filing in at the other, but subsequent events soon wiped out the disgrace and we in a measure, forgot it.

All the Capitals of Europe were flooded with glowing accounts of the sacking of Washington by the British. The Duke of Wellington gave a grand dinner in honor of the event and invited all the foreign Ambassadors in Paris. But I believe before it was cooked and served, Lieutenant General Drummond was defeated at Fort Erie; Sir John Ross was killed and his army driven from Baltimore: Sir George Prevost had been cut to pieces at Plattsburg and the English flotilla had been annihilated on Lake Champlain; so that on the whole we had more pleasant sauce for the dinner than had he.

On the death of Sir John Ross, a gallant, but aspiring young British officer was sent over to take his place. Brave even to temerity; young in years, but old in service, distinguished above his peers, nobly connected, with the prospect of a ducal coronet if he succeeded, he came with lofty ambitions, but how true it is, "The paths of glory lead but to the grave." He closed his brief career in our Western world utterly defeated. As a generous enemy we can accord to him a soldier's epitaph:"He fell at the head of the column, leading his men into the very jaws of death."

CHAPTER XXXVI

The current of events in the fall of 1814 drifts us once more to the frontiers of Spanish Florida. The British, failing in their attacks on the Northern frontier and the Atlantic border, determined to try us at the South. Their emissaries were still stirring up their Indian allies and they went so far as to offer ten dollars for every scalp. They still labored under the old delusion that Kentucky and Louisiana were disaffected towards the United States. A certain Colonel Nicolls, of the British army, issued from his Headquarters at Pensacola a proclamation inviting Louisiana and Kentucky to rise and throw off the Federal yoke. I well remember that this famous document made me smile as I read it. It did seem so ridiculous, that I wonder even now how he could have expected to influence anybody with such stuff. But he no doubt felt very confident when he was pouring out his grandiloquent proclamation. All of the promises that he made were guaranteed upon the sacred honor of a British officer.

Fort Boyer, which was a small water battery erected at Mobile point to defend the main pass into Mobile Bay, was named in honor of the founder and not of the defender, as I stated. It had been abandoned as untenable by General Flournoy, but Jackson sent Major Lawrence with one hundred and eighty men to defend it. On September 15, 1814, the bombastic Colonel Nicolls attacked it both by land and sea. It was just four o'clock in the afternoon when the gallant Lawrence fired the first gun. It was a beautiful sight to see the vessels gracefully gliding up to their positions and vomiting fire. The Hermes, commanded by Honorable Sir Wm. H. Perry, carrying from twenty-four to twenty-eight guns; the Sophia, eighteen guns under Captain Wm. Lockyer; the Carron, twenty-four guns under Captain Spencer, son of Earl Spencer, and one other brig, composed the attacking squadron.

The Hermes was the boldest in the attack and anchored within range of our batteries. Upon her Lawrence poured his heaviest fire. He soon saw his shot were having effect. The Hermes fairly quivered with the concussion. At five o'clock, she swung head on to our batteries which so raked her as to silence her guns. One shot cut her cable. She became disabled and drifted to the shore within six hundred yards of us. It was then that we poured it in to her hot and heavy, for we knew that we had bagged this game at last. She took fire and all who could, escaped from her. She burned until ten o'clock, and then, with a tremendous burst, her magazine exploded and shook the sky and sea like a thunderclap.

The other vessels found themselves in rather too hot water and soon after the disaster of the Hermes slipped out of our range; the brig Sophia was badly disabled. The battle lasted for nearly three bours. Our little garrison fired five hundred shots. While we were attacked in front by sea, a battery of twelve pound howitzers, commanded by Colonel Nicolls and Captain Woodbine, was opened upon our rear, but we silenced it with a few shots. Towards the close of the action our flag was shot from the staff; this inspired the enemy with redoubled enthusiasm for a space and they streamed the fire upon us. They thought we were about to surrender, but we ran up the flag upon a sponge staff over the parapet. Our loss was but four killed and five wounded. I think Major Lawrence was very exultant that day, for he wrote, "where all behaved well, it is unnecessary to discriminate. Suffice it to say, that every officer and man did his duty." They stood the fire of four guns to one for over three hours as cool as veterans.

The loss of the enemy was one hundred and sixty killed and seventy wounded. Among the wounded was Colonel Nicolls, of the Royal Marines; probably the same Colonel who was the author of the famous proclamation. He had his eye knocked out by a splinter. So he got a black eye for his imprudence. The land force consisted of one hundred and ten marines; two hundred Creeks, commanded by Captain Woodbine, and about twenty Artillerists, with one four and one half inch howitzer, from whence they discharged shell and nine pound shot. After failing to make any impression, they re-embarked the piece and retreated to Pensacola.

On September 16, at fifteen minutes past one o'clock in the afternoon, the entire fleet made sail and stood out to sea. There was great rejoicing over this victory. It was the first meeting of the troops under the command of Jackson who had conquered the greatest military man of the world. It inspired confidence in the breasts of the people. There now arose a very delicate question of international law. It was very evident Spain, with whom we were friends, either connived at the British aggressions by allowing them to use her ports for supplies and recruits, or she was too weak to prevent them. Jackson did not long hesitate as to the right to drive the British out at once. He called for volunteers in Tennessee and Mississippi. Governor Holmes issued his proclamation calling for volunteers in Mississippi. Soldiers flocked in by hundreds and Jackson was soon on the march to Pensacola.

September 3 was a lively day at the little town of Washington, for on that day one of the five horse companies that composed Hind's celebrated battalion bivouaced there, and on the next day began its march towards Florida. The battalion was composed of the Jefferson Troop, whose first captain was Hinds, but after his promotion, it was commanded by John Doherty, Captain; John J. W. Reese, First Lieutenant, Isaac Dunbar, Second Lieutenant, and John L. Ervin, Cornet.

There is a tradition that when this troop used to be drilled on the campus at Greenville, it was often watched by a bright little blue-eyed boy. He was the more attracted to it by the fact that his elder brother (who was to him as a father) was a member of it. It may have been here that the vent was given to his genius. The little boy subsequently became a cadet at West Point. He carried victory on to the Indian frontier. On the glorious day of Buena Vista, his brave Mississippians saved Taylor's army. He became great as a statesman and the idol of his people.

In after years, on one occasion, I remember his elder brother sat by him as the people shouted hosannas while he was inducted the chosen leader of a mighty revolution. The national jubilee struggled in the crash of battle and finally died out in the wail of a lost cause. Jefferson Davis was an illustration of the most remarkable instance of fortitude the world has ever seen. Private sorrow sometimes bows men to the earth, but there can be no sorrow like that of him whose fall is wrapt in that of his country. The victim, though a giant, lies crushed beneath the ruins and he who can serenely emerge from such a crash and trustingly look up to the Divine Being, is more worthy of praise than a conqueror. In fact he is a conqueror for he triumphs over fate.

The Adams' Troop was commanded by Captain Kemp, who bravely passed through the dangers, and fell a victim to the scourge of the tropics, yellow fever, in 1819. His name is almost extinct but his descendants are many who cherish his memory. It is a mournful fact that the names of many of our old families have died out, but it is consoling to know that their virtues are perpetuated through the female branches of the families.

The Wilkinson Troop was commanded by Captain Richardson. Besides these three, there were companies raised in Amite County and St. Francisville, La. On September 3, the Jefferson Troop began their toilsome march to Mobile. They spent one night there, and on the next day marched on towards Fort Mims. Colonel Hinds arrived ten days after, with the balance of the regiment. And General Jackson arrived with his troops from the Creek nation.

The march to Pensacola made a grand show, forming a line three miles long. Jackson detached a portion of the Tennessee Troops to go around the Escambia Bay to catch the Indians of the Fort Mims' Massacre, if they should attempt to escape; for it was pretty well understood they were harbored in Pensacola and that was one object of his visit.

The army arrived opposite the place on November 6 at evening. Jackson dispatched his Aid-de-camp, Major Pierre, with a flag to communicate the object of his approach. That the army did not come with any hostile design towards Spain, but to deprive the British of a place of refuge. He required that the Governor should admit a garrison of the United States in Fort St. Michael and Fort Barrancas. In response he was fired upon from the fort. Jackson went with his adjutant and made a reconnoissance and saw the fort was defended by the British; the fact was, the British ensign was flying side by side with the Spanish the day before his arrival. Jackson was a stormer when aroused so he determined to storm the town next day. He camped for the night. On the morning of November 7, Jackson marched with the 3rd, 39th, and

44th infantry part of Coffee's Brigade, the Mississippi (Hinds') dragoons, part of the West Tennessee regiment, part of the Choctaws, under Major Blue, of the 30th and Major Kennedy of Mississippi Territory.

Our army was encamped on the west of the town and would have been raked by their batteries and the seven British vessels in port.

Jackson made a feint in the west, but moved the main body in the rear of the fort, to the east of the town, undiscovered. They approached the town in full view for a mile; a strong fort on the right, seven British armed vessels on the left, strong block houses and batteries in their front. On they moved with undaunted courage. They entered the town but were met with a shower of ball and grape from a battery, and a shower of musketry from the houses. Colonel Laval stormed the battery and took it. The Regulars very soon silenced the musketry from the gardens. The Governor came running out with a white flag in his hand and met Colonels Williamson and Smith and surrendered the town unconditionally, but they did not give up the fort until twelve o'clock at night. The guns were turned upon the British vessels in the bay and they left. But one schooner was not so fortunate, she was forced to surrender and was found to be loaded with corn.

The Spanish Governor, Manxique, was loud in his protests against the invasion of his country while the King was at peace with us, but when we took the schooner filled with corn he was silenced. We took him in the act of furnishing supplies to the British and had him on the hip.

On the morning of November 8, Jackson prepared to attack Fort Barrancas. He dispatched two hundred men to reconnoitre, but they returned at night and reported the Fort blown up, the cannon spiked, and the buildings on fire. The British retired from the bay and the poor Indians were left, except a few taken on board, to shift for themselves.

In two days Jackson, bidding adieu to his friends, Manxique, advised him that as the Barrancas and adjacent fortresses had been surrendered and blown up by the British, contrary to the good faith he had reposed in their promises, it was out of his power to guard their neutrality, as otherwise he should have done. The enemy had retreated, the hostile Creeks had fled for safety to the forest, and Jackson retired from their town, leaving them to reoccupy their forts and protect the rights of their citizens. Our loss on this expedition was only fifteen or twenty wounded. Lieutenant Flournoy lost a leg, and Colonel Laval was so severely wounded he had to be left behind.

CHAPTER XXXVII

After he had accomplished the objective of his visit to Pensacola, driving the hostile Indians and British out of it, Jackson evacuated the place into the hands of the Spaniards. The British took off some hundreds of negroes. There is a story that the Spaniards hailed Jackson as a liberator; but I doubt very much their sincerity.

I have seen in my day blue cockade rebels, while in the Confederate lines, suddenly transformed into most obsequious Union loyalists by the presence of federal bayonets, and so, without doubt, the Pensacolians fawned upon the British as long as the British were present, and as soon as their backs were turned they fawned upon Jackson.

A great event was culminating in our southern section. The signs were unmistakable that a heavy British force was about to attack New Orleans; it was a stake worth fighting for.

The main body of our army was ordered via Fort Mims, to New Orleans. Coffee's Brigade was ordered to rendezvous at Baton Rouge. I want to tell you particularly about Hinds' dragoons. They marched from Mobile to Fort Mims in three days. There Captain Doherty of the Jefferson troop, resigned. The Brigade separated from the main army and marched direct to Liberty, under the command of Hinds. At Liberty they were furloughed for three days to get fresh horses and to meet at Fort Richardson.

Never can I forget those three days which our gallant young men spent in affectionate intercourse with their families. Then came the adieu. It was a noble sight; the boys were full of enthusiasm and proudly they waved their chapeaux and put spurs to their horses as they galloped away to war. For these were yet the days of chivalry.

The First Lieutenant of the Jefferson Troop and the Cornet did not reach Camp Richardson in time, so Isaac Dunbar, as Second Lieutenant, took command and P. Battaile Harrison was elected Second Lieutenant, and Malcomb Curry, Cornet. There was no time to be lost. A dispatch had come from Jackson to General Coffee, saying "you must not sleep until you come within striking distance."

On the night of December 21, in the bitter cold, they mounted their horses at ten o'clock. It was so cold that their feet froze to the stirrups. They had to ride four miles through the Devil's Swamp, saddle skirt deep in water and sometimes swimming an interesting event occurred just as they emerged from the swamp at daylight. A hospitable French gentleman met the brigade and invited them to a sumptious breakfast. The tables were strewed on either side of the road with bountiful viands, which were most comforting and cheering to the soldiers. There is an appropriateness that the Latin word bellum should mean war, for it sounds so like an English word of ours.

It was the great Napoleon who remarked that an army crawled upon its belly. Hinds' Brigade never forgot that breakfast; they remembered it to their dying day with gratitude. But there was no time to tarry; after filling their corporeal and canvass haversacks, they resumed their march, and reached New Orleans on December 23. They were very weary for they had marched two hundred and thirty miles in four days. Coffee's Brigade was just ahead, having marched one hundred and fifty miles in two days. There is a curious romance connected with their camp ground.

Those of you who have read The Wonders of Woodstock by Sir Walter Scott, will remember how Phil Hazeldine scared the parliamentary commissioners out of their boots. Well, there was something of the same sort occurred about a haunted castle that once stood in what is now called Lafayette Square. It was veritably haunted, but it was shrewdly suspected that the smugglers of Barataria of Lafitte were the spirits. I know not how this may be, but it is certain our merry soldiers didn't fear spirits, men nor the devil. They built roistering fires, and were in high glee making themselves comfortable. It was a bright, beautiful day. Hinds had reported their arrival and had gone to headquarters for orders. But hark! the alarm gun was heard at twelve o'clock. Scarce had its echo died away, before Hinds was seen dashing up at full speed and waving his sword to mount and fall in line. The soldiers had just dressed for parade in their thin uniforms. By the time Hinds reached the ground the brigade was in the saddle. The order was given to form by fours—and down the levee they dashed at full gallop. As they thundered through the town they saw a sight that nerved every heart to do its utmost. The balconies were filled with ladies wringing their hands and weeping in terror.

The dragoons were continuing at full speed down the levee, when, about two miles below the city, they saw two rifle companies of Louisiana Rangers. They were within six hundred yards, when the flashes of musketry from an orange grove, declared the battle on. The Rangers scattered and fell, when about one thousand British soldiers emerged from the ambush and retreated down the levee to their main body, three miles below.

The brigade began tearing down fences and clearing the way for Jackson's army. This took them until dark, and when they had finished the work they returned to receive orders; these were to hover as close as possible to the British line and to hold themselves in readiness to attack.

He who attempts to narrate great events, has to bring up the actors like a chess player moves his pieces. Let us leave the Knights of Mississippi in front of the British on that eventful night, while we move up the other characters in the great drama.

Jackson crossed from Mobile with his little army and reached New Orleans on December 6. He found the city in consternation and much depressed. You must remember at that time he was comparatively unknown to fame. People said that they had confidence in him, but I suspect it was a shaky confidence.

There were several ways to approach the city by water. One was by the mouth of the river. About seventy-five miles below New Orleans stood Fort St. Philip; this water battery guarded that point and as this was before the general use of steam, sailing vessels, with the current against them, could hardly pass. Another way of approach was from the gulf, through the passes into Lake Borgne, and from there through the Rigolets into Lake Pontchartrain and up through the Manchac or Iberville into the Mississippi; another through the Chef Menteur into the Gentilly Road; or through the Bayou St. Jean. There was another route up through Barataria Bay, west of the river. The moment Jackson arrived, he set to work to examine these various passes and ordered them to be blocked by timber and in every other way possible. On the edge of Lake Borgne, is a little bayou named Bien Venu. It rises about four miles from the river and meanders into the lake. At that date a canal had been cut from the river to the bayou and fishermen brought their fish to market by this route. This bayou and canal headed on the plantation of Major General Villare. Jackson had instructed Villare to obstruct it as well as the others, but in some way it was neglected. There was a settlement on the bayou of Spanish fishermen, a short distance from its mouth, and the tradition is that they were false to the United States and were spies. Major Villare, the son of General Villare was ordered to picket that pass.

We had on the lakes a little flotilla of five gunboats, commanded by Lieutenant Jones. He was ordered to fight and retard the progress of the enemy as much as he he could. He was to fall back into the Rigolets, but subsequent mishaps prevented this.

The enemy's fleet consisted of about sixty vessels; it was the same that had been marauding in the Chesapeake. Admiral Cochrane, having failed to take his dinner in Baltimore, had announced his intention to dine at Christmas, in New Orleans. The fleet had been reenforced and recruited at the West Indies.

Lieutenant Jones knew that he could not effectually cope with such odds but he was to play the part of Leonidas at Thermopylae. He fought for time, nothing more. Hours were precious to Jackson, for reenforcements from the great valley were pouring in. Troops from Tennessee and Kentucky had not arrived. At ten o'clock in the morning on December 13, the enemy, with forty-four barges, each armed with a cannon, and each containing as many men, landed at Pass Christian. At two o'clock they made sail for Bay St. Louis, where Jones' Flotilla lay. Jones retreated to Malhereux Island; he tried to make for the Rigolets but the wind and tide failed. At ten o'clock in the morning, on December 14, in a dead calm, the fight began. The barges hovered all around, thick as hiving bees.

The attack was made in three divisions; the center moved down on the center boat and tried to board her, but was repulsed. Lieutenant Jones fell, desperately wounded and Parker took command; he, too, fought until wounded. At length, one boat was captured and they immediately turned her guns upon the others; another was captured and they did the same with her. Of course the other three could not hold out against such terrible odds. We lost in the action, gunboats No. 5, 23, 156, 163, and the dispatch boat Alligator. The schooner was run ashore and burned.

Our loss in killed was ten; wounded, thirty-five. The enemy lost thirteen barges and three hundred killed and wounded. This victory gave the British entire command of the lakes.

On the day after the gunboats were taken, Purser Thomas Shields and Dr. Morrell were sent down under a flag of truce, to ascertain the fate of our officers and men, with power to negotiate for an exchange of prisoners, especially the wounded. But they were treated with indignity and confined as prisoners, till January 12. The gallant purser subsequently signally avenged the insult. I will tell about this later. Cavalry, it is said, are the eyes of the army; so Jones' little Flotilla might well be called the sea cavalry of Jackson's army; they were to watch and report where the enemy would strike; in losing them, therefore, Jackson felt that he had lost an eye. It was a heavy blow and he had to redouble his vigilance.

On Friday morning one large vessel and several brigs and schooners passed through the pass, Mary Ann, and in a few hours about fifty sails dotted the placid waters of Pascagoula Bay.

A small fort at the Rigolets was the only protection against the passage into Pontchartrain and a small fort on Bayou St. John was the only defense in that quarter if the enemy were to attack by the Pontchartrain route.

On Friday evening ten schooners were discovered near Pearl River and five gunboats at the east entrance of the Rigolets, under way and steering toward Petit Coquille. Such was the state of affairs on the morning of December 15.

Approaching us were upwards of six thousands of Peninsular veterans. To meet them, Jackson had on the ground seven hundred of the 7th and 54th Regiments, United States Infantry; one thousand State Militia; one hundred and fifty sailors and marines.

He was expecting three thousand Tennessee Militia, under General Carroll, and Coffee's Brigade, one thousand two hundred and fifty strong; two thousand five hundred Kentuckians, under General Thomas; about three thousand Louisiana Militia and some from Mississippi Territory. But these last were badly armed and poorly equipped in every way.

In such a crisis in our affairs it is no wonder that Jackson dispatched to Coffee "not to sleep until he had got within striking distance."

CHAPTER XXXVIII

Again we meet with an old friend. We now see him in earnest conversation with Jackson. A man evidently in command and alive to the great responsibility resting upon him. It is our old friend, Governor Claiborne, now Governor of Louisiana.

The legislature was in session. Claiborne had done all in his power to bring into play the military strength of his state, and magnanimously placed himself under Jackson's command.

The Legislature refused to adjourn and refused to suspend what we call the writ of *habeas corpus*, that is, an order that a judge issues on the request of a man who is imprisoned, to bring the prisoner's corpus, body, before him, that he, the judge, may determine whether he, the prisoner, is wrongfully imprisoned or not. Jackson and Governor Claiborne both wanted the writ suspended, because it was a time when military coercion was necessary. Finding the Legislature obstinate, Jackson assumed the responsibility and proclaimed martial law on the 16th. This is the law which regulates the army. This, when proclaimed in a place, is applied to the citizens; for instance, in time of peace a citizen has the right to go where and when he pleases, at any time of day or night, provided he does not infringe upon the rights of others, but when martial law is in force he becomes subject to the law that governs the soldier.

Jackson ordered that no one should leave the city without a pass; vessels were prohibited from leaving port; street lamps were to be extinguished after nine o'clock at night; no one was allowed to be out after that hour without permission; every citizen, on entering the city, was to report to headquarters. These orders of course, brought on a conflict between the martial and civil law, and gave Jackson a great deal of trouble; but the collision between the two systems is something like a fight between a barnyard rooster and a game cock; although the one may crow lustily and strut and clap his wings, the other makes short work of it with the gaffs.

Claiborne issued his proclamation, exhorting the people to defend their firesides. He also, at the instigation of the Legislature, granted an amnesty to the Lafitte Barataria smugglers, on condition that they would enlist. It must be told to the credit of these semi-pirates, that the British had made tempting overtures to them to join the British forces and pilot their fleet through the passes, but the bold pirates scornfully rejected the proposal, and made known the fact to the United States authorities. Some of them enlisted and did yeoman's service. They tell a great many stories about Lafitte and his crew, but the fact is, they were not very creditable, in their calling or their lives.

It is rather an instructive phase in history, as showing how men change their opinions by a change of circumstances. When we heard that the British captain, Sir Percy, had proposed to enlist the Baratarians, we raised our hands in horror at the idea of a Christian people engaging pirates, but when these same pirates refused the overtures of the British and fought for us, President Madison in his proclamation, called them the victims of European wars, driven by sorrow and want to cutting throats and scuttling ships; but as they had repented, he pardoned all who fought for us and produced a certificate to that effect from the Governor of Louisiana. We will now return to the account of how the British landed.

On the day and night of December 22, Major Villare ordered down piquets of militia to look out on the Bien Venu Bayou; a Sergeant and squad were sent down to the Fishermen's Huts; all had left except one sick man. The pickets saw no sign of the enemy; skiffs also, that were coasting around made the same report. All was quiet; the moon, but half full, looked gently down upon the placid waters. It was near midnight; the moon was just setting; one sentinel saw by its departing, glancing light a barge approaching. The pickets hid behind a house to watch future developments, when lo! to their utter surprise, a host of men sprang to the shore and in a moment all were captured save one poor fellow. He escaped and wandered about for three days, until he reached Chef Menteur. The surprise was complete; the enemy were as noiseless as cats, when about to pounce upon their game. Silently but swiftly they glided up the bayou, and before Major Villare was aware of it, his guard and his house were completely surrounded. Major Villare, though captured, made a pretence of going into the back yard. He dashed through the ranks, under fire, and managed to escape. He crossed the river and made his way to the city. Some say that he was the first to bring the startling news that the enemy had landed; others say that Major Tatum had been ordered to reconnoitre the neighborhood, because Jackson had heard that several vessels were seen to approach Terre aux Boeufs, and that Tatum first brought the information. It was the advance guard of the British Army, three thousand strong, under Major-General Kean, that slipped so quietly through that little bayou and spread itself up to the banks of the Mississippi.

The cry ran through the city like an electric shock. "The enemy have landed! The enemy have landed!" It was echoed from street to street and from house to house in all the languages of Europe.

Jackson had been much worn down by excitement, but now the hour of his destiny had come. It is said that when he got the news, he drew himself up to his full height, his eyes fairly sparkling with fire, and uttered that famous oath, "By the eternal, they shall not rest quietly on our soil. Let the order be issued at once; we will attack them. Let the drums beat to arms; fire the signal gun!"

It was that gun whose thunder waked citizen and soldier to the dread reality of approaching battle.

"Ah then there was hurrying to and fro,
And gathering tears and tremblings of distress.

. . . .

And there was mounting in hot haste, the steed
The mustering squadron and the clattering car
Went pouring forward with impetuous speed,
And swiftly forming in the ranks of war.

. . . .

While thronged the citizens, with terror dumb.
Or whispering with white lips, "the foe! they come!
They come!"

Captain Newman was in command of the battery on the Rigolets, the word Rigolet means water that flows both ways; Major Morgan commanded Fort Leon, on the east bank of the Mississippi, at the English turn; Lacost commanded the battery at the mouth of Bayou St. Jean; Major Overton commanded Fort St. Philips. Jackson did not know, as yet, whether the landing of Kean was a mere feint or not; in fact he was not positive how many had landed. He therefore, for the sake of greater precaution, left General Carroll and Governor Claiborne, with as heavy a force as he could spare, to guard the Gentilly Road leading from Chef Menteur to the city. His attacking force on December 23 was composed of the following troops; Commodore Patterson with the schooner Carolina; as the river at this time was up against the levee this vessel may well be called Jackson's right wing—

Coffee's Brigade and Captain Beal's Co	649	men
7th and 44th Regiments, U. S	763	"
Company Marines and Artillery, Capt. Shott	83	"
Major Planche's Uniform Co., and Daquin's Colored Battalion	588	"
Hind's Mississippi Dragoons, not in action	186	"
	2269	"

I stated that Hinds thundered through the city to find out where lay the foe. When the other troops began to move Jackson's ears were met by the piteous wail of the French women, in their inexpressibly pathetic language. Jackson was not scholar enough to speak to them in their own tongue, so he turned to Livingston, who was riding by his side and said, "Say to them, Livingston, not to be alarmed; the enemy shall never reach the city." The plan of attack was for Patterson to drop down the river abreast of the British. The land force was divided into two divisions. The left division, under General Coffee, was to file off to the left, through Larondes' plantation and skirt the swamps as close as possible until he got on the right of the British camp on the Villare plantation. The right division under the immediate command of Jackson was to press the enemy in front. Another part of the plan was that Colonel Ross was to form the link to unite these two divisions. This plan, you perceive, if it had been carried out, would have captured Kean's entire division.

The march from the city began about five o'clock in the afternoon; it was then nearly dark. Coffee pressed along his route as rapidly as possible. Commodore Patterson, in command of the Carolina, quietly floated down the river. He was challenged in a low voice by the British sentinel and mumbled an obscure answer and was allowed to pass; the enemy thought it some vessel escaping blockade. It recalls the incident when Wolfe passed the French sentinels on the St. Lawrence, at Quebec, when he reached the foot of the Heights of Abraham.

It was now half-past seven o'clock. The little schooner dropped her anchor and swung broadside to the British camp. It was a beautiful night scene for a painter. The half moon was shedding its dim, silvery light upon the hostile foes. The little bark set like a seafowl upon the water and nothing was heard but the low suppressed orders of her officers and the rippling waters of the Mississippi against her sides.

Higher up the river was heard the muffled tread of Jackson's division, while skirting around the semi-circle; Coffee's division was making its way through the muck and mud of the swamp just back of Lacoste's plantation. There was no noise and no light, on our side, but the dim light of the moon to guide our men. But on the side of the enemy, far up and down the bank of the river on the Villare plantation and for half a mile back, the plain was sparkling with British camp fires. All seemed to be jolly and gay. They had been piloted, as they afterwards said, by a Spanish fisherman and they honestly thought the conquest achieved. The troops were just preparing to cook their supper. Hinds' Brigade, with a single file of Louisiana Riflemen, came to where the British were posting their sentinels; they were kindling their camp fires, and as it was dark, they could not see our troops. Hinds silently passed between them and the army and surrounded them. They were completely surprised and surrendered without firing a gun. There were seventy of them and they were immediately hurried to the city as prisoners. Hinds' Brigade, under cover of darkness, approached within four hundred yards of their camp. They could hear the British soldiers talking. The weather was so cold that the Bayou St. John had been frozen over for the first time within the memory of man.

CHAPTER XXXIX

In passing down the levee, a negro was captured with a number of proclamations in his possession. These were issued by Admiral Cochrane and General Kean, and addressed to the citizens of Louisiana, exhorting them to remain quietly in their homes, and promising they would not be disturbed, as the war was against Americans only. As the army progressed farther down the river bank, they found many of the same documents posted on the levee.

There then occured one of those discrepancies that eye witnesses sometimes make as to the time of day when events take place. A cavalryman who was there said that the battle began at ten o'clock at night, when in fact the real hour was half-past seven. This mistake can be easily accounted for. The cavalrymen had got to their post after dark; they were expecting every moment the great tragedy to begin; of course as they sat there in their anxiety, minutes seemed like hours, so when the action began, they thought the night much farther advanced than it really was. So the hour of half-past seven rolled around. Commodore Patterson thought that sufficient time had elapsed for the various divisions to have reached their assigned destinations.

The English, as you will recall, were busily preparing for their suppers. Hundreds of them were attracted towards the bank and were looking at the little schooner, Carolina, as she lay so innocently in the water. Suddenly was heard a whiz, a brilliant blue light streamed upward toward the sky and exploded into a thousand scintillations; at the next moment a broadside burst from the schooner like a clap of thunder and scattered death into the ranks of the enemy.

It was the signal for attack given a little too soon, for Coffee had not yet reached his place. As soon as he heard it, however, he ordered his men to dismount and form. The Carolina poured forth broadside after broadside, as fast as she could load and fire and before the enemy had recovered from their consternation nearly one hundred lay dead upon the field. But they were men accustomed to such situations. Although everything for a moment was in confusion, the officers soon restored order. A bystander said he could hear the bugler's blast cut off by the balls.

As quickly as possible the camp fires which served as targets were extinguished. They sent in reply, congreve rockets and small arms, but these proved harmless. Finding the place too hot to be comfortable, the English withdrew from the river bank so as to get out of the schooner's range; in doing this they unconsciously approached Coffee's line; (poor fellows, they had tuned their pipes for a different kind of coffee.)

The moment Coffee got his men in line he started toward the encampment but he had not proceeded very far when he came full butt against a heavy regiment of British; this was unexpected, but he pushed ahead. His men presented a singular appearance; they were dressed in long coats like Quakers and the enemy afterwards remarked that "they were the d- - -d'st Quakers to fight that they had ever seen."

With nothing but the gleaming light of the moon to guide them, they were ordered not to fire at random, but only when they could see the enemy. They were met by a full blaze of musketry and returned it. They pushed on; the enemy took position behind a ditch and fence. Again Coffee charged and again the enemy fell back to another ditch and fence, protected this time by an orange grove. Here they made a desperate stand and it was sometime before they could be dislodged, but Coffee pressed them so hotly they were forced to give way, retreating obliquely until they reached the bank of the river. Here, fortunately for them, there had been a new levee, something like what rivermen call a "run-around," that is, an inner levee made for protection in case of a break in the outside levee. The outside levee here was broken only in a few places, so that when the British took possession of the spot, they were inside of a ready-made fortification.

Coffee was about to charge again, but Colonel Moulton who had made a reconnoissance, advised against it, more especially as our men were without bayonets. Besides this there was the danger that his men, by pursuing further, might come within the range of the Carolina's guns as she was still pouring a heavy fire upon the enemy.

During this time the extreme left, under Colonels Dyer and Beale, got separated from them. They were groping along toward the river when suddenly they came in full view of a heavy body of soldiers. "Halt!" was shouted. "What regiment?" "Who are you?" "Where do you belong?" These challenges followed in quick succession. "We belong to Coffee's Brigade," answered Dyer and Gibson. But just before they came up to them they realized their mistake and wheeled and ran. One stout fellow pursued Gibson, who fell, and pinned him to the ground with his bayonet. Fortunately it was only a flesh wound. Gibson sprung up and ordered his men to fire. The squad fell back and he escaped. Dyer's horse fell but he also succeeded in escaping.

This force of the enemy proved to be British reenforcements just landed from Villare Canal hastening to join their comrades. Dyer and Gibson finding they could not overtake Coffee, returned to where Hinds' Dragoons were quietly seated on their horses ready for any emergency; the ground being too much cut up with ditches for cavalry, the dragoons were held in reserve to guard the retreat in case it should be ordered. A company of Militia Riflemen of the State got into the enemy's camp and in attempting to follow Coffee, fell among a corps of one hundred and fifty British and some were captured. Here occurred one of those lamentable events that so often happen in night attacks.

One company, in changing its position for the posting of artillery, came into contact with another; each naturally mistaking the other for the enemy, charged; the carnage for the moment was terrible; Colonel Lauderdale quickly discovered the error; he rushed in; beat up the bayonets and separated the combatants; but alas, in so doing, he fell mortally wounded. This distinguished officer was the pride of his State and men. One county in Mississippi bears his name to perpetuate his memory. Some say we lost more in consequence of that fatal mistake than in any other part of the battle.

At the very moment that Coffee was pressing the British right through their camps, to the river, Jackson's division was crowding them in front. McRae and Lieutenant Spotts, with two six-pounders, supported by sixty marines, commanded by Colonel McRae, opened the attack on the British left and center along the levee. His artillery almost instantaneously echoed the thunder from the Carolina.

The 7th Regiment, led by Major Peyre, formed in battalion within one hundred and fifty yards of the enemy and poured a brisk fire into them. The firing was now tremendous on both sides. The artillery could be guided in their aim only by the flash of the enemy's muskets. The front of the British line outflanked us on our left toward the swamp. Accordingly, Captain Baker, in command of the 44th, was moved to the extreme left of Jackson's division, while Plauche and Daquin's battalions of the city guards occupied the center between the 7th and 44th. General Ross had been ordered to move in column from the first position, but instead of doing so he moved in extended line, the consequence was, when the field narrowed, the compressing of his line created confusion. The troops pressing forward were met by a heavy fire; they pressed on and Plauche and Daquin were thrown somewhat out of line. An attempt was made to turn our right flank next the river, but this was frustrated by a battalion of militia who, when within pistol shot, deployed into line and gallantly returned the fire.

The British here gave way as they had done on our left. Spotts followed with his artillery, still guided by the flashes of musketry; it was now about eight o'clock; the smoke of the combat hung like a pall over the combatants and to increase the darkness a heavy fog arose. You will at once perceive the assailants were at a great disadvantage. The British had retired from their position and fallen back to a ditch protected by a high fence. As our troops approached they gave them a warm welcome. Immediately Spotts' Battery was formed and returned a heavy fire.

Here the fight raged obstinately for a few moments; the British held their own stubbornly; the order was given by them, "Take that battery," They sprung over their line and made a rush; the Marines were too few to resist the charge; already they had begun to give way; the artillery was in great danger of being lost when three voices were heard above the din of the conflict; the accent of one was unmistakably French; "Forward Charge!" they followed in quick succession; it was the Adjutant General Butler, Colonel Pratt, and Major Henry Chotard, leading the gallant 7th up to the charge; they drove back the enemy and saved the artillery. Jackson soon saw that ditch and fence must be carried, and it was done. Again the enemy fell back to another ditch and again they were forced back. Finding our right driving them they made an oblique to the left of Jackson's division and tried to turn our flank, but they were met by Daquin's Battalion who repulsed them.

The English had been three times attacked and three beaten, but the closer we compressed them the stronger they became; they had been forced back for nearly a mile. The battle had raged now for almost an hour. Jackson called a halt that he might get news from Coffee, for though he had heard the heavy firing, it had now ceased and the Carolina had also nearly stopped her firing. On learning Coffee's location, Jackson ordered both divisions back to their original positions at the beginning of the attack.

The British also retired to their camp about nine-thirty o'clock and rested on their arms, but without camp fires. Hinds' Dragoons were placed on guard to watch the movements of the enemy. While the battle was progressing, the three hundred and fifty men who were under Morgan at the English turn, insisted upon being led into the fight. Morgan at first refused, but when the firing was heard it was impossible to restrain the ardor of the men. Being without orders, he determined to risk it. He marched up the river bank until he reached the fork of the road, where one branch takes off to a place called Terre aux Beouf, and the other follows the river. Here he threw out scouts as feelers, for the battle was over and the firing had ceased. The scouts fell in with a British force on Jumonville's plantation, which was just below Villare's. They exchanged a shot. When it was reported to Morgan, he called a council, and it was determined to fall back and camp in an old cornfield and there wait for morning. It was now half-past ten o'clock at night.

And so Night folded her mantle over the battlefield. The Carolina had dropped, as it were, to sleep; Jackson's men were in his camp, and the British in theirs; below them was Morgan, as it were, beyond the reach of assistance. The dead lay upon the battlefield, and the wounded sent their piteous cries up to the gate of heaven. Hinds' horsemen sat like centaurs grimly watching over the scene.

We lost twenty-four killed, one hundred and fifteen wounded, and seventy-five prisoners—total, two hundred and fourteen. The British lost one hundred dead upon the field, two hundred and thirty wounded, and one major and two lieutenants and sixty-six non-commissioned officers and privates, prisoners—total, four hundred. If you ask if we gained a victory, I say No! The utmost that we can claim was a partial success, for Jackson intended to capture Kean's division and he failed to do it. But the moral effect of the affair was tremendous. It staggered the British into the belief that Jackson was full handed. Our men became accustomed to the sound of artillery and to seeing British soldiers whom they had pushed clear off the battlefield.

Some daring adventures took place. One Captain Kemper was lost; he fell into a squad of British before he knew it; but his presence of mind did not desert him. He assumed the port and bearing of a British officer, ordered them to follow and led the squad into the arms of our men, who made them prisoners.

The creoles who were taken prisoners were ordered released on condition that they would take with them the proclamation of the British Commanding General to the inhabitants of Louisiana, but they magnanimously refused to do so. Among the number of those gallant men were Prieur, Beauregard, Renaud, Ray, and Villare, Jr. The latter, as soon as he made his escape from his father's house, put himself at the head of a company of creole volunteers. Other familiar names in New Orleans, among the wounded, were George Ogden, George Pollock, John Lynd, Laverty, Cox, Brandege, Flowers, Story, Sterret, Porter, and Alex Smith. With this I close the description of the moonlight battle of "Laronde's Plantation."

We Americans have always looked upon it as a great battle, but I will tell you how lightly the great historian of Europe, Allison, speaks of it. After mentioning the incredible difficulties he says, "At length, however, by the united and indefatigable efforts of both services, these obstacles were overcome, the troops, in number about four thousand five hundred combatants and a considerable quantity of heavy guns and stores, were landed; an attack of the American militia was repulsed with ease the same evening." That's his description of the great battle. He looked at it through one end of the telescope and we the other.

CHAPTER XL

It is one of the characteristics of the great general to know when to strike, where to strike, and how far to strike. This was exemplified in many instances in the career of Jackson. When he retired to his camp on the night of December 23, he determined to push the work next morning; he accordingly ordered down Carroll's Brigade that had been left, as you may remember, to guard the Gentilly Road. But before Carroll arrived, Jackson learned the true force under Kean; it was larger than he thought.

An amusing but rather apochryphal story is told about General Washington. They say that he never laughed heartily but once during the whole period of the Revolutionary War. It was in this way. An Irishman brought in three prisoners. Washington was pleased with the exploit and of course had the curiosity to ask: "How did you do it, Pat?" "Faith, your honor, I jest surrounded the smalpeens and gobbled up the whole of them." The idea was so irresistibly ludicrous that even the gravity of Washington gave way and he burst into a laugh.

Jackson was not equal to the Irishman; he knew that he, with only two thousand five hundred men all told, couldn't begin to surround Kean's four thousand five hundred veterans. And here he showed a great deal of prudence; with all his dashing headlong impetuosity he knew just where to stop. He accordingly fell back two miles and formed his camp on Macarty's plantation, behind an old mill race six feet wide, leading from the river to the swamp, the dirt thrown from the ditch made the incipient breastwork. The highland between the river and swamp was only six hundred yards wide. A schooner had left about two hundred bales of cotton upon the levee and with these Jackson formed a sort of bastion on his right flank, next the levee and a few of the remainder were thrown on his breastworks and covered with dirt. Half a mile up the river another was thrown up and three quarters of a mile further up, a third was formed. All these precautionary movements were taken so that if beaten on one line we could fall back behind the others successively.

While our soldiers were hard at work digging dirt—a thing soldiers hate very much—Jackson determined to keep up a feigned attack on December 24, so he ordered Carroll's Brigade and Hinds' Battalion to show themselves to the enemy and keep up the impression as though an attack was about to be made.

On this day the Commander-in-Chief of the British, Sir Edward Packenham, for the first time trod the soil of Louisiana. He was truly a gallant chieftain, thirty-eight years of age. He had been Quarter-Master-General under the Duke of Wellington, his brother-in-law. Wounded at the storming of St. Lucie and again at Martinique, he had been sent at his own request to the Spanish Peninsula in the war against Napoleon. He helped to win the fight at Talla Vera, and distinguished himself particularly at the battle of Salamanca. In this famous battle he led the third division, turned the enemy's left flank, and so exerted himself as to gain the applause of Wellington, which in itself was fame.

I tell these things to show you that our men had to stand up and fight great generals; generals covered with battle scars and decorated with orders. In my mind's eye there seemed to be a cloud upon the brow of Packenham as he rode over the field to make his reconnoissance. His experienced eye saw danger ahead and disaster and he was not in favor of making the attack which took place a few days later; but an overconfident soldiery pushed him on to his grave and their ruin.

Christmas Day that year was not very merry for all in New Orleans. The schooners Carolina and Louisiana dropped down opposite the camp and served such a dish as forced the British to retire toward the swamp out of range.

I will now relate a little incident, told long years ago by an aged veteran named Michael Trimble, when Coffee dismounted his men on the night of the 23, they were in such hot haste that some of the horses got loose and were quietly grazing between the two armies. Hinds ordered Trimble and Harris to go after them, but he pledged himself that if they were killed he would recover their bodies if it took the last man. The young men crept down, following the edge of the swamp, until they got below the horses. They then dashed out as fast as they could, waving their hats and raising a shout. The British pickets fired a volley at the young daredevils and this had the very effect upon the horses they desired; they and the horses rushed helter-skelter, pell mell, toward our line which opened and let them pass in. Young Trimble's horse was wounded but both men escaped unhurt.

Jackson, on learning Morgan's critical position, ordered him to transport as much of his artillery as he could across the river to the west bank, and throw what he couldn't transport, in the river to be easily recovered after the water fell. In the meanwhile he was ordered to approach as near to the British lines as possible and cut the levees so as to let the water in behind them. The levees were accordingly cut, both above and below, and they were insulated. Morgan was then to march up the west bank of the river, and intrench himself upon the bank, opposite to Jackson's camp.

The cutting of the levees was an advantage to the British in one respect. It deepened the water in the Villare Canal and this enabled them to bring up their supplies of artillery and ammunition with more ease than before. On December 26, the schooners Carolina or Caroline (it is written both ways) under Colonel Henly, and the Louisiana, under Commodore Patterson, kept up an annoying fire upon the British. Of course the enemy would not stand this very long, accordingly under the cover of night, they formed a battery within range, and on the morning of December 27, they opened a heavy fire upon the Carolina. Poor thing, she lay like a victim bound to the altar. The wind was dead ahead N. N-W; the current was too stiff to tow her and so her timbers crashed and shivered as the expert artillerists poured it into her with a savage delight. Henly could reply only with his long twelve pounder, his other metal being too light for long range. At last the iron hail took fatal effect; the hot shot passed through the cabin, which contained a considerable quantity of powder. The bulwarks were all knocked down; the vessel began to sink and the fire to spread, between the two elements of destruction, fire and water, the gallant captain and the noble crew had to leave the Carolina to her fate. He carried the corpse of one and six wounded to the shore.

While it was not a source of sorrow to the British to see the Carolina wrapped in flames, I think that a manly tear must have wet the cheek of her valiant commander. A sailor loves his ship with a love that we land lubbers can never appreciate. A child of the breeze and the sea, she floats upon the water like a thing of life and she is to him as a mistress; in the storm her very timbers groan as if in sympathy with him; she bends to his wishes as the breeze kisses her canvass and she glides gently along rocking to the mysterious and unseen power, a picture of grace and beauty. Henly must have felt very bitter as he stood with his lieutenants, Hatter and Norris, and his sailing master, Crawley, and watched his ship gradually settling in the water as the flames leaped up into her spars and rigging.

A few moments after the crew reached the shore, the gallant little barque blew up with a tremendous explosion. With her spars and splinters and upper timbers flying in the air and her charred hull settling in the deep waters of the Mississippi, and the echo of her farewell thunder rolling along the shore, she passed among the things that were; but her name and her fame are forever associated with the history of the heroic defence of New Orleans. The British battery now turned its guns upon the Louisiana, but she was higher up the river and was successfully towed out of the reach of the guns. She was the only ship left to us in those waters and her preservation was important.

On the morning of December 28, the enemy, no doubt, inspired by the destruction of the Carolina, approached and erected batteries of their heavy pieces. As soon as the fog lifted, they poured a tremendous fire into our lines. Their infantry marched out in grand battle array and made a demonstration of attack, but it proved to be only an artillery duel. The Louisiana alone fired eight hundred guns, and our land batteries fired in the same proportion. There was one constant roar of artillery from eight o'clock in the morning until four in the afternoon. We succeeded in dismounting some of their pieces. One very heavy piece belonging to the enemy was very hard to get off and in their efforts to withdraw it many of them were killed. Some of their bombs exploded our magazines. It was here that the soldiers began to feel that under Jackson they were invincible. He was conspicuous moving up and down the line, and wherever he appeared he was greeted with shouts. He afterwards expressed his delight at the manner in which he was received at this first grand demonstration of the enemy.

The British lost in this skirmish upwards of two hundred men. We lost but fifteen killed and wounded, but among the killed was an officer of Carroll's Tennessee division, Colonel Henderson, whose death caused great sorrow. When their guns were dismounted, the British retired to their camp, and quiet reigned once more. Never were men more hopeful of victory than Packenham's army. A British Colonel by the name of Mitchell, who was captured on the night of December 23, and sent as a prisoner to the city, was politely offered a change of linen by our Colonel Platt. The prisoner as politely declined and remarked: "It was not necessary as his baggage would be up in a few days!" Many years have passed but Colonel Mitchell's baggage has not yet arrived.

CHAPTER XLI

And here occurred one of those contretemps that are so likely to happen when two opposing systems are at work. I have mentioned that the civil and military authorities are likely to clash in time of war. The Legislature had ceased to sit, but occasionally a few members would meet and adjourn. Just at the height of the action, December 28, as Jackson was dashing down to the left wing, he was met by Colonel Duncan, whose countenance indicated that something of importance had happened. Jackson read it at a glance.

"What's the matter?" he asked impatiently.

"Governor Claiborne has sent word, sir, that the Legislature is about to surrender the city," said Duncan.

"It is impossible," said Jackson, "I don't believe it. Did Claiborne send a written message?"

"No, sir, the word was brought by a militia Colonel."

"Send him to me," said Jackson.

"He has already returned to the city," replied Duncan.

Jackson was about to pass on when Duncan asked him what message he was to bear to Claiborne. "The Governor expects orders as to what to do."

"I don't believe the report," said Jackson, "but, if the Legislature attempts to surrender the city, tell him to blow them up," and with that he dashed on.

Duncan afterwards meeting one of Claiborne's Aids, directed him to inform the Governor that the General wished him to prevent the Legislature from assembling. On the next day the few members who were not in the army went to the Hall to meet and adjourn, as they had been in the habit of doing since the landing of the British, to their utter amazement, they found a guard at the door of each house.

The origin of the mistake was this; Colonel Declouet had met Duncan and told him there was a plot to deliver up the city by certain members of the Legislature, and that he, Declouet had been invited to join in it, that they considered Jackson was carrying on a Russian war, and that it was better to capitulate and save the city.

When the matter was brought before the Legislature for investigation, Duncan admitted that Declouet did not say that he was sent by Governor Claiborne. He further said, that as far as he recollected, Jackson's order was to tell Claiborne to look into the matter, and if there was truth in it, to blow them up. Declouet's account was, that on the night of December 27, he slept at his brother's below the city. The inhabitants were in consternation; he conversed with several members of the Legislature and they apprehended direful consequences from the war. From this he feared that a proposition would be made by the Legislature to capitulate.

On the day of the battle, he set out to tell his suspicions to Jackson, but before he could do so, the battle was in full blast, and he requested Duncan to tell Jackson about it. He acknowledged, when questioned by the Legislature, that no member had manifested to him an intention of doing anything positive. So you perceive there was a mistake all around. It was one of those rare cases in which all the parties did right, and yet all was based on a wrong hypothesis.

December 29th dawned and passed without any positive demonstration on either side, but December 30th was signalized by a somewhat exciting event. Hinds reported that he had seen a suspicious movement in the enemy, and thought they were creeping up rather near to our intrenchments, through a ditch. Jackson treated the information rather slightingly, and this touched the sensibility of Hinds to the quick. "Give me leave, sir, to test the matter, and I'll show you whether I'm mistaken or not," said Hinds. Permission was granted, and Hinds drew up his battalion and addressed them somewhat in this manner: "I believe the enemy are ambushed in yonder ditch. I want to find out whether it is so or not. I do not order a single man to follow me, but if you wish to volunteer, say so." Every man of them volunteered. Hinds made the charge at full gallop. As they leaped over the ditch his horsemen fired their horse pistols, huge flint lock affairs, into the ranks of the enemy who were lying there snugly ensconced. As soon as he could rein up his steed, he wheeled and again fired into the enemy as he jumped the ditch. As he was making the jump, Hinds' horse fell upon his knees; the bank gave way and he was about to roll over; being a man of Herculean strength, Hinds raised his horse by the rein. All this while the British were firing at him. They raised a great shout when he fell; his men were over, and he was almost alone. An ordinary man, as soon as he got his horse upon his feet, would have put spurs to him and scampered away; not so with him. He deliberately turned his horse's head toward the enemy, waved his hat, and then galloped off the field. The British were struck with the chivalric bearing of the man, and Jackson, in reporting the affair, gave the classic commendation that in this reconnoisance "the cavalry excited the admiration of one army and the astonishment of the other."

Although a constant stream of fire was pouring upon them, not a man was killed, but five were wounded, and we lost several horses. Levi C. Harris and C. Jordon were among the wounded; the former lived to a good old age and carried a stiff shoulder to his grave. The names of the three participants who lived for many years are Joseph Sample, Colonel Jos. E. Davis, and Michael Trimble.

Jackson was disposed to chide Hinds for his seeming rashness in uselessly exposing his person, but it was like an Ajax reproving Achilles for his temerity. "My word was doubted," replied Hinds, "and I wanted to prove that what I said was true."

The British were unearthed and retreated down the ditch by the same route they came. We have now come to the last day of the year, 1814. On this day we saw the bold Baratarians march into our camp, headed by the brothers, Lafitte, they numbered between sixty and a hundred. Of course, they attracted a great deal of attention. The elder Lafitte was strikingly handsome; he was tall, well made, and had piercing dark eyes, but the rest of his company were rather a rough looking set. As they were seamen and understood cannon better than civil law, they were placed in charge of the artillery service.

The British were busily bringing up their heavy artillery on December 31. They formed two batteries within six hundred yards of our line. The morning of January 1, (it was Sunday) dawned with a dense fog upon its brow; so dense that we could not see what the enemy were doing. As soon as the fog lifted they opened with a tremendous cannonade and we replied. They took good aim at the house occupied by Jackson as Headquarters, and it was badly riddled with balls; but Jackson's actual headquarters when a fight was going on, was at the battlefield. The cannonade was kept up by their left battery until three o'clock in the afternoon; the other battery was silenced about twelve o'clock; they were beaten down and the guns dismounted. Our guns were fired with great precision and did good execution. After three o'clock they retired and left us masters of the field. Our loss in this action was but eleven killed and twenty-three wounded. Their loss must have been greater, but it was never accurately ascertained. Many of the shots of the enemy cut through our intrenchments and fatigue parties were immediately set to work to repair and strengthen them.

While artillery was playing upon our center and right, an attack was made upon our left, hoping to turn our flank, but they were met by much mud and water and Coffee's Brigade, who heroically stood their—I was about to say ground—but the fact is there was very little ground on which to stand. Failing here also, the British retired to their camp, and so closed New Year's Day, 1815; but our hearts were gladdened by the arrival of six hundred and sixty men, under General Thomas, from Baton Rouge.

On the next morning, Jackson observing a great stir in the camp of the enemy, ordered out a sortie of from two to four hundred men, part cavalry. After a survey they returned with the information that we had disabled some of their guns in the duel of the first, and they had razed the redoubts, carried off their guns and retired to their camps on Bienvenue.

January 2 was a cheering day for us. General Adair, who had been long looked for, came at last, with four thousand men, but they were badly armed and poorly clothed. To remedy the first a troop of citizens called the veterans, who were too old for active service, surrendered their arms for the soldiers and supplied themselves with shot guns. You will like to know perhaps why these men were not well armed. The steamboat Enterprise and two other boats with arms and ammunition had passed Louisville on December 28; therefore we can say we didn't have arms for lack of "enterprise" on the part of the government.

As soon as it was known that the troops were badly clad, the Legislature appropriated six thousand dollars;

the citizens of the city subscribed the same amount; the planters of the German coast sent three thousand six hundred dollars; and the planters of Attakapas five hundred dollars; by these and other means, sixteen thousand dollars were raised, in addition to the Legislative appropriation. These sums were laid out in the purchase of blankets and woolen goods and were distributed among the people to be made into clothing. Then was witnessed the sublime, patriotic devotion of woman in her sphere. In almost every household, from the richest to the poorest, the busy fingers of the ladies plied the industrious but noiseless needles, in making the clothing for the destitute soldiers who were defending them. This was long before the day when the genius of Howe had made the wonderful invention of the sewing machine; there were then no Grover and Baker, Singer, Wheeler and Wilson or Wilcox and Gibbs, to assist the weary fingers of woman. Oh, no, it was stitch, stitch, like Hood's song of the shirt, but there was no tiring in that noble band of ladies thus toiling for their defenders. Within one week they had made and distributed twelve hundred blanket coats; two hundred and twenty-five waistcoats; eleven hundred and seventy-five pairs of pants, and eight hundred shirts. These same hands, a few days later, weaved the laurel that crowned the victor's brow.

It brings to mind the scenes of later days, when their heroic daughters toiled for soldiers fighting in another cause, but alas! it was their sad fate to decorate their heroes for the cause that never triumphed. Their heroic fortitude under their sufferings must be told by other lips than mine.

Besides these donations, the merchants and shippers contributed freely of boxes of shoes and hats and mattresses. The City Council were active in rendering assistance and the noble Mayor Girod was incessantly engaged in collecting arms and driving stragglers to the field.

When Jackson called for negroes to work on the fortifications they were promptly sent by the citizens. Upon the whole we presented an undivided front to the foe, and every day increased our strength, while it diminished that of the enemy.

It was just past midnight and the beginning of another Sunday, when the tread of the British legions fairly shook the earth. The noise of a moving army is inexpressibly appalling; the heavy tramp of men; the rumble of artillery; the rolling of wagons, all combine and make a noise as of muttering, distant thunder. The soil of that region is peculiarly elastic, and a bystander said he could hear the suppressed tumultious roar of the British army when it began to move from the camp. I have already told you that Colonel Thornton of the British army crossed the river with eight hundred men. What this force did will soon be related. The morning had not yet dawned, but the reverberation of the earth warned Jackson that his hour had come. No man, I care not how brave he may be, can meet the shock of battle without apprehension.

The cavalry pickets of Hinds' Dragoons were driven in and took post behind the army. Just at the gray dawn of the morning and before objects could be distinguished, a solitary rocket shot up in the sky on the British left, and in a few moments another, as an answering signal, shot up on the right. The British had rebuilt their redoubts for their batteries, consisting of six eighteen pounders, on the night previous, within eight hundred yards of our lines. Those rockets that shot up like earthly meteors, and for a moment lit the welkin, were the signals for attack. Packenham had waited, as he thought, long enough for Thornton to begin the attack on the west bank, so the signal was given to advance.

The attack was made in two divisions. The 21st Brigade, composed of the 4th, 21st and 44th and three companies of the 98th regiment, under the command of Major General Gibbs, attacked our left center, for there the spy had told them, were stationed our fresh troops, just from Kentucky and Tennessee. The Third Brigade under Major General Kean, composed of the 93rd regiment, 43rd regiment and two companies of fusileers, made the attack on our right, next the river. On came those brave men in columns of from forty to sixty deep.

The scene was somewhat singular. The British had loaded themselves with sugar cane tops for fascines to fill up the ditch, so that it was a fight in which the two great staples of the South stood opposed—sugar cane against cotton bales. It was somewhat like the battle of Burnham Wood and Dunsinane, when Macbeth lost his crown. You remember the witches told him that he could hold out until Burnham Wood marched to Dunsinane. Malcolm's soldiers seized the brush from Burnham Wood for protection and when Macbeth's men saw the brush moving they thought the fates against them and were so discouraged they lost the battle. But sugar cane fascines did not frighten Jackson's men.

As soon as the rocket signals were given the battery of six eighteen pounders burst upon our line with shot and shell and congreve rockets. The moment they got within cannon range Jackson gave the signal. Three cheers along the line burst from our men and the artillery opened upon the enemy.

From the very first the carnage was terrible; the artillery mowed down the front ranks and they continued to fall in as fast as they fell out. The British gave a yell as they charged and "twas like the banner cry of hell," and on they came. But if they fell fast from the cannon shot, their mortality was quadrupled when they came within musket and rifle range. Our men protected by our breast works, took deliberate aim and, as fast as they could load, fired without cessation; it was one continued volley from our eight batteries, muskets and rifles, and it fell upon them like the sweep of a scythe.

Still, for a space, there was no lessening in the obstinate British courage. Opposite Carroll's line Gibbs pressed on at the head of his column until he got within twenty feet of our line, when he fell mortally wounded, and was borne from the field. Some of his men continued to press on through the iron sheet until they reached the foot of the ditch. Some pulled off their shoes that they might the better climb over the breastwork, but they found this impossible, so they were caught under the wing of our works; as they could neither advance nor recede they threw up their hands in surrender. In one small space there lay in front of Carroll's line three hundred and sixty dead men. It was not possible for mortal men to face such slaughter and after standing against it for nearly three quarters of an hour, they broke and fled in spite of all the efforts of their officers to prevent. They reached a ditch out of musket shot and again rallied. When Gibbs fell the command devolved upon Lieutenent Colonel Brook.

The attack on our right, for the moment, was rather more successful. Kean led the charge, but he, too, fell early in the action within twenty feet of our ditch and was borne off and Lieutenant Colonel Hamilton placed in command. An incomplete bastion on our extreme right stood between the levee and the river. The extreme left of Kean's division was composed of two companies of Fusileers led by Colonel Rennie (a Frenchman by birth.) He led the attack on this redoubt by striking between the levee and the river. He was somewhat protected in his approach from our fire in front, by some standing chimneys and by the levee, but Patterson, from his battery on the west bank, raked him as he advanced. Nothing daunted, that brave Colonel pushed on in spite of shot and shell in front and flank. He got to the foot of the bastion when he received a ball through the calf of his leg; calling to his men to follow he clambered up the parapet. He drew his pistol and shot down the gunner exclaiming, "Come on my brave fellows the day is ours!" "Not yet," replied Mr. Weathers of the city of New Orleans, as he shot him through the head; at the same moment others fired and he fell pierced with eleven balls.

When the news reached Jackson that the redoubt was taken, he started with reenforcements to recapture it and so the two opposing commanders were hurrying to the same spot and would, in a short time, have met face to face had not fate decreed otherwise.

It was said that Packenham was mounted on a splendid iron-gray horse. He had observed Rennie's success and realized that he needed support. He ordered an Aid-de-Camp to hurry up Colonel M. of ____ regiment to support Colonel Rennie, but he did not come as quickly as he desired so he detached another Aid, for in battles, moments are hours; at length Colonel M's regiment came up but the Colonel was in the rear. Packenham threw himself at the head of the regiment and was leading them to the charge when he received two wounds, one in the knee and another in the body. He was waving his hat and cheering his men when he fell in the arms of his Aid, Major McDougall. He, too, was carried from the field. They say that when he met Colonel M. he brandished his sword and denounced him as a cowardly villian and if he lived till to-morrow he would hang him; but to him the morrow never came.

Rennie's men, like those on our left, were caught in a trap; if they retreated, Patterson's battery raked them, if they stood where they were, unsupported, Beall's company was in front deliberately picking them off. At length they left the position and fled to a ditch before Jackson got up with the support.

Kean's division, after he fell, when they saw Gibb's division repulsed, retreated also. The officers succeeded in rallying the men when they got beyond infantry range and again they were led to the slaughter; the plain was literally strewed with the dead and the wounded; and reddened by their scarlet uniforms and their blood.

As fast as the British got within range and deployed, they were cut down by the same terrible fire. It was all in vain, Jackson's line was a wall of fire which they could not pass; valor could not achieve impossibility. The plain was a narrow space a thousand yards wide, with about six or seven thousand men crowded into it, and our thirty-seven marksmen, both artillery and infantry, pouring a stream of fire into the living mass accounts for the frightful carnage. One British captain was captured who had seen service in Spain and France. He said that for the time the action lasted it was the hottest he had ever witnessed. He led sixty Grenadiers to the charge and but five escaped. That exceeds the mortality in the Light Brigade in the famous charge of Balaklava. Having been twice led to the charge and twice defeated, they finally broke and fled.

Major General Lambert, with his reserve, had got to within two hundred and fifty yards of the line when he met them in full flight; he used the cautious language of a military man and says as he advanced with the reserve, within about two hundred and fifty yards of the line he had the mortification to observe the whole falling back upon him in the greatest confusion; the plain English of which language is, they were running away as fast as their legs could carry them.

All the time of the battle Jackson was hurrying up and down the line encouraging his men. His battle cry suited the taste of the men who adored him as a father. It was this: "Give it to them boys, let's finish the business today." The battle lasted about one hour and twenty minutes and in that brief period the commander-in-Chief and two divisions had been swept from the field; promotion was terribly rapid in that army, we had killed of the enemy one Lieutenant General; one Major General; one Lieutenant Colonel; two Majors; five Captains; four Lieutenants; two Ensigns; eleven Sergeants; one Drummer; two hundred and sixty-six rank and file; wounded two Major Generals; one of whom died the next day; eight Lieutenant Colonels; two Majors; eighteen Captains; thirty-eight Lieutenants; nine Ensigns; one Staff; fifty-four Sergeants; nine Drummers; eleven hundred and twenty-six rank and file. Captured three Captains; twelve Lieutenants; thirteen Sergeants; four Drummers; four hundred and fifty-two rank and file.

Thus stood our affairs on the east bank. Jackson full handed victorius; the enemy utterly demoralized, in full flight. Jackson then felt strong enough to "Let slip the dogs of war," and as he expressed it, "Finish the business." At the moment of his exultation when, if I may judge from his language, he was about to issue the order "Up guards and at them!" an Aid hurried up from Patterson with bad news from the west bank. Oh, how he did rage when he heard it, but softly, it may have been a blessing in disguise. Raw troops fight better behind breastworks.

CHAPTER XLII

Human history is like a garment whose warp and woof is of alternate strands, light and dark, it is but a chequered thing at best.

Col. Thornton, before the attack by Packenham, crossed the river with the 85th Light Infantry, two hundred seamen, four hundred marines, and a West Indian regiment and four pieces of artillery. Captain Armand, of the Louisiana militia, was sent down to oppose their landing. He seemed to think it was a mistake about the enemy's crossing, so he allowed his men to go to sleep. He was aroused very early by the noise of the British landing. Before he could form the enemy were upon him. He fell back and in so doing met the Kentucky militia, under Colonel Davis, that had been sent by Morgan to reenforce him. When these two bodies met, Armand retreating and the other advancing, the Kentuckians fell back with them until they got behind a sawmill, where they had partial protection. There they formed and awaited the enemy. They made a brief stand and stopped Thornton. They say they would have made a good stand, but unfortunately, an aid of Col. Morgan's rode up and ordered a retreat; their legs always take an accelerated motion in retreat and they ran. They fell back to Morgan's line. Patterson's battery and seamen, with Morgan's men, formed our right; the Louisiana, Armand's militia, our center; Davis' Kentuckians,our left. When Thornton got to within seven hundred yards, he formed his line and attacked them in the center and left. He was met with such a heavy fire from Patterson and our artillery in the line, in the center, that his force obliqued to the left and threw his entire weight upon that flank.

The Kentuckians saw that they were overpowered and gave way; Armand's militia fired one volley and followed. Davis and Armand and the other officers did all in their power to stem the panic, but it was useless, the British pressed on. Morgan and Patterson seeing they were flanked and about to be enveloped, spiked their artillery, that glorious artillery that had achieved such success for Jackson's side, and retreated.

The officers succeeded in rallying their men a little higher up, but the enemy's congreve rockets burst in their midst and set fire to the sugar cane and again they took up a line of retreat; at last they were brought to a halt about two miles above and formed behind an old mill race; Thornton was wounded and carried from the field. The British destroyed the surrounding buildings and fields and took possession of our spiked guns. Great was the mortification of Jackson when this news reached him. He immediately ordered over detachments to retake the line at all hazards.

A Court of Inquiry was subsequently held on the matter before Major Henry Chotard, Assistant Adjutant General. It acquitted the Kentucky troops and the troops of Dijon and Cavalier, of the Louisiana militia, of blame, but attributed the cause of the disaster to the flight of the command of Major Armand sent to oppose the landing of the enemy. The court applauded the zeal and gallantry of the officers, but said that another reason for the retreat was owing to the manner in which the troops were placed. Dijon, Cavalier and Desplett, commanding five hundred men, with three pieces of artillery, behind a breastwork, occupied a space of only two hundred yards, while the Kentuckians, one hundred and seventy strong, under Colonel Davis, without artillery occupied over three hundred yards. For these and the further reason that the parties were badly armed, they were acquitted of all blame.

But if Jackson was mortified by this news from the west bank, Thornton's command was paralyzed by the news they got from the east bank. They saw at a glance that their success amounted to nothing.

It was about ten o'clock when the battle was over on the east side. The British dead and wounded lay in heaps before our lines; their army had retired beyond musket range and were lying down in the ditch. Our men were moved with pity at the sufferings of their enemies and some of them went over to help them, but the foe fired at them; this was very cruel and ungrateful and was severely censured afterwards by the British officers. At length Major General Lambert, upon whom the command had developed, turned his thoughts to the humane side of war.

A flag was seen waving over the plain; it approached our line; the neutral sign was returned and so a flag of truce suspended for a moment the carnage. Lambert proposed a suspension of hostilities for three days to bury the dead. Jackson replied that hostilities might cease on the east bank until twelve o'clock on the ninth, but not on the west bank; that his burying parties might come within three hundred yards of our line and there we would deliver to them the dead for burial and the wounded as prisoners to be parolled.

Jackson, in this, practiced what military men call strategem. Although his detachment had not yet crossed the river, he wished to convey the idea that he was full handed over there. It had the desired effect. Thornton's force was withdrawn on Sunday night and joined Lambert's on the east bank.

General Lambert didn't reply until Monday morning at eleven o'clock, alleging that the communication proposing the terms had escaped his observation on account of stress of business that had fallen upon him. I shrewdly suspect the fact was Lambert delayed answering until Thornton's force had crossed, and Jackson was more than willing that they should do so without driving them. Jackson immediately ordered Morgan's line to be reestablished, Patterson's guns to be mounted and things placed on a better footing than before, by throwing over heavy reenforcements to man the line. And so the bugles sang truce for twenty-four hours and the sad afterpiece of the great tragedy was enacted.

I must relate what became of the leader, Packenham. His and also Gibb's body was transported to the gin of Admiral Cochrane on Lake Borgne. This was before the days of hermetically sealed metallic coffins. Their bodies were prepared and placed in spirits and sent to England on the ship, Plantagenet. When they arrived General Gascoigne inquired in parliament whether a public monument was to be decreed to the illustrious dead. General Sir Edward Lord Castlereah replied that none was to be decreed, but a few weeks after he changed his mind. He pronounced a eulogy and moved an address to the Prince Regent that he would be graciously pleased to order a monument to be erected to his memory in the Cathedral Church of St. Paul. So Packenham has his monument amongst the illustrious dead of his country. The curious traveller no doubt can now see the simple inscription in that classic spot. And so closed the brilliant career of the young chieftain.

He had come with ample powers; he had in his possession his commission as Governor of Louisiana, with a full corps of civil officers; he came for the triumphal car and we gave him a grave. His great antagonist of that day, Jackson, as you know, sleeps in the bosom of Tennessee, at the Hermitage. It is possible that more pilgrims look wistfully now and then upon that humble tomb in this western world than upon the slab in the classic cemetery of St. Paul's Cathedral. And now let us return to the more humble dead.

As if in some compensation for the barbarity of war, when the battle is over, enemies meet and converse as tenderly as brothers; they minister to each other's wounded; they chide and jest about the events of battle and all bitterness seems for the moment, buried with the dead. It was thus with us on this tragic field. Our soldiers met theirs and talked over the why and wherefore of the defeat. Our soldiers as carefully and as tenderly lifted their wounded men as though they had been friends. The fact was, before the fight there was great animosity. We had been told that the watchword was "beauty and booty." Whether this was so or not we believed it and were much exasperated. The English denied the charge. I have an idea that Packenham intended to give the city up to pillage in case he was victorious.

But all that was past now, the warriors were wounded men, and to this day the proudest part of that glorious victory is that when the battle was over the heroes were kind and gentle to the wounded who fell into their hands. Jackson, who when the spirit of battle was upon him, was a raging lion, became as gentle as a lamb. The wounded prisoners died very rapidly, their wounds being, for the most part, mortal, as the firing was at close range.

We claimed to have placed *hors de combat* twenty-six hundred and fifty-four; they admitted twenty hundred and seventy-three. But the most remarkable part of this achievement was our comparitively small loss. We lost but six killed and seven wounded on the east bank; seven killed on the west bank, thirteen wounded, and nineteen missing. Such an immense disparity in loss is unparalleled in history; it is almost like the miraculous story narrated in the old testament of the destruction of Sennacherib:

"Like the leaves of the forest when Summer is green,
That host with their banners at sunset were seen;
Like the leaves of the forest when Autumn hath blown
That host on the morrow lay withered and strewn."

I have purposely omitted to tell you of one thing because I want to make an impression upon youth that the people who most earnestly seek God will get his protection.

Now there happened to live in New Orleans at that time a devout Roman Catholic Bishop, named William Dubourg. This prelate, on December 18, issued his mandate, with the hearty approval of Jackson, to the clergy and faithful of the city of New Orleans, ordering public prayers. It said, "Whilst our brave warriors, led by the hero of the Floridas, prepare to defend our altars and our firesides against foreign invasion, it behooves us, ministers of the Most High, and all you Christians, whom the weakness of your sex or your age prevents your taking active part in this important struggle, to unite under the banners of religion and implore the Divine protection on the arms of our defenders." He referred to the example of Moses when he fought Amelek.

In furtherance of his views he ordered public prayers in the churches (there were but two) and other solemn religious services to be held three days in the week to seek and secure the protection of Divine Providence.

The prayers that went up to the throne of God were signally answered. Silently but surely their devout supplications floated through the din of the conflict and above the smoke of battle, and though the voices were drowned upon earth by the cannon's roar, they were wafted to the gate of heaven and saved their loved homes from the desolation of war.

I know that military men sometimes say, that Providence always favors heavy battalions, but it just so happened in this case that the heavy battalions were on the losing side.

CHAPTER XLIII

The reverberation of the cannon had scarcely died away on the Plains of Chalmette when the gallant Overton was attacked at Fort St. Phillip, at the Plaquemines. All danger was not yet over, for if the fleet passed the Fort our position was still critical.

Two bomb vessels, a brig, a schooner and sloop, approached the Fort on the ninth at ten o'clock in the morning. They immediately began the bombardment. The music that greeted them for many days was the sound of bombs bursting and balls whizzing through the sky. Overton with his daring three hundred, gave them better than they sent; his shot fell so true and so fast that the vessels quickly beat a retreat. They dropped two miles below, out of range and securely sent us a great many ugly messengers at intervals, for nine days. During this time, one dark night, they made an effort to pass, but were driven back. At length Overton, on the seventeenth, mounted a mortar and let them feel some of his metal. He had the exquisite gratification of seeing the sea birds take flight on the eighteenth.

The enemy threw a thousand shells without injury to the Fort, killing one and injuring seven men. The gun vessel No. 65, Lieutenant Cunningham commanding, had her rigging badly riddled, but not a man on her was lost.

The British still presented a formidable front and Jackson did not know whether they had abandoned the attack on the city or not; but the popular idea that the danger was over, became so fixed that the cotton, which had been accumulating for months until there were a hundred thousand bales in the city, was sold on January 13, payable in six months, for ten cents per pound, and no more could be had at the same price.

There were but few disappointed soldiers, but among the arrivals of reenforcements I felt deeply interested in one company. I had seen them leave as brave a band as ever shouldered muskets. They were named The Natchez Rifles in honor of the place that gave them birth. The captain was James C. Wilkins, and the first lieutenant, Anthony Campbell, and the first sergeant, Adam L. Bingamam. The company reached the ground after the battle was over and it was to them a source of life-long regret.

While the British were keeping up a show in front, they were secretly preparing for an embarkment. For nine days they were preparing redoubts on their route in the rear. On the night of the eighteenth, they silently withdrew their forces as stealthily as they had approached; they retired down the Bayou Bienvenue, within a mile of its mouth and bivouaced.

General Lambert addressed a note to General Jackson, commending to his care, about eighty wounded, who were too weak for removal. Early on the morning of the eighteenth, Jackson's scouts reported the evacuation. Hinds was ordered to pursue at once. As he approached the British camp he found a few score of figures dressed like British soldiers all stuff. Our troops were met by the British surgeon with the letter to Jackson, which also contained the assurance that hostile designs on the city for the present were abandoned. Jackson, however, was not to be thrown off his guard.

Our distinguished representative, Poindexter, joined in the pursuit. He assured the surgeon that the unfortunate wounded would receive faithful attention.

The historian Allison, pays the following graceful compliment to Jackson on the manner in which he discharged this duty: "All the wounded were removed, except eighty of the worst cases, for whom movement would have been dangerous; these were left to the humanity of the enemy, a duty which General Jackson discharged with a zeal and attention worthy of the ability and gallantry he had displayed in the action." The citizens gave seven hundred and forty mattresses for these poor sufferers.

We took fourteen pieces of his heavy artillery spiked, and although Hinds pursued them he only took nine prisoners on this retreat, beside the eighty wounded.

Lambert's army remained in bivouac on the Bienvenue, near Lake Borgne, until the twenty-seventh and then embarked. Although we could not take any prisoners on land I will now tell you a little naval story. You will recall that Purser Thomas Shields went with Dr. Morrell to see our wounded, after the capture of Jones Flotilla and they were basely detained by Admiral Cochrane. Shields and Dr. Morrell were not released until January 12. They had the pleasure of seeing the pride of the enemy brought low. The enemy were now willing to make the exchange of prisoners on the terms we proposed, which they at first, indignantly rejected. As soon as he returned, Shields wrote to his friend Niles, the editor of Niles Register (a book, by the way, that is a vast granary of American history) that he was just starting on a secret service to avenge himself. "If I succeed," said he, "the affair will be creditable to me; if I fail, the world at least shall say, there lived a man."

To have an idea of the scene you must know that about sixty sails, like a flock of sea birds, covered the waters of Lake Borgne. On the night of January 19, Shields, having made an observation of the enemy's position, before sunset, with five boats and Commodore Patterson's brig, manned and armed with fifty men, set out on his dangerous cruise. Like Johnson had done a few days before, he slipped up quietly upon a boat at anchor at ten o'clock at night and captured it. She had forty men of the fourteenth Dragoons, including officers and fourteen seamen on board. Here Shields was in a dilemma; his prisoners outnumbered his men at the very start; so he noiselessly sped back to shore and delivered his first instalment to the land force.

He put back again to bag more game at two o'clock in the morning, but finding he could not come up by daylight, he returned again to the Pass; here he lay watching like a fish hawk until January 21. Three gunboats arrived from the British fleet below with four transports and were immediately filled with troops. The "Night Hawk" again put out at four in the morning, in their track and struck the trail about daylight.

Here was another quandary; if he attempted to take them by daylight he was lost. He resorted to the sailors' strategem: He hoisted English colors and played the Englishman for the nonce. He took a transport boat, with five men and ordered her to follow; of course this did not attract any attention; those ducks had no idea that a hawk in disguise was quietly gobbling them up. He sailed with them but not of them, from nine till twelve o'clock; during this brief space he captured five other boats, with seventy men. This was the second time his prisoners outnumbered his force. He was about to return with the second instalment when unfortunately the wind veered round northwest and blew a gale. Shields ordered his men, with their boats and prisoners, to steer for the Rigolets. The transport ran aground and he abandoned and set her on fire. His position now became critical; the burning ship brought toward it many boats, filled with armed men. He thought he was discovered. His force was unfortunately divided, but he determined to fight it out on that line if necessary. His large launch, with a twelve pound carronade, some of his best men and, with twenty prisoners having drifted below, was compelled to anchor half a mile distant.

Six boats approached at one time, crowded with men, and three made a feint to attack the launch. Shields had prepared for a desperate resistance and got ready to fire the prairie in his rear. As the boats drew nearer, the carronade gave them a salute and the boats hauled off.

Shields had no carronade on his boat, but he peppered them with musketry and they withdrew and in two hours he was master of his prizes. The wind was so violent it drove two of his prizes beyond the cover of his wings. These had twenty prisoners each, aboard; and as Shields had only three men aboard of each the British tars rose on their captors and turned them under and took them off. They got beyond the reach of musketry and sped to their own boats as fast as they could travel. Shields finding it better, paroled his prisoners and let them go. The damage done to the enemy by this daring and remarkable achievement was the loss of a transport; a large flatboat taken and one sunk; seventy-eight prisoners brought in; and three negroes, two from the neighborhood of Washington and one from Louisiana who had been stolen by the enemy; this done without a single wound being received and the loss by capture of but six men. Jackson, of course, knew of the expedition and felt anxious for the fate of his friend. On that day, January 21, a little after twelve o'clock, Jackson was seated in his room, with some of his men. He heard the distant boom of the carronade as she fired into the enemy. Jackson sprung to his feet and his favorite oath burst from him: "Shields is upon the lakes by the Eternal!"

A young aid, Dawson, afterwards Governor of the state, was present and it made so vivid an impression upon his mind that often in after years, whenever he met the son of the gallant Purser he would relate the story and repeat the exclamation.

Purser Shields made another raid upon the retreating ships after the capture of Fort Boyer, but he lost the fruits of his success in consequence of his open hearted confidence in man's honor. On February 27, he left the mainland with eight landsmen and twelve seamen, on a launch with one twelve pounder. He landed on Horn Island at eight o'clock that night, captured two prisoners and made them pilot him to the enemy. Before midnight he crossed the island, captured thirty prisoners and a launch belonging to the British ship, Royal Oak. He recrossed the island, making in all twenty-one miles that he had traveled. His feet were so sore that he had pulled off his boots. When he got back to his boat, unfortunately, two of his men were missing. Shields was too noble to desert them so he detailed five men from his boat as a searching party. This left but ten men to guard the thirty-two prisoners. He ordered three of his men to weigh anchor, and so but seven were left on guard. Shields had generously neglected either to parole the officers or to secure the privates, and he later blamed himself for this very much. The prisoners thus, thirty-two to seven, suddenly by a concerted signal sprang upon their captors and overpowered them. Two of his men got away and the others were carried to the sloop of war, Charon. The Purser presented rather a ludicrous figure for an officer in the United States Navy. He was barefooted and had on a check shirt. He expected rough treatment but he was very agreeably disappointed.

Captain Spencer gave him his best berth and offered him an outfit of clothes. He was transferred to the Diomede, of fifty guns, and was there also received with great courtesy and distinction. The fact was his captors felt rather ashamed of their breach of military etiquette and the officers of the British Navy really admired the gallant daring of the man who had thus, the second time, run his head into the very jaws of the lion. He and his men were released after twelve days, on his simple word of honor to exchange an equal number of prisoners.

He was hailed with acclamation by his friends on his return, and their name was legion. Bright, joyous and happy in his disposition, like a true sailor he carried his heart in his hand, tender as a woman in his feelings, and yet as brave as a lion, he was the light and life of every social gathering, but alas! he passed away just as he had reached the noon of manhood. He founded the beautiful village that hangs like a jewel upon the neck of the Bay St. Louis, in Mississippi, that bears his name, Shieldsborough. It is all that is left to perpetuate the fame of this daring officer. One son, Wilmer Shields, for many years followed his father's profession, as an officer in the United States Navy, but resigned and retired to the shades of rural life. His other son, who bore his name, went with his country's flag to the Grand Plaza of Mexico, with Scott.

In the later years when the mighty national convulsion came, he espoused the cause of his native state. Enthusiastically devoted to the cause, he entered with his whole soul into it with unfaltering devotion. Bidding adieu to his wife and children, whom he loved with a tender affection, he threw himself into the breach. He rose rapidly, and was made Colonel of his regiment; he joined in and was with Joseph E. Johnston in his masterly retreat to Atlanta. And there in one of the most desperate fights along that line, he fell at the head of his regiment, leading the charge. He sleeps with the thousands of noble dead who offered up their lives in the Southern cause, but I doubt if among them all, any were purer, or braver than this noble son of a gallant father.

CHAPTER XLIV

I cannot take the time to give the names of all the vessels that brought the British army to Louisiana. The Tonnant, that means the thunderer, was the flag ship of Admiral Cochrane. Shields, while a prisoner, took accurate count and reported that the fleet consisted of thirteen ships of the line; six frigates completely armed; eighteen frigates as troopers; fifty-six or seven transport victuallers; and twelve thousand men, besides four thousand sailors and marines.

This splendid armament was driven off, and in all the combats, from the beginning, on December 23, to the close, on Lake Borgne, we lost but fifty-five killed, one hundred and eighty-five wounded and ninety-three missing. The British, beside the material of ships, military stores and cannon, lost about four thousand; of these, many were mingled with the dust of Louisiana—many were lingering wounded upon beds of pain, while a few Red Coats could be seen flitting about the classic shade of our little town of Washington, Mississippi. I had not seen a Red Coat for many years; not since the days when Lyman raised the flag over Fort Rosalie. I confess the sight of these Red Coat prisoners when they came from New Orleans, made us feel very glad. They were cantoned around Washington and I don't think they had a pleasant time. Some of the belles of the village used to flirt with the officers, much to the indignation of the patriotic ones.

While there, some of these prisoners paid the debt of nature and were buried. Long years after, the spot of their burial, being thrown out, was converted into a field, and in cultivating the ground the plough turned up the bones. They were recognized by the British buttons. Some little boys of the neighborhood gathered up the relics and had the bones reinterred, with, to them, solemn funeral ceremonies.

After the departure of the British, Jackson moved his forces nearer to the city. Carroll and Coffee resumed their old camp ground above the city. The passes, however, were vigilantly guarded to prevent surprise and a force was placed at the La Fourche and other points for additional security.

The time had come to give full vent to our overflowing gratitude. The heart of woman conceived and her hand prepared a brilliant ovation for the conquering hero. A triumphal arch was erected in the center of the square, immediately in front of the Cathedral. It was supported on either side by nine pillars festooned with vines, representing the eighteen states of the Union. At each pillar stood a pedestal and upon each pedestal stood a beautiful little girl robed in white, bearing in her hand a laurel wreath; behind these stood two little girls representing Liberty and Justice, and back of these stood the matrons of the city. The plaza was crowded to its utmost capacity; it was January 23, just one month from the day of the landing, when the thunder of cannon waked the city to the dread reality of war. The eighteen states were represented by eighteen beautiful young ladies robed in white, with lace veils and a white satin bandeau, buttoned with a golden star; on the left arms they bore baskets of flowers. The uniformed companies were placed in the rear to protect the pageant from outside pressure.

At length a full band of music burst upon the ear and announced the arrival of the hero and his staff. The four states that had most deeply participated in the struggle bore white silk banners and on them were the various mottoes in large gold letters. Louisiana, Glory and Safety; Mississippi Territory, Valor and Generosity; Tennessee, Jackson and his Heroes; Kentucky, Bravery and Patriotism.

Slowly and grandly Jackson approached. Louisiana stepped forward and presented a graceful address, the production of a New Orleans lady, and Jackson placed it in his bosom.

He passed under the arch and the little girls waved the laurel wreathes over his head as he gracefully bowed to each. Flowers were strewn in his pathway down the colonade.

The good Bishop Dubourg met him at the door of the Cathedral and delivered to him his address. It was replete with pious exaltation and gratitude to God, and at the same time made Jackson feel that he was but an humble instrument for our protection, in the hand of God. He then presented the crown of laurel. Jackson's reply was modest in the extreme; he gave due praise to his soldiers and said they deserved more credit than he; but the most touching part of his answer was his allusion to the fact that so few tears had to be shed, only two families in the city, were thrown into mourning. Surely a sprig of cypress had to be twined with the laurel wreath. And this was comparitively true, for I challenge the world to produce a parallel where such mighty achievement had been accomplished by the death of only fifty-five men, where the force was fighting against from eight to ten thousand, in such a narrow space, for one month.

The Cathedral was filled to capacity and the streets in every direction were full of rejoicing soldiers, citizens, men, women, and children. The *Te Deum* was sung and High Mass celebrated and an additional beautiful musical composition that had been arranged especially for the occasion, was sung.

I doubt whether before or since such thrilling heartfelt devotion ever ascended from that Cathedral, and so the ceremony closed.

Expresses were dispatched throughout the country. Wherever the news reached, it was greeted with huzzas, bonfires, and illuminations. All the mayors of the cities had salutes fired; the President of the United States issued his proclamation of rejoicing and thanksgiving over the event.

There is a curious little literary coincidence which was seized upon as a sort of prophecy. Shakespeare in his tragedy of Henry the Sixth, makes Joan La Pucelle say:

> "Advance our waving colors on the walls,
> Rescued is Orleans from the English wolves."

An unknown writer in the Democrat press seized upon the happy coincidence of expression to suit our occasion and burst forth with the conceit, "Who, when these words were penned by Shakspeare, imagined they were ever to be applied to a New Orleans in a New World. How little did Shakspeare think that his own artillery would be turned against his own nation two centuries after they were written."

There were some instances of knightly courtesy to a defeated foe.

Major General Kean, when he fell and was about to be carried off the field, gave his sword to Ensign Brown, who was afterward captured. Kean sent word to Jackson, by Mr. Ogden, one of our prisoners, that he prized the sword as a present from a friend, and he wished to keep it as a memorial of friendship and requested its return. This was generously granted.

An English Colonel of the 21st was taken wounded in our trenches; these were his words when he surrendered his arms: "Remember that I am taken prisoner on your ramparts; I have no more soldiers; I hope you will mention this in your account of the battle."

When the British evacuated the Villare Plantation they gave to a young son of Major General Villare, $450.00 for his father to compensate him for the losses and destruction on his place by their encampment. General Villare, as soon as he heard of it, wrote a scathing letter to the British commander and denounced the act as an insult to his honor; he notified them that he had instructed General Jackson to return the money at once. Villare, as you see, was as punctilious of his honor as he was brave in the field. No trade with the enemy, was the motto he acted under, and he was determined to be like Caesar's wife, above suspicion.

CHAPTER XLV

It must now be explained how the exaltation was somewhat marred by a collision between General Jackson and the judicial branch of our government; it caused, at the time, a great deal of bitterness and controversy.

Although the British had been driven off they still presented a formidable front and Jackson, as a military man, knew that it was not his part to be lulled into a false security. He, therefore, kept up military discipline and refused to relax it; he further refused to revoke the order proclaiming martial law.

The soldiers, however, did not look at things in the same way, more especially the volunteers who were foreigners. They applied to Jackson to be relieved from military duty after the battle was over, but he refused to release them. The French subjects then applied to their Consul, Toussard, for relief. He made the proper representations and Jackson laid down the rule that those who brought Toussard's certificate should be discharged. They soon flocked in and Jackson found it was demoralizing the army. He therefore issued his proclamation expelling these unfortunate foreigners beyond the city limits, as far up as Baton Rouge, till peace was declared. This was considered ungrateful, more especially as some of the ostracized had fought well in the ranks. Louallier, an ardent patriot, who had fought, also, but a Frenchman by extraction and a member of the Legislature, published an address in the paper, *La Courier*, denouncing the order in most unmeasured language. Jackson was not a man to be disobeyed, and he immediately sent a squad of soldiers and arrested Louallier for inciting troops to mutiny. Louallier requested Mr. Morel, a member of the bar, to get him released. Application was made to Judge Martin and Judge Derbigny, of the Supreme Court, but as they possessed appellate powers they decided they had no authority to issue the writ of *Habeas Corpus.* Mr. Morel then applied to Judge Dominic Hall, Judge of the United District Court. Hall, upon reading Louallier's petition, granted the order for the writ to issue. It was observed that the petition was dated February 5, that was on Sunday. Judge Hall, before issuing the fiat, erased the 5 and inserted the 6, so as to make the act legal beyond any question. Mr. Morel informed Jackson, in pursuance of the request of Judge Hall, that the writ would issue.

Jackson became very angry. He at once ordered the arrest of Hall. Colonel Arbuckle arrested him at nine o'clock at night and conveyed him to the same room as that occupied by Louallier.

Major Chotard was dispatched to demand from Claiborne, the clerk, the surrender of Louallier's petition which had been endorsed by the fiat of Judge Hall. Claiborne stoutly denied Jackson's right and refused to surrender the paper. Chotard requested him to go to headquarters with the paper. When there Jackson asked him, "Do you intend to issue the writ?" "I am bound to do it, sir," replied Claiborne. "I'll arrest you if you do," said Jackson. "I can't help that," said Claiborne "I'm bound to obey the Judge and I'll do it." He handed the paper to the General for inspection and Jackson's eye detected the erasure and the interlineation. Claiborne, seeing Jackson retain the paper, demanded it of him, but Jackson refused to return it. He would give him only a certified copy.

The United States Marshal, Duplessis, a volunteer aid to Jackson, on hearing of the difficulty, hurried down to headquarters at twelve o'clock at night. A great crowd of people had assembled, for the news of Louallier's and Hall's arrest had created great excitment.

Jackson met Duplessis with a rather queer expression. "I have shopped the Judge." Duplessis did not approve nor sympathize with the act and received the information with evident displeasure. He, too, was asked if he would serve Judge Hall's writ. "Most unquestionably I would, sir, I have always done my duty. I am the ministerial officer of the court and I would execute the Court's writ on any man." "And I, sir," replied Jackson, pointing to the proclamation of martial law, "will do my duty."

Louallier was tried by court-martial and acquitted by the court, but Jackson disapproved the finding. After this Jackson felt that it was useless to further prosecute Judge Hall, so he was released but was sent out of the city under guard, with orders not to return until the treaty of peace was regularly announced.

One Hollander was arrested also and Judge Lelvis upon the application of Dick, United States Attorney, laid down his musket and issued the writ. Jackson, as soon as he heard of it, ordered their arrest, but this was subsequently countermanded.

It would be silly to denounce either of the actors in this great drama. Upon a calm review of the affair, I do not see how either could have acted differently. The collision was not so much between the men as between the systems; the civil versus the military.

It was certainly Jackson's duty to keep the troops well together and he could not do so without martial law. Louallier thought differently and as he thought all danger was passed, he had the right to stand up for the liberty for which he had just been fighting. Judge Hall was innocently or rather irresistably drawn into the affair, for when Louallier applied to him for the writ he had no alternative, under his view of the fact that the military should be subordinate to the civil power; he was bound to grant the writ.

Be this as it may, Jackson, by the strong hand of power, bent everything beneath his will until the danger was overpast beyond the shadow of a doubt and after that he bowed grimly, if not gracefully, to the civil tribunals. He felt that discipline was relaxing very rapidly. Nearly a whole company that had been ordered to protect the fort at Pass Cheff Menteur left it; the citizen soldiery felt that the danger was over and they wanted to get back home. The heavy pressure of a common danger that had compressed them into a solid mass and made them obedient and willing soldiers, was now taken off, and insubordination was bursting out everywhere. This certainly caused more anxiety to Jackson than he felt even before the battle.

The British finally retired from the Louisiana coast, but by way of doing something to soothe their mortification they sailed with their fleet and landed a heavy force to attack our brave friend Lawrence, at Fort Boyer. You may recall how gallantly he repulsed Sir Percy in September. But now the odds were too great against him. He had but three hundred and sixty men. The attack was made by land and sea. The fleet was formed in two divisions and approached within one and two miles. He might have stood the bomb shells for a long time, but five thousand troops, with heavy ordinance, landed and took post where Nichols and Woodline had once been driven out and from there began the assault. They threw up redoubts at night and cut trenches and thus approached the fort without being exposed to its fire. They tried an assault on the eighth, but were driven back and finally resorted to making regular approaches.

On February 11, everything being in readiness for a final onslaught, the enemy hoisted a flag for a parley, Lawrence replied, and after a short negotiation, he capitulated. General Winchester made an effort to relieve the fort, by sending down Major Blue with one thousand men, but he was fortunately too late. The English colors were floating over the fort before he reached the island. I say fortunately too late, for his force was not strong enough to afford relief and if it had arrived in time might have been subjected to heavy loss, if not total capture.

CHAPTER XLVI

While these events were occuring over here, during the months of December and January, a great event had transpired across the waters. On December 24, that is, just the day after the night battle of Larondes', eight men were assembled in a room in the town of Ghent, in Holland. Three were the representatives of England and five of the United States. Their names were Lord Gambier, W. Adams, and Henry Goulbourn, of England; John Q. Adams, J. H. Bayard, Henry Clay, J. Russell, and Albert Gallatin, of the United States. Before them lay a parchment roll. Sentence by sentence of its contents was read. When the whole was finished, Lord Gambier stepped forward and affixed his signature; then followed the others; the last was Albert Gallatin. The package was sealed and forwarded respectively to the Departments of the State of Great Britian and the United States. Momentous results hung upon that document; it was the treaty of peace. It reached England and was ratified by the Prince Regent on December 25. It seemed to me that the breezes ought to have wafted lightly the blessed news with speed, but it was not so. It did not reach President Madison until February 17. Thus all through those two months we were fighting, while Peace was floating, with wings folded, across the ocean.

I cannot but pause to contrast now (1870) with then. Suppose that such a great transaction should occur now. The treaty would have been signed at Ghent at twelve o'clock noon; the Prince Regent would have ratified it by one o'clock; Madison would have ratified it by four o'clock and the proclamation suspending hostilities would have been telegraphed over all the United States on the twenty-fifth and many would have been the joyous Christmas dinners of thousands of happy families. There would have been no battles fought on December 28, and January 1 and 8. Two thousand human lives would have been saved on the plains of Louisiana alone, and an immense amount of human suffering would have been spared.

Verily mankind have the means of being happier than they used to have if only they would use them as blessings. News of peace began to be bruited about.

It was on Sunday evening, February 26, 1815, a weary, wayworn horseman rode into the town of Washington; in a moment an eager crowd gathered around him. It was Lieutenant James Bisland, of the Adams Troop, who had left New Orleans on the Monday previous, having taken six days to make the trip. He drew from his pocket a paper called *The Friend of the Laws, Extra.* This was dated February 19, and stated that Mr. Livingston had returned from the British fleet that morning at one o'clock; that the Brazen, sloop-of-war, just from England, via Jamaica, brought intelligence that a treaty of peace had been signed between England and the United States, at Ghent. It contained the proviso that hostilities were not to cease until the ratification by the President. The paper was immediately put into the hands of the editor of the Washington Republican, M. T., who struck off extras and distributed them among the people.

I am thus particular in dates to show how much more slowly news traveled then than now.

You who have read the rollicking story of the Irish Dragoon, Charles O'Malley, will recall the amusing colloquy between Charley and his man Mickey Free, when he found out that Mickey had sent the list of killed and wounded to his sweetheart, Molly McGraw and his (Micky's) love letter to the Adjutant General. Old Coburn arrested Charley for the blunder, who, of course, stormed and raged, but Mickey took it coolly.

"Ah! but won't Mrs McGraw be frightened out of her life when she reads all about the killed and wounded in your Honor's report. I wonder if they even had the manners to send my own letter afterwards when they found out their mistake?"

Now while that is all fiction, yet, you will be astonished when I tell you that a real and far greater blunder was committed by our War Department on the occasion of the promulgation of peace. Of course the rumor spread from mouth to mouth, hamlet to hamlet, town to town, and state to state. But officers have to get official notification of events from their proper sources before they can act authoritatively. As soon as President Madison ratified the treaty, dispatches were forwarded by special bearers to all points in the Union.

A young man named William Shaw, the father of the distinguished member of the Louisiana bar, Henry B. Shaw, was intrusted with the dispatches to Governor Blount, of Tennessee, and General Jackson, of New Orleans. That young man sped fleeter than Malise with the fiery cross of the Highlanders (Lady of the Lake), for his was the mission of peace and the other's war. He bore an open order from the Department to all the postmasters "to facilitate his movements, as he bore peace dispatches."

The young man reached Nashville in an incredibly short space of time; he delivered the dispatch to Governor Blount and then hurried on, for he knew that human lives hung upon the message that he bore. He made the trip more quickly than it was ever done before. He traveled from Nashville to New Orleans on horseback, eighty miles a day; allowing only four hours for sleep. He delivered the package to General Jackson, who broke the seal and lo! to their inexpressible surprise it was an obsolete order, ordering out three regiments of militia. The blunderers at Washington City had given Shaw the wrong document. Shaw explained that he had given the proper one to Governor Blount. That he knew its contents; that peace was proclaimed; and besides this, to satisfy Jackson, he showed him the order to the postmasters stating that he was the bearer of peace dispatches. Jackson was in a dilemma; he was already, as I have stated, in a broil with the civil authorities and he was at a loss what to do; whether to revoke the martial law or not. But he determined to do one thing; he wrote a note to General Lambert, detailing the circumstances, and suggested that there should be a cessation of hostilities. This was agreed to and so the last gun was fired and from that day to this there has been no hostile shot between the two nations, and may God in his infinite mercy grant that there may never again be cause. The good or evil destiny of the world is largely wrapped up in the conduct of the two mighty powers, England and the United States of America. At length, on March 13, the missing official package came to hand. The cannon boomed glorious news. "We had peace in the arms of victory."

The prisoners, Louallier and Hall, were immediately released, but there was great indignation against Jackson; so great, that at one time they tore down a transparent painting that had been placed in a coffee house in honor of him. A number of officers made the keeper put back a larger one the same evening and they stood by it intending to protect it with their lives and they would have done so had it been necessary. It was also said that soldiers were near, ready to assist. This increased the excitement and we were on the eve of a dreadful strife, but fortunately wise men interfered and counseled peace.

As soon as peace was announced and Hall released, he issued a writ to show cause why an attachment should not issue against Jackson for contempt of court. The writ having been served, Jackson presented himself at court on March the 27th. Three cheers from the crowd greeted him. Judge Hall remarked that he could do nothing with such a disturbance. He was assured it would not happen again. Jackson, by his counsels, Reed and Duncan, Livingston and Devezat, presented a paper to the court, the sum and substance of which was that he was justified in proclaiming martial law under the circumstances. The court refused to receive the paper or hear it read, but admitted an argument on the legal points presented. Great was the eloquence on the occasion. Dick Robinson and Hewing represented the United States in the trial. On March 28, the court delivered the opinion against admitting Jackson's answer. In vain his counsel brought all their eloquence to bear; the Judge was immovable. He inquired of them "if they had any defence to make?" "We have much to offer," replied Livingston. He then recapitulated the defence and excepted to the opinion of the Court.

The United States District Attorney, Dick, was then directed to show the charges to amount to contempt. This he did by reading Louallier's affidavit, showing that he had been imprisoned and that the writ of *Habeas Corpus* had been wrested from him by Jackson. On March 29, the court gave the opinion and ordered the attachment to issue. On March 31, the two opposing systems, as embodied in the victorious hero and the immovable, unbending judge, stood confronting each other. Jackson walked into the room perfectly self possessed, but very courteously; holding a paper in his hand which he presented to the Court. "There are certain questions, General, to which I desire you to respond, "said Judge Hall. "I will not answer them, sir," replied Jackson. "My defence to these accusations has been offered and you have denied them admission and refused me an opportunity of explaining my motive and necessity of adopting martial law in repelling an invading foe." He further commented on the farcical nature of the mode of ordering out the attachment at that time. He continued, "I was there with these fellows (pointing to the crowd around him,) you were not, sir." The last expression was said with a bitter emphasis, for it seems that Judge Hall had left the city while the fighting was going on, from December 24, and did not return until after the victory. The Judge was unmoved by the taunt and read his decision. Jackson very deliberately interrupted him whenever he thought he stated things not correct. "Sir, state facts, and confine yourself to them. Since my defence is and has been precluded let not censure constitute a part of this sought for punishment." Judge Hall made the following singular and I rather think, under the circumstances, noble reply; perhaps he was forced to do so by the surroundings: "It is with delicacy General that I speak of your name and character. I consider you the savior of your country, but for your contempt of civil authorities, or to that effect, you will pay one thousand dollars."

Jackson immediately filled a check on the bank for the amount, handed it to the marshall and was discharged. As he walked to the door he remarked, "It will be my turn next." The most remarkable part of the drama remains to be told. The crowd outside received the General with acclamations; they seized him and bore him to a carriage; they harnessed themselves in it and drew him to the French Coffee House amidst the French plaudits, "Vive le General Jackson!" He was then drawn to the American Coffee House. He there addressed the crowd and while he denounced the Judge for prosecuting him under the specious pretext of defending civil liberty, he exhorted the people that it was the highest duty and privilege of all good men to pay the just tribute of respect to the guardians of our civil liberty. He closed as follows: "Remember this last charge; as in a few days I expect to leave you, it may serve as a lesson to yourselves and your posterity."

Monsieur Devezat translated and repeated this speech in French to the French citizens who cheered it loudly.

Again Jackson was conveyed to his coach and was drawn to his quarters, amidst the shouts and huzzas of the multitude, "Vive le General Jackson." I know not which to admire the more, the firmness of the judge, who stood up for the vindication of his opinion against the upheaving voice of the multitude, or the victorious military hero who voluntarily bowed to the civil authorities. Of course these men had no love for each other, but now that passion had subsided, an impartial chronicler can do justice to each, though the public sympathy will always be in favor of Jackson.

The people immediately set about to raise the fine by a contribution of one dollar each and the sum was raised by three o'clock the same day and tendered to Jackson, but he declined it. I might as well tell you now that thirty years after, Congress passed an act returning the sum to Jackson with interest, so that "his time did come" after many years had passed.

CHAPTER XLVII

(It will be borne in mind that the Tale of the Landslide was supposed to have been told in 1869. I saw the old man bend a listening ear to the earth; he paused for a moment and uttered in a prophetic tone, "I hear the rumbling of a political earthquake across the big waters; Europe will be deluged in blood, and mighty empires will crumble in the shock." He then resumed his story.)

The study of diplomacy shows a curious phase of human nature. Men, the most honorable and fair in their personal dealings, when assuming to treat for the settlement of national difficulties, seem to think they have the right to play the bluff game; that is, they set their pretentions very high, on the principle of a horse trader, so that they may concede something, and yet, in the end, gain what they want.

It was thus with the British commissioners at Ghent: In August, 1814, when the negotiations commenced, the British Plenipotentiary startled us with some very arrogant demands. First, they claimed the right to search our vessels for seamen, and set forth the doctrine, once a Briton always a Briton, and they proposed to discuss these points. Second, they demanded as a *sine qua non*, that their Indian allies should have a settled territory assigned them, not to be open to purchase to either party and that they should be included in the pacification. Third, a revision of the boundary line of the two countries, and Fourth, that the rights of fishing within the limits of British jurisdiction, and the landing and drying of fish on the shores of British territories would not be renewed without an equivalent.

The American Commissioners met these bold demands by proposing a discussion in, First, a definition of blockade, as mutually agreed upon between them; other neutral and belligerent rights. Second, claims of indemity for certain loss of seizure and capture. The American Commissioners frankly stated that they had the right to treat on the first and third British points, but had no instruction as to the second and fourth.

Thus stood the diplomatic antagonists on August 9. On August 19, the British developed a more arrogant demand on the boundary question, that was, in substance, that the United States should not man a fort on her frontier, from Ontario to Lake Superior; nor should she be allowed to keep a naval force upon the lakes, while the British should be allowed both of these privileges. They further claimed the line to be run from Lake Superior, and not from the Lake-of-the-Woods, to the Mississippi River. And further, a direct route from Halifax to Quebec.

When the news of these demands reached here, almost everybody was indignant. Old Virginia denounced them in no measured language; all the States and Congress indignantly spurned them. But though these statesmen from their respective countries, began at an apparently irreconcilable distance, they gradually neared each other and finally settled upon a definite treaty; but it required nearly five months of hammering to do it.

The first article of the treaty of Ghent established a firm and universal peace between the two countries. All the territory, places and possessions, taken from either party during the war, or which had been taken after the signing of the Treaty, excepting certain islands, were to be restored without delay, without destroying or carrying away artillery in the forts, or slaves or any other private property. The archives, deeds, and papers, public and private, which had been captured, were to be mutually restored. The Islands in Passamaquoddy Bay, claimed by both parties, were to remain in the occupancy of the party in possession, until it should be determined to whom they belonged.

The second prescribed that orders should be sent to officers of armies and squadrons to cease from hostilities; it also prescribed that prizes taken should be restored, grading the time from twelve days to one hundred and twenty, according to various latitudes and longitudes.

Article three restored all prisoners on their paying their debts contracted during their captivity, and to discharge in specie advances made for the prisoners.

Article four referred the settlement of the title of the islands in Passamaquoddy Bay to two commissioners; if they disagreed, a friendly power was to arbitrate.

The same disposition was made in regard to the Northeastern Boundary line and the boundary line along the lakes in the Northwest by articles five and six.

By the seventh article the two commissioners were to run the line between lakes Huron and Superior to the most northwestern point of the Lake-of-the-Woods and to decide to which party the islands belonged under the Treaty of 1783, and if they disagreed, then it was to be arbitrated.

Article eight provided for the appointment of a Secretary, for the expenses of the commission, and also for confirming title of grants made by respective parties who had occupied the country in case it was decided not to belong to them; that is, the grant made by the occupying power was made valid even though the country did not in fact belong to them. By article nine, hostilities with the Indian allies, of each party respectively, were to cease.

By article ten both parties agreed to continue their best efforts (indistinct) to the treaty.

By article eleven, the treaty was required to be ratified in four months, or seven if practicable.

Such was the result of a three years war. And to accomplish this, the United States lost on land, in killed, wounded and missing, nine thousand seven hundred and fifteen men. On the sea, seventeen hundred and forty-nine men. Great Britian lost on the land, seventeen thousand five hundred and eighty-one men; on the sea, four thousand three hundred and sixty-seven men. Millions of treasure were spent; tens of millions of property destroyed. The number of saddened homes; the number of broken hearts; the number of widows and orphans belong to that unrecorded part of history that will be revealed only when the book shall be opened, at the last great day, by the Archangel of God.

Not one word is said in the treaty about the right to search our vessels for seamen or for enemy's goods. The great questions on which we went to war were ignored. They were practically obsolete by the repeal of the orders in council. The war dwindled down as it were to a mere settlement of disputed boundary and even the most important in that, to wit: the northern boundary was not definitely settled until the Webster-Ashburton Treaty of 1842.

The great doctrine of the flag protecting both seamen and goods, will yet have to be arbitrated in the usually costly forum in which nations decide disputes, the cannon law.

Speaking generally, our people were not dissatisfied with the treaty, for really we had fought until there was nothing to fight about. But the Marquis of Wellesly, the friend and coadjutor of Canning, denounced the British Cabinet for having advanced claims in the negotiations which they could not support and were obliged to withdraw. He denounced them also for having refused to accept the mediation of Russia, and for the wanton destruction of public buildings at Washington, which he imputed to vindictive feeling. He confessed that the American Commissioners had shown the most astonishing superiority over the British during the entire negotiation at Ghent.

CHAPTER XLVIII

Allow me to retrograde and tell you what occurred to our home folks a little before the war closed. You can easily appreciate the terror that hung around our city. It was known that England and Europe combined, had dethroned Napoleon and now England bent the whole of her power to crush our young Republic. Having sacked and burned the Capitol, she had made an attack upon Baltimore and been repulsed. It was known that she had fitted out a large armament, and of course their number was augmented by exaggeration, and that she was about to pounce upon the city of New Orleans.

In those days we had no pulsatory telegraph that vibrates at the extremities, as beats the heart of the great world. News traveled very slowly. The old Vesuvius and the New Orleans were the only two steamboats on the Mississippi.

We knew here that the British had landed and we knew that there had not been sufficient preparation to meet them. There was dread in every heart, as of an impending storm about to burst. Troops were hurrying down as fast as they could be equipped, but we felt that it was all too slow. Hinds, Coffee and Jackson were on their way. Such was the state of feverish anxiety, that the slightest rumor threw the people into a ferment of agitation. Every ear was open to catch the slightest news from below.

Such was the state of feeling one morning in early January, 1815. This little town was startled by the sound of horse hoofs coming down the street. The rider came under whip and spur, and immediately the question was asked, "What's the matter?" "Where is your commander?" said the hasty messenger, "The British are upon us!" My God! what a thrill of terror ran through the veins of the bystanders. "How do you know it?" asked one. "I saw them myself," he replied, "at least fifteen hundred."

The messenger was hurried off to the only officer who was here. His name was Colonel Hill, of the militia. This doughty hero has left no military record, but the Colonel must have been a brave man, for he was determined to show fight. The long roll was beat and the order was given to "fall in."

I have no means of prying into their hearts, but I rather think they must have had choky sensations about the throat. Militia men are just about as brave as any other men; but each one thinks that all the others are going to run except himself, and ergo, of course, he himself will have to run too, when the time comes. Be this as it may, the militia rallied under Colonel Hill. They had all sorts of private arms, shot guns, Spanish blunderbusses, horse pistols, pocket pistols and rifles, and here and there a musket and bayonet. They did not present a very military array, but they went through the evolutions passably. The fat ones labored heavily and would occasionally grumble out that there was no use wasting their wind in marching and counter marching, that they had better save themselves for the British.

The question was where we were to meet and fight the enemy; should it be out of town or in town? Hadn't we better loop-hole and have a street fight? No, that wouldn't do, they would cauterize the town. We had only a few brick houses then, and they would smoke us out; besides we would endanger the women and children. It wouldn't do to fight in town; but where should be the battle ground? The St. Catherine was then a little creek, a fence rail would almost reach from bank to bank, and if we went on one road they might flank and play the mischief with us on the other.

Such were the ruminations and consultations and results of the Council of War. I don't think it was ever definitely settled how the militia were to fight, except that they were to pitch in generally and do the best they could under the circumstances.

The militia was assembled on the bluff. The drum was beating rub-a-dub and the fife was squeaking shrill notes to induce military ardor. The ladies were standing looking on in mute but eloquent silence, struggling to hide their tears, lest they might unnerve the hearts of their defenders. It was a mixed scene of fear, doubt, terror, bravery and perplexity. Colonel Hill felt that his hour had come and so did the balance of the people—militia included.

In the midst of the turmoil and commotion, a gentleman from the Homochitto neighborhood rode up and asked, "What's all this hubbub about?" "Have you not heard the news?" said an excited bystander; "fifteen hundred Wellington Invincibles are within ten miles of Natchez." "Who told you?" "The report is reliable; Blank brought it. He saw them." "The devil he did," was the laconic answer of the newcomer. "You are a pack of frightened ninnies. Don't you know there has been a heavy fight in New Orleans? Jackson has captured several hundred prisoners, and them's the soldiers that's coming to take the town." "What! Colonel, do you hear the news?"

The story was here repeated. It spread like wildfire. Such a shout, such shaking of hands, such kissing of wives, and such a jubilee never has been, from that day to this, on that bluff. Such haw-haw-hawing; everybody accused everybody else of being scared, and everybody denied it. There was not a coward then or there.

The last news proved to be correct; in a few hours the hundred prisoners, some in tattered and some in good uniforms, passed through our little town on their way to Washington.

There is something inexpressibly sad in the mien and bearing of a geniune prisoner who has a sense of honor. Blasted hope sweeps down all exuberance of spirit, and nothing is felt but stoical fortitude to bear him up. Ill concealed bitterness is barely cloaked by the look of resignation. He feels that he stands like a wild beast in a menagerie, to be poked at and jeered at by the crowd, who do not love him overmuch. These prisoners, however, who filed through our town, were fine specimens of soldiers, and our people were so transported through the transition from fright to security, that they really had a sort of affection for them.

March 13, 1815, was a glorious day for the city of New Orleans. On that day peace was officially announced. In order that the general joy might extend to all manner of persons, a pardon was granted to all military offenders, and all such persons under arrest, were discharged. Martial law was annulled, revoked and countermanded. From what I have stated about the collision between the Legislature and General Jackson, it is not at all strange that they should have omitted his name in their resolutions of thanks to the officers and soldiers of the army, who had saved the city. The names of Generals Adair, Carroll, Coffee, Thomas, and Colonel Hinds, were mentioned.

In their reply, however, these generals gave the credit justly due to Jackson. The address from the city battalion of uniformed companies, signed by the gallant Major J. B. Plauche and Captains Stephen Geme, M. White, A. Guibert, Hudry, P. Roche; Lieutenants John St. Jean, Coeur deRoy, De St. Romes, N. Thompson, C. Fremont, Duholquod, Pelic, Benetaud, Bertel, Huet, and Sergeant Major Le Mounier, was brimful of eloquent affection.

Jackson's answer was a defence of his conduct in his late troubles with the civil authorities and a caustic satire on the men who stood aloof in the hour of peril, and when the danger was over, claimed to be the defenders of the Constitution. He gave this just tribute to that noble band of heroes, the Plauche Battalion; "An honorable peace has dissolved our military connection, and in a few days I shall quit a country endeared to me by the most pleasing recollections. Among the most prominent of these gentlemen are those of whom I shall ever entertain thoughts of the distinguished bravery, the exact discipline, the ardent zeal, and the important services of your corps. The offered friendship of each individual composing it, I receive with pleasure and sincerely reciprocate. I shall always pride myself on a fraternity with such men, created in such a cause."

This was great praise from such a source and without doubt the descendents of those men are proud of it to this day. To the Mayor of the City, Nicholas Girod, Jackson openly acknowledged his thanks for the very great zeal, integrity and diligence with which he conducted the arduous department of the police, committed to his care, and the promptitude with which every requisition for the public service had been carried into effect.

It was said at this time, in reference to Jackson's conflict with the civil authorities, "Heaven preserve the reputation of that man who incurs the hatred of lawyers and printers." Jackson's reputation has survived the attack that was made upon him. On April 1, he took his parting dinner with his friends in the city. It is possible that many a tear coursed down the cheeks of his gallant comrades, as he took their hands for the last time. He carried with him the prayers and benedictions of the entire population of the country. Leaving New Orleans by April 2, he and his cavalcade took the land route to Nashville via Natchez.

On March 22, a few days previous to his arrival here, our City of Natchez had her sympathies greatly excited by the arrival of the old steamer Vesuvius with five hundred troops on board. Disease was playing sad havoc with them, five or six dying daily. It was peculiarly distressing to see young soldiers who having escaped the casualties of the battle field, with the laurel crown upon their brows, the victory won, home almost in view, now sink into the grave in the land of strangers.

The citizens of Natchez did all in their power to alleviate their sufferings. They smoothed the couch of the dying and administered to the convalescent. As in the latter times, the daughters ministered to the soldiers of the Lost Cause, so in those days, the mothers tenderly watched by the pallid forms of the sick soldiers, on their return from the victory of New Orleans.

CHAPTER XLIX

It was about April 1, 1815, that a military cavalcade was seen wending its way up the Homochitto road. A hospitable gentleman, named Colonel Pressler, begged that they would halt and accept the hospitality of the neighborhood, but the reply was, they were behind time and must hurry on to attend a great ball that was to come off at Natchez. You have all read that soul stirring description of the Duchess of Richmond's ball, as painted by that wizard of poesy, Byron.

"There was a sound of revelry by night,
And Belgium's Capitol had gathered there
Her beauty and her chivalry, and bright
The lamps shone o'er fair women and brave men;
A thousand hearts beat happily, and when
Music arose with its voluptuous swell,
Soft eyes looked love to eyes that spake again,
And all went merry as a marriage bell.
But hush! Hark! a deep sound strikes like a rising knell,
It is, it is the cannon's opening roar.

"Ah! then and there was hurrying to and fro,
And gathering tears and tremblings of distress,
And cheeks all pale, which but an hour ago
Blushed at the tale of their own loveliness;
And there were sudden partings, such as press
The life from out young hearts, and choking sighs
Which ne'er may be repeated. Who could guess
If ever more should meet those mutual eyes,
Since upon night so sweet such awful morn should rise."

Those are the most pathetic lines in the English language. The scene of gay festivity in a moment changed into anguish; the music of the viol into the blast of the bugle; the prompting of the leader of the orchestra into the stern commands of the officer. It was a sad, sad change. The tremendous results that occurred within forty-five hours, all combined to make it one of those thrilling dramas upon which the poetic muse of history loves to linger.

There was nothing of the tragic element to mar the festivity of our ball. Poetry has never celebrated its pleasures. There were no alarms, no pressing the life out of young hearts. "Grim visaged war had smoothed his wrinkled front, and now capered nimbly in a lady's chamber to the lascivious pleasings of the lute."

There had been weeks upon weeks of preparation. The hero of the age who had just proven himself, in our valley, the savior of his country, was to be present. The scene of the ball was on the spot of ground on Canal street, where once stood Parker's Hotel. The hotel, this night, was thrown open and illuminated from celler to garret with wax and tallow and spermacetti candles.

The spacious drawing room accomodated the dancers. The musical instruments were the violin and tambourine. When the military party entered, all eyes turned upon the guest of the evening. He wore the uniform of a Major General. Upon his arm leaned his wife, Rachel. It is said that she was not very beautiful, and not very elegantly educated, for in those rude times education was not hung in the pathway of the young as it is now. Twenty years before this time, he had trod these streets an unknown stranger, on a visit to win his bride. And now he stood at the very pinnacle of ambition in our little coterie, adored by the people; before their gratitude had time to cool and before collision of opinion had alienated any of his friends. He mingled freely with the throng, and Rachel danced like the rest of them. She was a motherly old lady. She wore a dress presented to her by the grateful people of New Orleans—a silk, flounced with lace. When the fair young ladies were introduced to her she would salute them: "How do you do, honey."

After a while she retired to the sitting room and some of our belles were shocked as the old lady filled her pipe and began to smoke. In those old days matrons sometimes soothed their cares, incident to pioneer life, by the anodyne of the Virginia weed.

People from the country, far and wide, flocked to the great ball. And how do you suppose they got to town? Not with trunks large enough for millinery establishments, not in coaches, not with trains sweeping like a comet's tail—oh, no! They had, some of them, but one ball dress. They rode in their calicos on horseback, with their ball dress in a bundle, and hung to the pummel of their side saddle. One of the belles of the evening went through just such retaining. Dresses were a convenient size in those days. There was not much waste (?) about them. They were gored in the skirt and drawn tight into three pleats behind. Hoops were only for barrels in those days. The hair was dressed rather plainly. Those who were blessed with curls let them hang and festoon on their cheeks, for curls defy the fiat of fashion. Two things fashion cannot curb, one is woman's curls and the other is her tongue.

The dresses were elegant for that day. One lady was dressed in a peach blossom satin and looked superb. Diamonds were not so much in evidence as at the Belgium ball. When these ancestors of yours danced, they danced all over. The mazy waltz had not come into vogue. Nor had its caricature, that miserable satire on the poetry of motion, that has worked its way up from the German pothouse to our parlors, yet come upon the floor. The great dance of the evening was the old Scotch Reel. It was impossible to dance that dance and not become exhilarated.

> "The mirth and fun grew fast and furious,
> The dancers quick and quicker flew,
> They reeled, they set, they crossed, they clicket,
> Till broad daylight in the morning."

There was mingled in this scene the anecdote, the jest and the story. Many a young hero, who like the minstrel, returned from the war with spirits as buoyant as air, whiled away the awkward pauses in the dance by telling of his hairbreadth escapes, to the listening ears of his fascinated partner. How many hearts were lost and won that night, I cannot say, and whether anything more serious ever came of it, who can tell?

I know the old dowagers used to laugh and joke at each other and accuse one another of having drunk so much patriotism that they showed it. But this was all a jest, for soberness and temperance were among the beautiful characteristics of our American women.

In a few days Jackson left for his home and here we must take leave of him.

If, by this time, you have come to think the Land Slide prosy and wish he would go to grass, he will take you at your word. Did you ever hear the legend of the Natchez grass? It runs somewhat thus: When the last of the Prophets were bidding their final adieu to these hills they gave their blessing and said, that in after years, when the grass should grow, let it be clad in mourning and be called by their name. The prophesy seems to be fulfilled, for to this day the Natchez grass grows unharmed by herbivorous animals, and every fall it blooms in mourning. If this is not a solution of the mystery of the name, let some philosopher—antiquarian give a better.

But there is one species whose origin is distinctly remembered. In the year 1807, a traveler brought to The Forest, residence of Sir William Dunbar, a paper of grass chopped up. Sir William, being a scientific agriculturist, prepared the ground and sprinkled the grass over it. It soon sprouted into the first patch of Bermuda grass ever introduced into Adams County.

The first species of cotton ever introduced into this country, was the Black seed. This was distinguished for having a finer and softer staple; the seed were slick like okra seed and the cotton was more easily ginned; these qualities were in its favor but it also had its drawbacks. It was likely to rot in the green boll in the field. All sorts of expedients were resorted to, to stop it, but to no avail. Another objection was that it was not prolific, and difficult to pick out. I have before me a journal of a planter giving his experience, in which he says he observes the rot alike in the new and old ground.

About the year 1816, a trade was carried on between the highlands of Mississippi and the prairies bordering on Mexico and Western Texas. The traders would carry over their money, buy up Mustang ponies and drive them across to our border. One of these traders was in the habit of stopping at a plantation back of Rodney, then called Petit Gulf. He formed a sort of attachment for his host. On one of these visits he brought him a small package of cotton seed. They were totally unlike the Black seed; the yield was satisfactory; the bolls did not rot; and they opened as invitingly as a hospitable landlord. The picking was easy.

Immediately their fame spread and they long went by the name of Petit Gulf seed, though in reality they were Mexican. Many fortunes were made by Petit Gulf planters. The old Black seed disappeared gradually and the Mexican improved continued to hold sway.

Sidney Lanier, in his Historical Sketch of San Antonio de Bexor says:

"In the year 1800, San Antonio began to see a new sort of prisoner brought in. Instead of captive Indians, here arrived a party of eleven Americans in irons, who were the remainder of a company with which Philip Nolan, a horse trader between Natchez and San Antonio, had started out and who after a sharp fight with one hundred and fifty Spanish soldiers, in which Nolan was killed, had been first induced to Nacogdoches and there treacherously manacled and sent to prison at San Antonio.

CHAPTER L

A second election for State officers had been held in the fall of 1819. George Poindexter had been elected Governor; James Patton, Lieutenant Governor. The third session of our General Assembly was held at Natchez, on January 3, 1820, and remained in session until February 12, following. Andrew Marschalk, who had been so long Printer for the State, was not reelected; Richard C. Langdon was elected to the office. Edward Turner was again elected Speaker of the House, and the new Lieutenant Governor, James Patton, presided in the Senate. Like David of old, when flushed with pride, our rulers determined, as their first act, to take the census of our population. Forty-nine acts were passed at this session and eleven resolutions. I can give you a few. A more enlarged penal code, prescribing penalties against all the varieties of crime that followed in the wake of civilization, was adopted. An act was passed prescribing the appointment for Electors for President and Vice-President for the United States. Mississippi was to cast her maiden vote at the next Presidential election. Poor laws were passed. It seemed that the doctors were still pursuing Empiricism; the act of the last session was amended by a more stringent regulation; finding that the forbidding of the collection of fees would not deter Empiricists from practicing physics, the law denounced against unlicensed practitioners a fine of five hundred dollars. A new revenue law was passed, and one section authorized the borrowing of ten thousand dollars by the Governor for the State, and a revision of the laws was provided for. The school lands were ordered to be leased out. The division line was established between Jefferson and Claiborne counties, and the Pine Ridge road from Natchez to Claiborne to Gibson's Port.

At the foot of the highlands of Warren County, on the Mississippi River, on the peninsula between the Big Black, nestled the nameless little town of Warrenton. The Legislature gave her a name. How little did she and her people think then that the site of a city was upon the hills higher up the river; which hills were then fragrant with the walnut and luxuriant with the primeval forest.

Population, white and black, continued to flow into our young State with increased rapidity, and by the year 1820, we numbered forty-two thousand whites and thirty-three thousand slaves, inhabiting but seventeen counties. We needed more room. We were cooped up in a narrow belt between the Mississippi and Alabama rivers, and a sparse settlement on the upper Tombigbee, in Monroe County. If you will take your map of Mississippi and run your eye along the old Natchez road up into Madison County, you will see a small dot marked Doakes. Now there, in 1820, was convened a grave assemblage of men. Two of them bore marks of high command and you are perfectly familiar with them. One was General Jackson, and the other, General Thomas Hinds. A few civilians were with them. Overton, Brashears, Bronnough, Downs, Gaugent, Graham, A. J. Donalson, P. H. Vandorn, J. H. Estay, J. Pitchelyn, M. Mackey, E. Fulsom, J. Hughes, G. Fisher, and Jas. Jackson, Jr. These were the representatives of the white race. I will give you some names that I have remembered and culled out of a hundred dusky warriors, to show that we can beat even Russia, in nomenclature. If a stuttering man had been ordered to call the roll, I doubt if he would have got through to this day: Puckshenubbe, Pooshmataha, Mushalatubbe, General Humming Bird, Choctawistonooka, Chetautauachackuble, Tapachahable, Topenastonahooma, Mucklisahoopia, Hopeauchahabba, Holantachashahubbe. This last might be translated to read, "Shahubbe hold on to the tack handle." These are a few specimens of the jaw-breaking names of our old friends, the Choctaws. There were over one hundred of the warriors present. They had met to barter away one more patch of their country.

The Red Men bowed to irresistable destiny. Of course it cost them a struggle, but they sold the United States, within our borders, at the treaty of Doakes, a tract containing 5,447,267 acres. The tract of country was described as follows: Beginning on the Choctaw boundary east of Pearl River, at a point due south of the White Springs on the old Indian path, thence in a direct line to a black oak standing on the Natchez road about forty poles eastward from Doake's fence, marked A. G., and blazed, with two large pines and a black oak standing near thereto, and marked as pointers, thence a straight line to the head of Black Creek or Bogges Toosa, to a small lake, thence a direct course so as to strike the Mississippi one mile below the Arkansas River. Thence down the Mississippi to the mouth of the Yazoo River, thence along the line heretofore known by the name of the Indian Boundary line to the beginning. It would puzzle a surveyor to run that line now. This large strip of country got the name at the time of "the new purchase," and was so called for a long time afterwards.

The fourth session of the General Assembly was held in Natchez in 1821. Beverly R. Grayson was chosen speaker. Marschalk, Evans & Co., were once more elected Printers for the State. Of course each succeeding year increased the responsibilities for the Government. The new purchase was formed into one vast county and named Hinds, in honor of that distinguished military chieftain. It will give a better idea of the extent and position of this new purchase, if you will refer to the map of Mississippi and trace it as I mention the names of the counties into which it was afterwards subdivided; Hinds, Copiah, Simpson, Rankin, Madison, Yazoo, Washington, Bolivar, and Holmes.

CHAPTER LI

After having procured this area from the Choctaws, we continued to expand and encroach upon them. Another treaty was made with them at the Choctaw Trading House in October, 1816, by which the United States acquired all the territory east of the Tombigbee, for the sum of one hundred and twenty thousand dollars, in twenty equal instalments. It may be as well to explain that in these purchases the United States bought the land as property, but the political sovereignty or governmental power over the territory was vested in the States when they came into the Union. On September 20, 1816, a large tract of four hundred and eight thousand acres was ceded by the Chickasas, being on the eastern tributaries of the Tombigbee. And again on October 4, one hundred and thirty-nine thousand and five hundred acres were bought from the Cherokees, lying in Eastern Tennessee. There was, therefore, in Mississippi proper, at this era, more than three fourths of our territory still occupied by the once powerful tribes of the Choctaws and Chickasas.

All this while our Territorial Government was making strenuous efforts to be admitted as a State into the Union. About the middle of January, 1816, a committee reported in favor of a bill to admit the State, inclusive of the present Alabama, but it was ignored. The report states some curious facts; among others, that a small faction of the Legislature opposed our admission on the ground that, if admitted, the Federal courts would be opened and suits would be brought therein—litigation would spring up about the Yazoo and British claims that would ruin our people. The report also said that people east of the Pearl River complained that they had not their proportional share of representation and they prayed for another census to be taken. The report argued very strongly that the people had the right to be admitted with its then boundaries; that they had the right to be consulted on the question of division, for, by the terms of the Georgia cession, whenever the Territory acquired a population of over sixty thousand free inhabitants, it had the right to be admitted into the Union as a state. We had now been in Territorial vassalage for over sixteen years.

From the year 1807 to the year 1817, five hundred and seventy-five thousand, seven hundred and fifteen acres of public land had been sold in our borders at the aggregate sum of one million, one hundred and eighty-six thousand, three hundred and seventy-five dollars and eighty cents. It is rather singular that the large number of acres, one hundred and forty-four thousand, eight hundred and seventy-three, were sold during the year 1812.

It seems that the same struggle for sectional ascendency between the North and the South, which afterwards resulted in such a terrible convulsion, existed in Congress at that day. On March 29, 1816, the House passed two bills, one admitting Indiana, the other Mississippi. On March 25, the Mississippi bill was postponed beyond the session. Mr. Formentin presented a petition from our people, praying admission without being divided. And Mr. Pickens also introduced a bill for the purpose, but it was entombed in the committee room. At the same time, that is, January 17, 1817, Mr. Tait reported two bills, one enabling the people of the Western part of the Territory of Mississippi to form a State Constitution preparatory to being admitted into the Union; the other establishing a separate Territorial Government for the eastern part of Mississippi Territory, that is, the Alabama Territory.

You will see we were thus cut up by Congress contrary to our wishes. A large slice had been chipped off of our southern border and given to Louisiana, and now we were cut in twain and one half given to form Alabama. Not following the wisdom of Solomon, who gave the child whole to one real mother, they threw us into the lap of the false mother and allowed us to be divided.

Before leaving Alabama, I might as well state in brief how she was dealt with at the beginning of her Territorial career. All that part west of Madison County, north of the Tennessee River and south of the state of Tennessee, was formed into Elk County, Fort Hampton being the county seat. All south of the Tennessee, east of Chickasas boundary, north of the dividing ridge of waters of Tennessee and waters of Mobile, and west of Cherokee boundary, formed Blount County, the county seat being Milton

Bluff. All south of Blount, east of Tombigbee, north of Clark, and west of the dividing highlands of Alabama and Tombigbee waters into Sevier County—The Falls of the Black Warrior being designated as the county seat. These, with the original counties of Mobile, Baldwin, Washington, and Clark, formed the Territory. The seat of government was established temporarily at Fort Stephen. William Bibb was the first Territorial Governor. And here I will bid adieu to our—I was going to say our child—but we will call her our sister. Bound together by historic association, sympathy of feeling, and identity of interest, our destiny is linked indissolubly in our common fate. Her Indian name, Alabama, "here rest my bones," is typical of the love and fond tenacity with which her children cling to her soil. Our name, derived from the great Father of Waters, is of doubtful meaning. As I have previously stated, the most probable origin is from the two simple adjectives, Missah, meaning old, big, and Sippah, meaning strong. "Old-big-strong," in the Choctaw language.

My story is now becoming narrowed to our own borders, and to this I will now direct your attention. The act to enable the people of the western part of Mississippi Territory to form a Constitution and State Government, and for their admission into the Union, on a footing equal with the original States, was passed on March 1, 1817. The act contained six brief sections. The first gave the power to the inhabitants to form for themselves a Constitution and State Government and to assume such a name as they shall deem proper. The State, when formed, was to be admitted into the Union, upon the same footing with the original States. Section second prescribed the present boundaries. The third limited the qualifications of voters to free white males, twenty-one years old, resident in the State one year previous to election, who shall have paid county or Territorial tax, and all persons having in other respects the legal qualifications to vote for Representatives in the General Assembly. The Representatives were appointed as follows: From the county of Warren, two; Claiborne, four; Jefferson, four; Adams, eight; Franklin, two; Wilkinson, six; Amite, six; Pike, four; Lawrence, two; Marion, two; Hancock, two; Wayne, two; Green, two and Jackson, two. The election was to be held on the first Monday and Tuesday in June. The fourth section designated the place of meeting to be Washington, on the first Monday of July. The first question to be determined by the convention was the expediency of forming a State Constitution and Government. If they so determined, the following conditions were imposed by way of proviso.

First, the government was to be Republican and not repugnant to ordinance of July 13, 1787, so far as same had been extended to the Territory by the articles of agreement between the United States and Georgia. Second, that the Convention should provide by an ordinance, irrevocable, except by assent of the United States, that the people disclaim all right or title to the waste or unappropriated lands in the State and that it should remain at the entire disposition of the United States. That lands sold by Congress should remain exempt from State or County taxation for five years from and after date of sale. That the lands of non-resident citizens should never be taxed higher than those of resident citizens; that no tax should be imposed on lands of the United States, and that the river Mississippi and the navigable rivers and waters leading into same or in to the Gulf of Mexico, should be common highways and forever free, as well to the inhabitants of said State as to other citizens of the United States, without any tax, duty, import, or toll therefor, imposed by said State.

The fifth section reserved five per cent of land sales for making roads and canals, the prior obligation to Georgia to be first discharged. The sixth section limited us to one Representative in Congress until the next census. Such is the brief synopsis of the act by which we were to be admitted into the great family of States.

CHAPTER LII

On the first Monday of July, 1817, the little town of Washington was the scene of a grave assemblage of the great men of our State. Forty-four members, representing thirteen counties, met to form a constitution preparatory to admission as a State. The old house at the corner of Washington College lot, in which they assembled, is still standing (April 16, 1871). David Holmes was chosen President. In that Assembly were many who afterwards held and adorned conspicuous positions—Christopher Rankin became Representative in Congress at a time when such a position was truly one of honor; Edward Turner became successively Speaker of the House, Chancellor and Judge of the High Court of Error and Appeals; George Poindexter became Governor, Congressman and United States Senator, and stood there, in intellect at least, *primus inter pares*; Walter Leake, Abram Scott, and Gerard C. Brandon each became Governor of the State.

The Representatives from Adams County were J. Simpson, Jas. C. Wilkins, J. Taylor, C. Rankin, E. Turner and J. Sessions. The Convention did not complete its labors until August 15. The Constitution was modeled after that of Virginia and was conservative in its character. The qualifications of Electors were that they should be free white males twenty-one years old or upwards, citizens of the United States, residents of the State, one year next preceding the election, six months in the county, enrolled in the militia, unless exempt, and shall have paid a State and County tax. The qualifications for Representatives, in addition to the above, required a residence of two years and that he should hold in his own right, within the State, one hundred and fifty acres of land or an interest in real estate of the value of five hundred dollars at the time of his election and for six months previous thereto. Their term of office was for two years. That of Senator for three years; who were to be residents of four years standing and hold three hundred acres of land, or an interest in real estate of one thousand dollars.

The Executive Department was composed of the Governor, Lieutenant Governor, and subordinate officers. The Governor was required to be at least thirty years old; a citizen of the United States for twenty years; resident of the State for five years, and be seized in his own right of a freehold estate in six hundred acres of land, or real estate worth two thousand dollars. The Lieutenant Governor also was required to have the same qualifications as the Governor. He was the President of the Senate. The Secretary of State; Treasurer and Auditor were all appointed by the joint vote of the Houses annually. The offices of Sheriff and Coroner were elective by the qualified electors of the county.

The Judicial Department was vested in a Supreme Court, and such superior and inferior courts of law and equity as the Legislature should direct. Not less than eight supreme and superior judges were to be appointed. The judge whose decision was under consideration was not allowed to sit on the case in the Supreme Court. The State was to be districted. The Superior Court had such jurisdiction as your Circuit Courts, and was required to be held twice a year in each county. Courts of Chancery and Probate and Justices of the Peace were all to be established by the Legislature. The judges were to hold office during good behavior, subject to the limitation that no person over sixty-five years of age should be appointed or continued in office. Each court appointed its own clerk, who was to hold office during good behavior.

The term of Attorney General and District Attorneys was four years. Atheists were incompetent to hold office, and ministers of the Gospel were rendered ineligible to the office of Governor, Lieutenant Governor, or membership in either branch of the Assembly. Laws could not be passed emancipating slaves without consent of owners. But owners were to be allowed the privilege of doing so, upon saving rights of creditors and from preventing the freedmen from becoming a public charge. The Legislature were forbidden to prevent emigrants from bringing slaves from other States, but they might pass laws to forbid slaves being brought here for sale, and also compel masters to treat their slaves kindly. In the prosecution of slaves for crime, no inquest or Grand Jury was necessary, but in capital cases they could not be deprived of trial by petit jury. This Constitution is the reflex of the public opinion of that day.

The wild, agrarian democratic element did not then prevail. The true theory of government with your fathers was that the solid men, whose interests were tangibly identified with the country, should be the only ones entitled to control its governmental policy. You will notice that the county of Monroe was not represented in the Convention; the reason of this was that it was not then known, by actual survey, that she belonged to Mississippi. On December 10, 1817, the long sought honor was attained and Mississippi took her seat with her sister States, an equal in the Union. An election was held after the Convention had closed, for Governor and State officers. David Holmes was elected Governor; D. Stewart, Lieutenant Governor, and, therefore, ex-officio Speaker of the Senate. David Holmes and Thos. H. Williams were elected United States Senators, and upon them fell the distinguished honor of introducing the State into that august body, the Senate of the United States. George Poindexter was our first Representative in the lower House of Congress. His predecessor, William Lattimore, as Territorial Delegate, had lost political cast, because he was somewhat blamed for having consented to the dismemberment of our Territory, though I doubt very much whether he could have prevented it even had he tried to do so.

The first session of the General Assembly of the State of Mississippi was held in the town of Washington, in October, 1817, in a house owned by Charles Defrance, that is still standing (1871). Andrew Marschalk was Public Printer. Thomas Barnes of Claiborne was the first Speaker of the House of Representatives. David Stewart, as Lieutenant Governor, was ex-officio President of the Senate. The first law passed was one authorizing a special term of the Superior Court of Law and Equity. The seat of justice was changed to Natchez, and, until the Court House could be built, the City Hall was to be used for that purpose.

The judiciary act divided the State into four judicial districts: Warren, Claiborne, and Jefferson, first; Adams, Franklin, and Lawrence, second; Wilkinson, Amite, Pike, and Marion, third; Hancock, Green, Wayne, and Jackson, fourth. Judges were to be appointed for each district, and each was to hold court twice every year in each of said counties. These were styled the Superior Court of ———County. Their jurisdiction was similar to Circuit Courts of our day. The Supreme Court was composed of the four District Judges, any two of whom was to form a quorum. This Court was strictly a Court of Appeal. Attorneys at Law were required to be examined by two of the judges to obtain a license. Fee bill was adopted. A militia law passed. A revenue bill and a County Court law embracing an Orphans' Court.

This Assembly passed sixty-two acts embracing a vast variety of subjects. Among them several referring to Natchez. It was during this session the act was passed incorporating the Roman Catholic Society of Christians in Natchez. The preamble recites that whereas, a number of individuals comprising the Roman Catholic Society of Natchez and vicinity, by their agent, William Vousden, purchased from William Barlaud, on January 7, 1802, two lots or parcels of land within the City of Natchez, one lot whereon the Roman Catholic Church, or place of worship, then stood, the other lot being the usual place of interment used by said society of Christians and by reason of their not being incorporators, they could not hold said property. To enable said society to hold and enjoy the same, Anthony Campbell, Daniel McGrae, Peter Tiernan, Joseph Vidal, James Berthe, John Lombard and Leonard Pomet and successors were appointed trustees, under the name of Roman Catholic Society of Natchez and vicinity, to manage the temporal concerns of said society. Their property limit was twenty thousand dollars and could receive subscriptions, donations, grants, gifts, bequests, and devises. The usual power was granted to said corporation. One curious provision was that no person nor persons demeaning themselves peaceably and decently should ever be turned out of said church or out of the usual place of worship of said society and congregation of Christians on account of any religious or political sentiments he may have expressed, or any religious or political opinions he may entertain or may have at any time expressed or entertained. The trustees were each to take the oath to support the Constitution of the United States and do his duty as trustee.

The act was applied to the trustees of the First Presbyterian Church as far as it could be made applicable.

The name of the old Bank of Mississippi was changed to President, Directors and Company of the Bank of the State of Mississippi. As an evidence of the value of money in those days, the legal rate of interest was fixed at eight per cent per annum.

It is a matter of pleasing reflection to note that among the resolutions is one adopting the child of Judge Simpson as the heir of the State. It appropriated one thousand dollars toward its education, in consideration of the virtues of the Judge, who had died in the service of the State, and, like Aristides, died poor.

The seat of government was moved to Natchez, and among the appropriations are various ones paying parties for moving the furniture and archives. They provided for holding an election. The last act in the statute was one supplemented to the charter of Natchez. One act forbid slaves from planting cotton. In fine, that Assembly worked hard to organize the State in all its affairs—judicial, political, and police.

There is a floating tradition that among the appointees of Circuit Judges it was agreed that whoever of the four first reached the place where the Supreme Court was to be held was to be chosen Chief Justice. The first judges were Clarke, of Claiborne; William Bayard Shields, of Adams; Taylor and Ellis. It so happened that the first place of holding court was one of the eastern counties. The four judges made a regular race for it. Heavy storms of wind and rain arose. There were no bridges in those days; men had to play young Lochinvar. The two hottest contestants in the race were Judges Clarke and Shields. These ambitious young men "stopped not for brake and stayed not for stone, but swam the Esk River where ford there was none."

In spite of the heavy freshets and storms, at the peril of their lives, they made for the goal. William Bayard Shields won it by a few hours and was installed Chief Justice. He held the position but for a short time, as he was transferred to the Judgeship of the District Court of the United States for this district.

CHAPTER LIII

You will notice that in naming the counties and towns we exhibited our American idiosyncrasy of man-worship. Most of them are named for some prominent statesman. Before leaving the territorial times let me tell you we had but two incorporated towns; one was Natchez, the other was Woodville.

In the midst of the scenes of pioneer life there were still found a few faithful men who felt that religion, after all, is the true basis upon which rests our stability and prosperity as a people. As previously stated, the Roman Catholic Church was a part of the system of the government as organized by the Spaniards, and was in existence here at the very dawn of our civilization and discovery. The Protestant denominations flowed in with the tide of immigration.

There is one queer feature of our religious history and that is, that we often resorted to the chance of lotteries to help build our churches. We do not suppose that we got the idea of a lottery from the manner in which the Apostles cast lots and the lot fell upon Mathias. The fact was that men were so bent upon temporal concerns that racy stimulants were resorted to to awaken a gleam of piety in the multitude. As early as December 27, 1815, an act was passed to authorize a lottery for the benefit of the First Presbyterian Church, to raise a sum not exceeding five thousand dollars for the purpose of enabling the Trustees to pay the contractor in full, enclose, level, and improve the Church lot, complete the steeple and whatever may be undone about the Church. The Trustees were to collect and receive donations. The names of the donors were to be enrolled and preserved among the archives of the church.

John Steele, John Henderson, John Bisland, Jeremiah Hunt, Charles B. Greene, Jo. Foreman, John J. Haukinson and James McIntosh, were appointed Trustees to receive the title to the lot on which the church was built, to be held for the use of the congregation and for no other purpose whatever. Some of the descendents of that old band of Trustees still worship in the temple their fathers helped to rear. Two years after this, that is, in 1818, the Roman Catholic Society of Natchez was incorporated. The provisions of the act were applied as far as they could be made to do so, to the Presbyterian Church. The supplemental act of the Roman Catholic Society limited the right of suffrage to their affairs, to free white males of twenty-one years, who should profess the Roman Catholic faith, contribute to the support and enroll himself as a member before the day of election. The Trustees were to appoint three disinterested members inspectors of election.

The act to incorporate the Trustees of Trinity Church was passed June 25, 1822, Benjamin Farrar, Johnathan Thompson, Richard G. Ellis, Robert Moore, Jas. C. Williams, John Minor, Joseph E. Davis, John T. Griffith, Jas. Moore and James K. Cook were the original corporators. They possessed the ordinary powers of incorporation, to receive and convey property. Their property limit was fifty thousand dollars. The act was shortly amended and the style of officers changed from Trustees to that of Wardens and Vestrymen, and prescribing necessary adhesion to the Protestant Episcopal Church of the United States. In the same year and month as the Episcopal, the First Baptist Church was incorporated: John Richards, Catesby Minnis, John Snodgrass and Nathaniel Perkins were the first Trustees. Their powers, *mutates mutandis*, were like those of the others.

You will notice that all the churches are built upon the supposed voluntary contributions of the people. It was so then, it is so now, and will be so to the end of time. All the goods we have come from God; it is but meet to give back something in return. The temples your fathers built still stand modified, it is true, and changed by time, but the foundations remain.

I cannot tell of all the Christian, benevolent, academic and other institutions, that sprung up in the Territory and State during this epoch. While men were engaged in sterner work, woman, too, had her sacred missions to fulfill. In those days, as now, the Angel of Death would sometimes swoop down upon the head of the family and the pangs of poverty would be added to the desolation of orphanism. The Angel of Charity floated close by the Angel of Death and woman was the ministering spirit to soothe the orphan's sigh and wipe away its tear.

There then lived in the City of Natchez six ladies, who were moved by the spirit of benevolence to rescue from starvation and want the helpless orphans. Their names are preserved fortunately in the immortal repository — Poindexter's Code. They were: Mary Smith, Martha E. Terrell, Selah Henderson, Charity Snodgrass, Augusta Foreman, and Ann E. F. Smith. They were incorporated and named The Female Charitable Society of Natchez. Their property limit was twenty-thousand dollars. The charter contained the usual dry, hard words used in an act of incorporation, but what a world of blessing was hung upon their meaning. They too, like the churches, had to rest for their life mainly upon a subscription, but it has so happened that the widow's cruse has not failed, nor the meal given out. Day in and day out, lo! like the manna to the children of Israel, the food has come down, as it were, bread from heaven. That first corporation has mutated its name but the institution stands amongst you today, The Orphan (Protestant) Asylum of Natchez, the refuge of the orphans of the state. Its history and its fruits still show it to be The Female Charitable Society of Natchez.

CHAPTER LIV

There was a picture of Natchez that used to hang in a store at the corner of Main and Pearl streets that showed how the town looked in those times. The spot from which the picture was painted is on a hill, to the south, on the River Road. In the foreground of the painting appeared a brick kiln, from the bricks of which was afterwards built the large house of Peter Little.

The road from that neighborhood then ran directly into Wall Street. Off to the right, among other buildings, appears the dome of the old Episcopal Church, which was then a square building surmounted by a lofty dome. The old Roman Catholic Church is also visible. This, you know, was the initiative center point of the city. It was a red frame structure with a spire. In process of time when the streets were graded, it left the church on a bluff bank. To remedy this the bank was cut away and a brick basement was made. This was leased out for a grocery store and gave rise to a couplet proposed by some wag, as an appropriate sign for the store:

"Above you may find the spirits divine
Beneath you will find the spirits of wine."

The jail and court house are visible and Parker's Hotel, that was afterwards destroyed by the tornado of 1840, shines out in bold relief. But the most conspicuous of all the houses, is that of Clifton, which looms out distinctly on its lofty site on the left. The vandal who planned and caused its destruction was one whom McCauly would call the Vitruvius of ruin. It was an act of wanton barbarity, and may those who caused it meet a just reward. The tears of exiles, driven from their homes, blister the memories of those who, in the flush of victory, are the architects of ruin. (Clifton, from which Clifton Heights gets its name, one of the most imposing of the ancestral homes of Natchez, was owned by Mr. and Mrs. Frank Surget. During the Civil War, after the fall of

Vicksburg, when Natchez was under military rule, Mr. Surget received a peremptory order to vacate his premises on twenty-four hours notice. Remonstrance proved unavailing. Nowhere else on that long stretch of cliffs above the mighty river could be found just the spot to erect the fortification necessary (?) to protect the surrendered city. So Clifton was demolished; literally razed to the ground. The family silver was all that was secured from the accumulated treasures. The magnificent Colonial residence, the grand old trees, the sunny gardens were swept away. As soon as peace was declared, the family left the United States and settled in southern France, never to return to this country. Mr. Surget did not know why he was the victim of such unsparing severity, but the rumor was that in inviting some of the leading officers of the Union army to dinner, he had omitted to include the engineer. In referring to it he once said, "It was assuredly not an intentional affront. I would have asked the devil himself to dinner if it would have saved Clifton.")

The story of this old picture is somewhat romantic. It was ordered by a lady, named Mrs. Griffith, who was devoted to Natchez. She died before its completion. The price, which was about $300.00, induced the heirs to decline to take it. It was left for sale at the store and finally fell by purchase into the hands of that truly good citizen, the late Emile Profilet. He sent it to his kindred in France to let them see what manner of house he had in this, then, western wilderness. In 1855, Profilet went to visit his old home, and there the picture still hung. He easily persuaded his people to let him have it. And so, after wandering so far, it has returned like a bird to its old nest. And who was the painter of that picture? I will answer you by a story;

Not many years ago an enthusiast, an orator, poet and painter, lodged with a little creole of Louisiana. The host watched my friend for some time, very narrowly and finally came to the conclusion that he was a little flighty. He thought so because my friend was musing and painting. He broached the subject to him one day in his simple way and told him that he put him in mind of "one leetle crazy Frenchman. He here live thirteen years ago. He was crazy all ze time in ze woods. He shoot leetle birds with ze candle. Me forget hes name."

My friend could not tell which most amused him, the simplicity or ignorance of his host. He chuckled into a laugh, and thought he would overwhelm him by announcing the name of the little Frenchman. "My dear sir," said he, "while you have been planting sugar, catching mud turtles and sticking frogs in the swamps of Louisiana, the little half crazy Frenchman you speak of has filled the world with his fame. His name is John Charles Audubon." The announcement did not startle the host at all. It only shows that this is not the first time that genius has passed for a fool. If I remember rightly, Newton, when blowing soap bubbles that he might study the refraction of light, was thought to be crazy by his next door neighbors.

The host of my friend had spoken truly about Audubon's practice of shooting little birds with candles. He was prompted to do this by the double motive of mercy and utility. He did not wish to wantonly kill the birds, he only wished to stun them, that he might catch them alive, and thus have the bright hues of the living bird from which to paint. It was also said that he used the Indian blow gun for the same purpose. The consequence is that he has filled our American temples of art with the most gorgeous portraits of our birds ever painted. This celebrated naturalist, a native of Louisiana, was once a resident of Natchez. When he painted the picture I have described, he was young in years and unknown to fame. An enthusiast in his art, he was too poor to pursue it steadily. When he was out of means he would resort to teaching music and painting. It was one of his efforts to recruit his exhausted finances that gave birth to the picture of Natchez. As a work of art, there is nothing extraordinary about it; but from its association, rather than from its intrinsic merit, it ought ever to be kept as an heirloom of our City. (In later years it was removed to New York City by Dr. Stephen Kelly.)

In the year 1819, two flatboats lashed together were floating down the Mississippi River. Since they had left the Chickasas Bluffs they had not seen high land until they came in sight of the glorious Walnut Hills. At that time the bottom lands extended far into what is now the river. The flatboats were moored to the landing. Over the hill was one plantation called Turnbull place. On the bank was one cabin. The flatboats made no long tarrying but passed down to a much more thriving place in the plains. In a short time the log cabin was superseded by a warehouse, called Lane's warehouse. Now the owner of these hills, Mr. Vick, happened to be a man of prophetic outlook, great practical sense and indomitable energy. Anyone but him would have stood appalled at the gigantic conception of levelling such stupendous mountain earth waves into the site of a city. He foresaw the destiny of the spot. He mapped the plan of a great city to bear his name. Lane's warehouse and its locality has passed into the landslide long ago. The city has backed up the hill, and the younger has outgrown the elder sister.

The first brick house built in Vicksburg was erected by Mr. Moore, the son-in-law of Mr. Vick, about the year 1824, at the corner of Main and Market Streets. It was baptized with fire and battered with storms, but it was a grand house and the center of the business part of the town in its earlier days. In less than the ordinary age of a man, on that spot, a city sprang from a wilderness.

CHAPTER LV

The Second General Assembly was held in Natchez, in 1819, Marschalk and Evans were State Printers. Edward Turner was chosen Speaker of the House of Representatives. The first act related to raising revenue; the second required negro traders to register the slaves imported for sale and required an oath that said slaves had not been guilty of heinous crimes and levied a tax of $24.00 per capita on each slave so imported.

Some prominent men were incorporated for the introduction of water into the city by means of leaden or wooden pipes. The charter prescribed full power and three hundred thousand dollars subscriptions but they never succeeded in getting the water. The first mechanic's lien law was passed at this session. And the first Natchez Fire Company organized. It was composed of thirty-six names of all the prominent men of that day. They were to use their best endeavors to preserve the city from fire and were required to patrol the same at night. The first Grand Lodge of Masons, The Natchez Academy, and the Natchez Steamboat Company were each granted charters.

The Elizabeth Female Academy of Washington was named in honor of Elizabeth Greenfield, its founder, and long held a high position for educational advantages. Greenville and Shieldsboro were given a body. A story is told about the first that when it was struggling to keep its power against the attacks of the eastern part of Jefferson County—the Union Church neighborhood—the Contest waxed hot and heavy. A lawyer, the greatest wag of his day, named Cartwright, proposed to settle the difficulty by compromise. In a public meeting he said that it was fair that each end of the county should be located with that which was most appropriate to its wants. That for his part he was willing to divide honors with the east. As a citizen of Greenville he was perfectly willing to retain the Court House and allow his friends in the east the privileges of the jail and the Whipping Post. The east could not see the advantages of the offer and declined.

The parties met halfway and settled the difficulty by choosing Fayette as the county seat.

Twenty years after Greenville had ceased to exist a letter was addressed to Thos. Hinds, Greenville, Miss. He had been dead for twenty years, but the letter found its way to a new Greenville, three hundred miles away, and was brought down by the chronicler of The Land Slide to Hinds' son.

How mutable are earthly things; a letter to a dead man, directed to a dead town, finds its way to one of his descendents by a chapter of accidents. This gallant gentleman is buried in Jefferson County, Mississippi, four miles west of Fayette in a plantation burying ground about half a mile from the site of General Hinds' home. He died on August 23, 1840, aged sixty years.

A very important act was passed appointing a board of medical censors who were to examine and license practitioners of medicine. The board was to be composed of seven, appointed by the Governor. The license fee was ten dollars. They were to meet at Natchez twice a year. The penalty of practicing without a license was, the unlicensed doctors could not recover their medical bills.

The first levee law authorized in Mississippi was made this session. It authorized a levee from the foot of Walnut Hills to enclose Warrenton. Reporters of Supreme Court decisions were appointed by the judges. And the Attorney General was required to revise the criminal laws of the State.

On the banks of the Pearl River, in the county of Marion, was once a spot called Lott's Bluff. History does not say whether said Lott bore any relationship to the gentleman of that name who unfortunately lost his wife many centuries ago, by her being salted down. The Legislature changed the name of this spot and baptized it by the more poetical and classical one, Columbia. I am thus particular in relating this for two reasons: one is that it may not be confounded with Columbus of Lowndes County, and the other is to make known the fact that said Columbia was once the capital, or semi-capital, of Mississippi. That is, the Legislature migrated alternately from Natchez to Columbia. Alas, for poor Columbia, upon her portals can be inscribed an epitaph like that of Troy, *Illium fuit.* It is said that in her declining days one of her denizens, who loved her fame, was mourning over her fate. "Ah," said he, "how sad it is to see her going to decay. She is a perfect parody on Goldsmith's Deserted Village." One of his friends tried to console the weeping Aeneas and pointed out to him the fact that the clerk's office had just been painted as red as brick dust, which was certainly an evidence of progress. The disconsolate patriot shook his head. "Ah, sir," he replied, "that is but the hectic flush of premature decay."

Many were the debating and literary societies incorporated by this Legislature, whose names and founders have passed away, and whose memories might enshrine an epitaph, but I must pass them by.

A new apportionment was made of Representatives, and Adams had three, Natchez, one. She was then the ruling power in the State. A new militia law was enacted. The session must have been laborious, as it passed sixty-eight acts and nine resolutions.

CHAPTER LVI

You may recall that, in 1819, the little town of Washington experienced one of the vicissitudes that so often befall aspiring cities. "Westward the star of empire took its way." The county seat and State Capital were moved to Natchez; nothing but the Land Office and College were left in Washington to keep it from soon lapsing into another parody on Goldsmith's Deserted Village. "The light of other days" and all their glory passed. But in after years the student of the history of Mississippi will often linger around the classic spot and gather the mementoes of the heroes who once flourished there; too many of whom are now, alas! forgotten. Perhaps a brighter destiny may yet dawn upon her. Smiling fields may cluster along the roads. The town may extend and she may yet be the outer faubourg of her elder sister, Natchez.

Judge Turner made a compilation of the laws, but they were soon superseded by another more elaborate work. On February 12, 1821, the responsible work of revising and consolidating the statutes was placed upon the shoulders of a single individual. The act itself, was, perhaps, the greatest compliment ever paid to any one man. The amount of work performed by George Poindexter in making his code was Herculean and the way he performed it has conferred lasting fame upon his memory. The code was completed in less than six months and deposited in the Secretary of State's office; his compensation was the pitiful sum of twelve hundred dollars. The Legislature was so pleased with the work that an elegant copy of the encyclopedia was presented to him. It was not only his task to revise and codify the laws already in force, he was also to suggest such other bills as he deemed expedient and suitable. This he did in a most masterly manner. The code shows a vast deal of legal knowledge. Its marginal notes are so clear as to convey at a glance the contents of the text. The index is also clear and perspicuous. It stands this day (1871) a monument of his greatness; and is the basis upon which the other codes are founded. Well might he inscribe upon his escutcheon, *leges civitatis* *condidi*, but he lived long enough to feel the changes of popular favor and before he died he was rejected by the very State whose foundation he had helped to lay and whose superstructure he had helped to build. His code is an epitome of our early history. It tells of the birth of cities; of the struggles between Georgia and the United States; of the rise of the benevolent institutions; it descends to the minutia of private life; it shows how the grand granite system of the common law was moulded and polished to suit our modern civilization. Poindexter may have had faults and follies, but the State of Mississippi owes to him a debt of gratitude she may never repay.

One of the earliest acts of the Legislature after the acquisition of what was called the New Purchase was the location of the seat of government in that section of the country; the idea was to centralize the seat of government geographically. By an act passed on February 12, 1821, Thomas Hinds, James Patton and William Lattimore, were appointed to locate a spot for the seat of government in the Choctaw purchase and make a report. By a supplemental act of November 28, the same year, Peter Vandorn was added to the commissioners to lay off the town in east halves, sections three and ten, and the west halves of sections two and eleven, in township five, range one, east of the basis meridian, as a permanent seat of government. It was baptized, legislatively, Jackson, in honor of Major General Andrew Jackson. Surveyors and architects were to be employed. The act of June 19, 1822, removed the seat of government to the spot and Natchez ceased to be the capital.

A LEGEND OF THE SACRED SYMBOL

A beautiful custom, observed in the early days by explorers, was the erection of the cross on prominent points of land or at the entrance to streams.

An interesting story is told of Rousseau, a Frenchman, who came to this country as an ambassador of religion to a new nation. Becoming despondent he gave up his priestly office, and in 1736 joined D'Artaguette in the expedition among the Chickasas. The disastrous ending of this expedition left Rousseau a wanderer midst great dangers.

After many days, worn with watching and hunger, Rousseau prayed to the Virgin to save him. At the conclusion of his prayer he lifted his eyes and beheld, high on the bluffs above him, a cross. To the weary man it seemed a miracle and so inspired was he that he struggled on until he reached the foot of the tree that bore the sacred symbol, when he fell insensible to the earth.

To this point the Choctaw women brought their clothing to be washed and it so happened that soon after Rousseau fell, a delicately formed Indian maiden approached the river with basket and reed. Suddenly her eyes fell upon the form of the prostrate man. She approached until the pale and unconscious face met her view. Filled with pity at the sight. In another moment she was bathing his face and offering him water. At the first signs of returning consciousness Chicoula bounded away to inform her people.

In less than a half-hour she returned with a number of Indians who examined him with great caution. But one Indian, more bold than the rest, pulled his coat aside, and as he did so a small gilt crucifix fell from Rousseau's breast. They gazed, fascinated, on the little trinket.

Chicoula looked upward, then crossed her delicate fingers and pointed to the cross above. Her father, the old chief, instantly sensed the similarity and realizing the sacredness of the Christian symbol lifted the tiny crucifix that all might see. He then restored it to the person of the almost insensible man, and ordered his removal, on a litter of boughs, to his lodge. Here Chicoula, with tender ministrations, gradually helped him back to health and strength. The Choctaws were, by nature, more kindly than the Chickasas.

Believing his salvation a direct answer to prayer, Rousseau determined to devote the remainder of his life toward the bringing of these savages into Holy Church, and from Chicoula he would learn the dialect.

During the weeks that followed Rousseau aroused the jealousy of Wah-o-la, a rejected lover of Chicoula's. He stealthily watched Rousseau's daily pilgrimages of prayer, to the foot of the Cross. And one evening, when dark was falling and all was still, a poisoned arrow sped its way into the body of the kneeling man. There he was found, the next morning, by the wondering Choctaws and there, in the shadow of the Cross they buried him, the tiny crucifix lying on his breast.

In after years a Jesuit missionary, who learned the story, erected a rude chapel on the spot and Chicoula was the first to receive there the Holy Sacrament of Baptism.

In 1829 a small brass crucifix was picked out of the banks of the Mississippi, near Natchez, and revived the forgotten story of Rousseau, his death, and burial, at the foot of the Cross.

[Taken from "The Bee-Hunter" by T. B. Thorpe]

THE SACRED SCALP LOCK

There once were seen on the Ohio and Mississippi Rivers, hearty men in middle life with common sense manners, language, and dress. They were the keel boatmen. Their arms grew strong as they guided their rude boats with their big sweeps, or oars past snag, and sawyer, and dreaded sandbar. The records of their bravery have almost drifted into obscurity.

There is a story of one of the most notorious of these keel boatmen who excelled his fellows in everything, especially in his rifle shot. On a voyage from the head waters of the Ohio down the Mississippi he was making a landing on the Kentucky shore. There were a number of renegade Indians about the settlements, at this time, who for some crime were banished from their tribe. A party of these gathered with the crowd on or about the boat.

Mike Fink, for such was the keel boatman's name, for the sake of a little excitement, suddenly gave a war whoop and following it up with jeers soon precipitated a good natured attack upon the Indians. Whereupon the red men hastily retreated to the shore. Among them was one, known as Proud Joe, a Cherokee of marked superiority banished for his excessive use of fire water. But Joe still wore, with Indian dignity, his scalp lock which he ornamented with great taste. Mike had noticed him particularly and in the retreat plucked a hawk's feather from the Indian's head. Proud Joe frowningly snatched the feather from Mike and shaking his fist angrily, followed his companions.

Preparations for the continuation of the voyage were completed the next morning, and Mike was in his place at the sweep, when glancing up the bank he noticed Joe and several of his companions making certain gesticulations as though their conversation referred to him.

Finally all walked away, leaving Joe staring at Mike in moody silence. As he stood, his form was outlined against the morning sky, the ornamented scalp lock standing up in bold relief. In an instant Mike had raised his rifle, a ball whistled shrill, and Joe, springing his full length in the air, fell to the ground.

A cry of horror rose from the crowd, at which Mike reloading his rifle, threw aside his coat, and with his powder horn between his teeth, leaped into the river and swam for the opposite shore.

To the amazement of the onlookers, Joe was seen rising from the ground his scalp lock lying at his feet. Joe had received many insults but this surpassed them all. His eye glared as with a desperate resolution, he swore by the Great Spirit to be revenged.

Early the next morning, Mike was located on a projecting point and taken aboard. With great indifference he received the news that his bullet had not killed Proud Joe although his intention had been only to cut off the scalp lock.

A month or more had elapsed when the boat neared the vicinity of Natchez, its high bluffs towering above the lowlands like monuments. Under the shadow of these bluffs, Mike and his men made preparation for spending the night. "The Choctaws live in these diggins," said Mike, "and if the devils in them woods would give us a brush, just as I feels now, I'd call 'em gentlemen. I must fight something or I'll catch the dry-rot; burnt brandy won't save me!"

The night wore on and the boatmen fell asleep. The moon shone in majesty, as she rose over the highlands, her rays falling in full splendor upon the boat and its sleeping occupants.

All was still save the ripple of the water on the banks.

Suddenly a rifle shot broke the silence and a terrible war whoop announced that Mike Fink was to have his desire.

A boatman on deck gave a groan, turned upon his face and with a shudder, ceased to live. In a moment his companions were up and on the alert but not before seven horribly painted savages had leapt from the shore into the boat.

The struggle, hand to hand was quick and fierce and amid the deadly blows Mike's voice could be heard. "Give it to them, boys, cut their hearts out. Here's hell afire and the river rising!"

In a short time the white men had the advantage. Two Indians were dead and the remainder escaping from their antagonists, leaped ashore and made a getaway. Mike stood triumphant over the body of his enemy, as the boat was cut loose and glided into the current.

"Ain't been so busy in a long time," said Mike, breathing hard, "that fellow fou't beautiful!"

In the early dawn, the funeral rites of the dead boatman were solemnly performed. Then Mike fell to an examination of the savages. As he rolled on to its side the body of the Indian he had killed, Mike's eyes distended with amazement. At the back of the Indian's head he beheld a dead warrior in his paint, destitute of his scalp lock! There lay the body of Proud Joe. In the attack, he had evidently mistaken the dead boatman for Mike.

Nearly a thousand miles of swamp and running rivers had been crossed and hostile tribes passed that revenge might be secured for the fearful insult of destroying without the life, the warrior's sacred scalp lock.

[Taken from "The Bee-Hunter" by T. B. Thorpe]

THE LAST LEGEND OF THE SELSERTOWN MOUND

Wattowa, a guardian priest in the Temple of the Sun, allowed the sacred fire to die out while he visited the maiden he loved. In consequence, he was condemned to solitary confinement until he could relight it with fire from heaven. Apiska is the Indian name for the Spanish Dagger or Highland palmetto.

Wearily Wattowa vainly had striven,
By rubbing of sticks to catch fire from heaven;
Though oft he succeeded in raising a spark,
His tears put it out and again it was dark.
Faithfully Apiska stood by his side,
And constantly for him new fagots supplied,
As fast as he cast the charred ones aside.
While he, murmuring, ofttimes sighed:
"Am I thus in despair e'er to be tossed?
Am I ne'er to regain the fire I have lost?"
Just then a "Pale Face" happened to pass
And drew from a case a mystic sun glass,
And showed the poor Indian how he might win
The fire down from heaven and atone for his sin.
Wattowa held it 'til the sun's burning rays
Beamed at the focus like a star all ablaze.
Intently he watched the rekindling and smiled
As gently the smoke curled round the pile:
Exulting, he saw it burst into fire;
His hopes were relit, his fears then expired.
"Apiska!" he shouted, "my pardon is won.
I've drawn fire down direct from the sun;
I've rekindled the blaze with fire from heaven;
The expiation is made and my crime is forgiven.
To the sun the fire once sacredly burned,
By the sun, at last, the flame is returned.
But where is the temple, and where is my nation?
Alas! swept away by war's desolation.
Of all their glory, their might, and their fame,
This mausoleum is left, but with it a name.

Little to me the fire is now worth;
The temple itself is swept from the earth.
Never more on its altar is the fire to burn.
Never more to this mound will my people return.
Alas! oh 'Pale Face,' I bow to my fate.
Your heavenly teaching is ever too late.
You have torn from us all the pleasures of earth,
Nor have left us a cabin, or wigwam, or hearth.
And when from us all things earthly you've riven,
You then try to teach us the pathway to heaven!
And yet for the sake of the name that you bear,
Wattowa, in leaving, breathes out a prayer:
That the Great Spirit may send ever true watchers,
To ward off all ill from the beautiful Natchez!"

The last of the Natchez arose as he spoke,
Slowly he vanished, enveloped in smoke,
Upward he floated in the fiery stream,
And the poet awoke from his fanciful dream.

Apiska still lingers on many a hill,
Still blooms by the side of many a rill,
And oft as we see it, we think of his fate,
Whose pardon was won, but alas! when too late!

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